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The Little Blue Angel of Rheims

A WITNESS FROM THE BATTLE-ZONE WHICH, BEING MUTE, YET SPEAKETH AGAINST
THE RUTHLESS DESTROYER

By Amelia Leavitt Hill

AT first it was an indistinct recollection of heat and noise and confusion. Then came rest, darkness, and quiet, with an occasional jolt, as if one were being carried. Suddenly the light streamed in, and strong hands lifted what was to be the little Blue Angel out into the air.

It was very high, on a scaffold far above the ground, but the stalwart young workman held the bits of glass so tenderly that there was no danger of their falling. He fitted them into the stonework beside him, and fastened them firmly, his handsome forehead wrinkling as he did so. When all was done, he dusted one hand against the other, and stood back on the scaffolding, his head on one side, to look at his finished handiwork.

"It is beautiful!" he said reverentially.

Then another voice spoke: "Are you coming down, Guyot?"

The little Blue Angel looked down from his dizzy height in the great window. A sweet-faced girl stood in the aisle beneath him. At the sight of her the young workman's face changed, and, leaving the window, he climbed down the ladder to her side. Hand in hand the two stood, looking up at the window.

"It is wonderful, Guyot!" said the young woman, and her voice was almost a whisper.

"I put in the last piece of glass this morning," answered Guyot in the same tone. "See, next to the bottom. Do you see the angel there in the blue robe?"

"I do; it is beautiful!" said Arlette again. "See!" she cried, pressing her husband's hand. "See, on the floor! It looks as the sky would look at night if the stars were only blue and gold and crimson."

Sure enough, the sunshine was streaming through the finished window, making twinkling mosaics of color on the stone floor.

"I shall bring the baby to see it," said Arlette. "He will think it's lovely, Guyot. One of these days perhaps he will be able to do work like it—like the angel at the top that you made first, or the blue one that you put in this morning."

They strolled out of the great cathedral, Arlette's hand on her husband's arm. The Blue Angel watched them with interest.

"I like those young people," he said to the Green Angel beside him. "They are pleasant and warm-hearted, and the man is a good workman. He has made us well and fastened us up securely. I am sorry that he will not be up here again; I should like to see more of him."

"It's too high," complained the Green Angel, who felt that his unusual color gave him the right to be supercilious. "Quite too high! The first wind that blows will send us down."

"Oh, I don't think so," said the Blue Angel. "He did his work well. I have never known any people before, but I shall like them if they are kindly and simple, as those people were."

"There is a better thing than people," said the angel at the top of the window, who had been there longest of all. "It is the spirit that fills them when they come here. I have seen criminals penitent; I have seen brutal soldiers refuse to violate the sanctuary; I have seen sin forgiven, sorrow comforted, and wrong prevented in this, the glorious house of God. After that, people seem a very little thing!"

Still the little Blue Angel was not convinced. He liked to watch Guyot as, day after day, the young man worked about the church; he liked to see Arlette as she came to mass and to the confessional; he liked to see their children as, one after another, they were brought to their christenings in the cathedral, as they played about the street in later years, and came with their parents to worship on Sundays.

II

As years went by he saw the children grow up and marry; he saw the funerals of Guyot and Arlette; he saw the funerals of their children. In the course of a generation or two, their descendants were no more to him than any other children who played about the steps of the great cathedral. That was one thing the little angel learned; those whom he loved, and those who loved the grand window of which he was a part, always finally passed away and left him.

It was a lonely life for the little angel, for, as every friendship was formed, he foresaw with unfailing certainty the tragedy at the close. It ended in his turning more and more toward the solace which the Eldest Angel had always sought—in contemplation, in love for holy things, in adoration of the mystery of the mass, and in an effort to believe that these things entirely satisfied him.

As time went on, they did satisfy him more and more. People passed, and never came back. Kings came, were crowned, and went away, to be

but seldom seen again; and others came and were crowned in their turn, until the memory of them was confused and blurred in the minds of all the angels.

Among those who came was one of whom the Blue Angel often thought in later years, although he rarely spoke her name. He had looked out into the street, one coronation day, and had seen the king and all his court pouring up the street toward the cathedral. Then he heard the voices of the people, who were shouting:

"The maid! The maid who has saved France!"

When he had looked, eager to see what marvel this might be—the Eldest Angel and the other angels were praying for the king—he only saw a slender boy on a white horse. Still the shouts went on:

"The maid! The maid!"

The boy sprang down from his horse and entered the cathedral. The little Blue Angel looked out of the window a long time for the maid who did not come, but at last he turned his eyes within. There, kneeling in the nave behind the king, was the boy, clad in his shining armor. His helmet was laid aside. His face, sweet with peace and courage, was turned toward the high altar, and the Blue Angel knew that he was looking upon the face of the maid.

When it was over, and they had all gone, he spoke of her to the angel at the top of the window.

"I heard the people," he said. "I cannot have been mistaken; yet how could a woman have saved France?"

"With God all things are possible," answered the Eldest Angel. "If France is to be saved, there must be war, brother. Let us say the prayers for the dead. There must be many who need them, and we would not have one poor soul lack salvation longer than he must because we have left a prayer unsaid."

The maid did not come back; but one day, when the people came weeping to the church, the little Blue Angel listened. She had been taken prisoner and burned, it seemed; and though people came on that day, and for many days after, to offer prayers for her soul, none prayed more fervently than the little Blue Angel as he followed the Eldest Angel, who always led the prayers for those departed in the faith.

So the years passed, and there were changes, and times of war and peace; but the cathedral was never molested, for it was a place that all men loved for its beauty and honored for its sanctity. The angels in the great window took part in the services of the church, and repeated their litanies and prayers.

People, said the Green Angel, were always cruel and brutal, fighting and plundering; he was glad, for his part, that he had nothing to do with them. The Eldest Angel, who never judged any one, praised God and the church of God, where feuds were laid aside, and where was always sanctuary which the sternest and fiercest men would respect.

The Blue Angel listened to them both; at heart, in spite of his ecclesiastical training, he was still something of a pagan. He had not the slightest envy—as had the Eldest Angel—of the saints who had been judged worthy to wear the crown of martyrdom. He loved the jolly, good-hearted families who came to church together; the fathers with a little one clinging to either forefinger; the stout, pleasant mothers with babies on their arms. He loved the young people who sat in pairs on the steps of the cathedral at sunset. He loved the dawn as it rose over the hills, the splendor of the noonday, the

sun setting in gold and crimson, and the nights full of twinkling stars. He loved the grandeur of the stormy winter nights, when the wind howled outside, and the snow and sleet beat fiercely against him.

In the long years that had passed he had learned to know and love all these things. He even loved the scattered jewels that the sun, striking on his robe, scattered over the floor below. It was a shocking piece of vanity, he feared; but he was a very human little angel, and he loved everything that was beautiful or friendly.

III

AND SO, for many ages, the great cathedral slept in peace. War had not touched it for a long time, but the angels knew that a time of trouble was coming. They had seen preparations for war many times before.

When the call to arms was sounded, and the men of the city left their homes, the women came to the church to pray and to burn candles for their safe return. Then the soldiers came, passed through the city, and returned once more, followed by the enemy. Then the invaders, in their turn, were pushed back. Wounded men in foreign uniforms were brought into the cathedral and laid there on cots of straw. A white flag with a red cross upon it was hoisted to the tallest tower of the great church. It puzzled the angels greatly. They had never seen such a thing before.

Not long after this the enemy's cannonade began. Without warning, a shell whistled past the cathedral and fell not far away. The Green Angel shivered.

"A little more and they would have hit us!" he said.

"They will not hit us," said another angel, farther up the window. "No one has ever hurt us. Why should they fire at us?"

"Their brothers are inside," added another. "Soldiers never fire on their brothers. Perhaps they were brought here to protect us; for no one can hit us now."

Even as he spoke, a shell crashed against the building. The whistle of the flying projectile ended in a roar as the stones thundered to the street. The angels in the window trembled.

The Eldest Angel was the first to recover. His voice shook a little as he said:

"Brothers, let us pray for the dying!"

They all began the prayers for the dying.

Another shell screamed and crashed against the church. The priests went on with their ministry to the wounded; above, in the window, the angels prayed on.

Suddenly a shell pierced a window near them and exploded, showering glass and shrapnel over the church. The angels stopped, aghast.

"What manner of men can it be that bombard the place where their brothers lie wounded?" asked the Blue Angel, in horror.

"We cannot judge them," said the Eldest Angel quietly. "They may not know that their brothers are here. Come, brothers, the prayers for the dying!"

A smell of smoke began to fill the building. Another angel spoke.

"The roof is on fire," he said.

The smoke from burning beams began to fill the church. Here and there embers from the roof and from scaffolding outside fell through the broken windows, setting wood and straw alight upon the floor. The wounded foreigners, frantic with pain and fear, struggled to drag themselves out of

the building. On the steps, the priests did their best to protect them from the people, who, mad with rage, tried to attack them from the street.

The light from the blazing oak carvings and the straw-covered floor flickered and wavered on the walls. Outside old men, women, children, cursing, crying, despairing, were braving the fury of the shells to look their last upon the great cathedral under whose shadow they had been born, had lived, and had hoped to die, as their parents and grandparents had done before them. Farther away lay the trenches, where the soldiers were watching the flames with fury and the enemy with fierce delight.

The little Blue Angel took a last look at the pleasant circle of hills lighted up in the darkness by the glare of the burning cathedral, and another at the blazing inferno below him. The voice of the Green Angel broke in upon his thoughts.

"Need we pray for the dying now? May we not pray for help for ourselves?"

"God will send us what is best," said the Eldest Angel gently. "It is better to pray for others while we can. It will not be long now!"

The heat grew more intense; the building rocked from another shell; a part of the window fell in. Above the noise of the falling glass and stone the voice of the Eldest Angel was still heard:

"O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise!"

Crash! A shell thundered squarely against the window where they stood. Amid the falling stone and splintering glass, the angels of Rheims joined the vast army of the human victims of Germany—the noble army of the martyrs of France.

COURAGE

WHEN all seems dark, and all the best of you
Has done its all, and nothing done but lose,
Comfort your heart, fear not! That you were true
Helps all the world to keep its promise too;
To the brave heart there never comes bad news.

But when the weariness and the long drain
On your poor strength are breaking down the door,
Think you: "To-night I see her face again,
Lovely as starlight, blest as summer rain—
How magical she is to see once more!"

And children think of laughing to see you home,
Innocent hearts that break your heart to see—
And think of lonely seas and wandering foam,
Ships that from marvel unto marvel roam,
Fearlessly voyaging through eternity.

And, howso hard the battle, it is won;
Yea, all is won, though you have lost it all;
Courage has always been the best of fun,
And thus to end is but to have begun—
Laughter again, though the high heavens should fall!

Richard Le Gallienne

The Assassins of Art

THE DELIBERATE CAMPAIGN OF DESTRUCTION THAT THE GERMANS AND THEIR ALLIES HAVE WAGED AGAINST THE TREASURED MONUMENTS OF PAINTING, SCULPTURE, AND ARCHITECTURE POSSESSED BY THE PEOPLES WHOM THEY HAVE SOUGHT TO TERRIFY AND TO CONQUER—
HOW CAN JUST PUNISHMENT BE INFLICTED?

By Clayton Hamilton

AS civilization has slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent, throughout the long procession of the centuries, works of art have come to be regarded more and more as things belonging to mankind at large, and therefore to be held immune against the ravages of war. Paintings, statues, and sacred buildings—both ecclesiastical and secular—have been shielded by an imaginary symbol more potent than the visible sign of the Red Cross; they have been protected by an unwritten law more binding than that solemn scrap of paper which was presumed to guarantee the neutrality of Belgium.

This point, at least, was considered uncontestable until four years ago. The world had reached a state of mind, apparently, where no one but a madman would wantonly assassinate a work of art.

The basis for this state of mind is easy to appreciate. When children quarrel, the path of wisdom for their elders leads clearly to a strict observance of neutrality. This is a thing that every father knows, whose little boys are accustomed to play and fight with other little boys next door. Similarly, when grown men fall out and disagree—even though their conflict may be extended to entire nations and entire races, and may ultimately spread until it necessitates a dichotomy of all mankind—an analogous neutrality is imposed, in theory, upon the gods, and upon those shining children of the gods, the few exalted works of art which have been begotten out of humankind by some mystic marriage with the eternal spirit. There seems to be no reason why a perfect work of art should be involved in any human quarrel;

for such a thing, though temporal upon the dear maternal side, is half divine in parentage and clearly born for immortality.

But the present war which racks the earth is different from other wars—so different that not even the Olympians and their glowing children can maintain any longer the august aloofness of neutrality. All the paintings, all the statues, all the churches in the world have been insulted into combatance, and now exert their influence to make reason and the will of God prevail. At the very outset of the present struggle, the Germans, while denouncing the entire written and unwritten fabric of international law, proclaimed themselves as a race or nation chosen by a tribal deity to scourge the world as the assassins of art.

Let us figure now a combat between men and men, or between nations and nations, or between races and races, or even between half the world and the other half. Let us suppose that the embattled forces are entrenched in lines that nearly touch each other. And let us next imagine that some supreme and perfect work of art—like the Venus of Melos, for example—should come alive and walk between the lines on some radiant and moonlit evening. As a matter of moral theory, it hardly seems believable that the battle would not necessarily be lost by the side that first opened fire against that armless, radiant wonder, that shining culmination of all dreams of earth.

The Olympians may sit aloft and sit aloof; but they cannot be less just than ordinary mortals who sweat and fight and bleed and die for an idea. The present writer feels a sort of faith in the imaginative theory that the assassins of art must ulti-

mately be overwhelmed by an enforced and irresistible reaction from the artistic spirit of the world. This war may finally be won by a tilting of the balance between force and counter-force produced by the weighing-in of the many works of art which the Germans have wantonly destroyed or wantonly attacked.

THE PURPOSE OF GERMAN ATROCITIES

Now that we are fighting with all our strength against the Germans, it has become supremely necessary that we should try to understand them. The German mind is different from ours; and that is, of course, the fundamental reason for the fact that we are now involved in war. But the German attitude of mind, however deeply we may deplore it, and however strongly we may fight against it, is not by any means a matter that we can afford to toss aside with easy laughter. Our enemies are not a race of fools. Considered as a whole, they deserve to be respected as the best-educated, best-trained, and best-disciplined nation on the continent of Europe.

The strength of the German mind is based solidly upon the fact that it is unfalteringly logical. Granted a seemingly certain premise—which the German is all too easily inclined to accept upon authority—he reasons his way by a syllogistic process to a logical conclusion; and this strict reasoning is never impeded by any intervention of those bothersome emotions which interrupt the progress of the lighter and more flitting Latin intellect.

When the imperial German government decreed the present war, it began the conflict with two purposes in view, the first of which may be described as a primary objective and the second as an alternative objective. The primary objective of the German government was to win, if possible, dominion of the world in a couple of months; and the secondary objective was to prepare the way for a future war in which world-dominion might still be won for Germany if the primary purpose of the Potsdam gang should happen to be thwarted. The conduct of the present war was therefore premised from the very outset with the possible prospect of a necessary future war held steadily in view. When once this arch-idea has been completely grasped, it becomes by no means difficult to understand the conduct of the German armies since the outset of August, 1914.

Throughout the last four years the German troops have been fighting not only to conquer their immediate adversaries in the field, but also to annihilate an imaginative opposition that might otherwise have sprung up to impede them in some alternative and future war, if the present test of strength should accidentally be ended with a deadlock. For this reason the German hordes were ordered from the outset to assassinate every work of art that stood within the path of their invasions.

For a long time a majority of the citizens of our own country were unwilling to accept the detestable idea that these German depredations against works of art were deliberate, and not spasmodic. For weeks, for months, for years, Americans exchanged in converse the obvious comment that every conscripted army of more than a million men must necessarily include within its ranks a certain number of soldiers who would ordinarily be classed among the irresponsibly insane. By this easy argument we tried to excuse the German high command when Louvain was burned and sacked and other towns of Belgium were deliberately scarified.

We remained unready, as a nation at large, to accept the new and startling state of facts with which we were confronted, until such American citizens as Henry Van Dyke—our erstwhile minister not only to the Kingdom of the Netherlands, but also to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg—began to assure us that the discipline of the German armies was so complete and irresistible that the imperial government was able to turn its decreed atrocities on and off as easily as a gardener might turn on and off the squirting of his hose. When once these depredations of the German armies were understood to be deliberately ordered, it became possible for an other-minded world to understand them.

Not so very long ago we used to laugh satirically in this country against the repeated assertion of the imperial German government that its orders to bomb undefended towns, to torpedo passenger-ships, to fire at sight upon the hitherto sacred symbol of the Red Cross, and to assassinate every work of art that came within the range of its artillery, were actuated by motives that were purely military. A time has come, however, when—to understand our enemies—we are constrained at last to accept this assertion as an announcement of

a military theory which deserves to be examined thoroughly.

Our enemies would not have deemed it advantageous to cast into the discard a slowly predetermined code of international comity if they had not calculated carefully that this unexpected gesture might rebound to their advantage. The German may be foolish in his premises, but he is never illogical in his reasoning. Let us try now to reason out this problem from the German point of view; and let us endeavor, first of all, to grasp the premises for the necessary argument.

The first premise is, of course, the idea that the German race has been picked out by destiny to overcome and rule the world, and that all other races should welcome an obvious opportunity to be overmastered, and to surrender to the dictates of a tribal deity whose mystic name is "Unser Gott." The second and alternative premise is that the world should be taught to dread any future rattling of the German saber, if this primary assault on civilization should fail, by any possible mischance, of the quick accomplishment of its intention.

Starting from these premises, the German armies were ordered, not only to trample down the immediate resistance of their enemies, but also to break their hearts, and thereby to impede them from accepting any gage of battle in an unpredicted future. The quickest way to break the heart of an adversary, and to prevent him from accepting any future renewal of the challenge, is to attack and smash with utter ruthlessness the very thing he holds most dear. According to this calculation, the attitude of the Germans was not—from any strictly military point of view—unreasonable.

THE GERMAN HAND IN BELGIUM

From the moment when the King of the Belgians decided, because of a preestablished point of honor, to fling his paltry armies in the path of the invading German hosts, it became a sort of military duty on the part of the invaders to destroy every monument of Belgium which the Belgians had previously regarded as imperishable. From the German point of view, it became necessary to discourage the Belgians from participating in a hypothetical future war by shattering their "will to resistance" at the very outset of the present struggle.

The policy announced by the imperial German government at the very moment

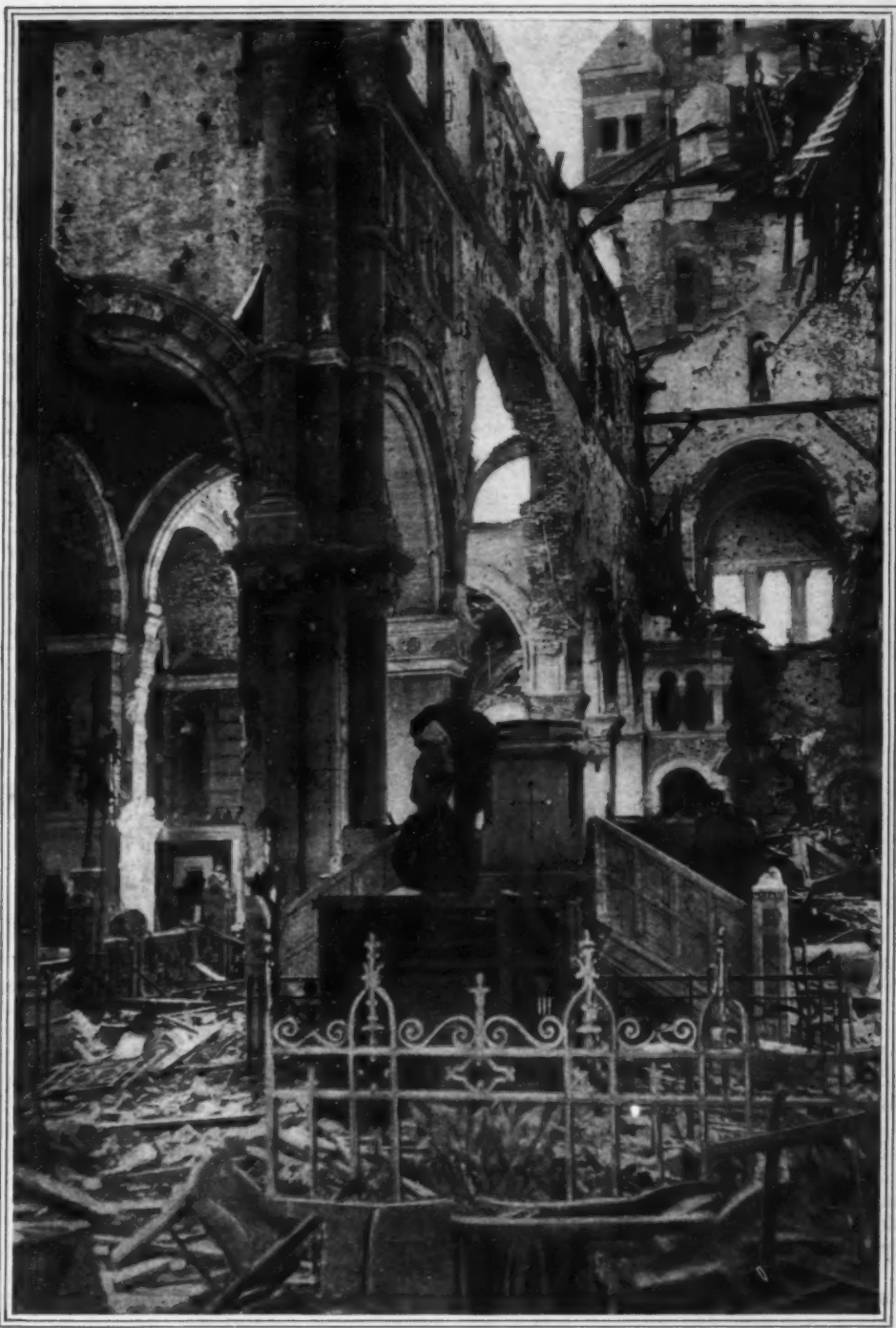
when its armies were ordered to transgress the boundaries of Belgium, has been pursued ever since with a ruthless logic which—considered in the abstract, as a mere phenomenon of thought—is genuinely admirable because of its unflinching consistency.

In Belgium, for example, the German high command has been scrupulously careful to prevent the shattering of any cities that it might need for its own uses, either temporarily or permanently. Brussels, Ghent, and Bruges are still intact; and, though Antwerp was a fortified place, subject to besiegement according to the pre-admitted articles of war, the Germans were punctiliously careful to direct their cannon only against the outlying forts, and not to smash the city itself at a moment when they still aspired to annex it to their permanent dominions.

But, in the course of their first hurried march toward Paris—and they were forced to hurry, at that moment, by their anxiety to keep a contemplated date for dinner—the German armies were deliberately ordered to smash up every Belgian city whose integrity might seem no longer useful to the German high command. By this means a military effort was exerted to break the spirit of the Belgians, and thereby to predispose these naturally peaceful people—in case a second war should become necessary in order to complete the German program for world-conquest—not to offer any opposition, on this future and still hypothetical occasion, to a sudden pouring of the German hordes through Belgium into France.

In every Belgian town that the Germans decided to devastate they focused their destructive will upon those features which, because of their artistic value, had hitherto been held most dear, not only by the Belgians themselves, but also by mankind at large. In certain cities, like Malines, where the cathedral was the most important monument, the cathedral was systematically made to bear the brunt of devastation; but in other towns, like Louvain, where some secular building exceeded the local cathedral in architectural beauty, the attention of the wrecking crew was carefully focused on the civic monument.

In Louvain itself, it was the library of the university that was most completely sacked and gutted; for the Germans seem to have figured logically that in this quiet seat of learning the citizens would care



THE CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME, AT ALBERT, WRECKED BY GERMAN SHELL-FIRE—ALBERT IS ON THE ANCRE, AND WAS NOT FAR BEHIND THE BRITISH LINES DURING THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME, JULY TO NOVEMBER, 1916



THE STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC, BY PAUL DUBOIS, WHICH STOOD IN FRONT OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL—THE SWORD WAS BROKEN OFF SHORT BY A GERMAN SHELL, AND THE STATUE HAS SINCE BEEN REMOVED

even more for their university than for their churches. The finest building in Louvain, however, was the Hôtel de Ville, a dream of Belgian lace congealed to stone; and, actuated by that clear and unimpeded military logic which is almost admirable, the Germans did not undermine the structure of this edifice, but satisfied their deeper purpose by incinerating and ruining the unique, inimitable carvings that used to decorate its four façades. They deliberately left the town hall of Louvain to stand as a sort of mortuary monument to remind all future generations of the drastic difference between the light and airy loveliness which used to seem to flutter in the breeze, and the forlorn, gaunt framework into which a thing so erstwhile exquisite has been re-

duced by the efficiency of an irresistible *kultur*.

THE CIVIC GLORIES OF BELGIUM

It was indeed unfortunate for civilization that, by reason of a geographic accident, those districts which lay immediately open to the easiest and quickest application of the German policy of "frightfulness" were the very regions where the hallowed records of medieval art had been most closely concentrated. By proceeding systematically with its military purpose to break the spirit of the Belgians, the German high command was able very quickly to plunge a dagger into the very heart of the whole art-loving world.

The past history of Belgium has been unique and glorious; and the records of this history were written down, for all the world to read, in those apparently imperish-

able monuments of architecture which were exultantly erected centuries ago.

Belgium is not an agricultural country. Its rural landscape is monotonous and dull. No tourist could ever justly have been lured to Belgium by the prospect of seeing scenery. It is—or was—a country of many little cities, crowded close together, and thriving by the civic industries of manufacturing and commerce. It was a nation of municipalities so prosperous and growing that they reached out and nearly touched one another; and the intervening rural landscape had long ceased to be a matter for interested observation.

This condition had resulted from an idea that had been potently initiated in the Middle Ages. Several centuries ago the

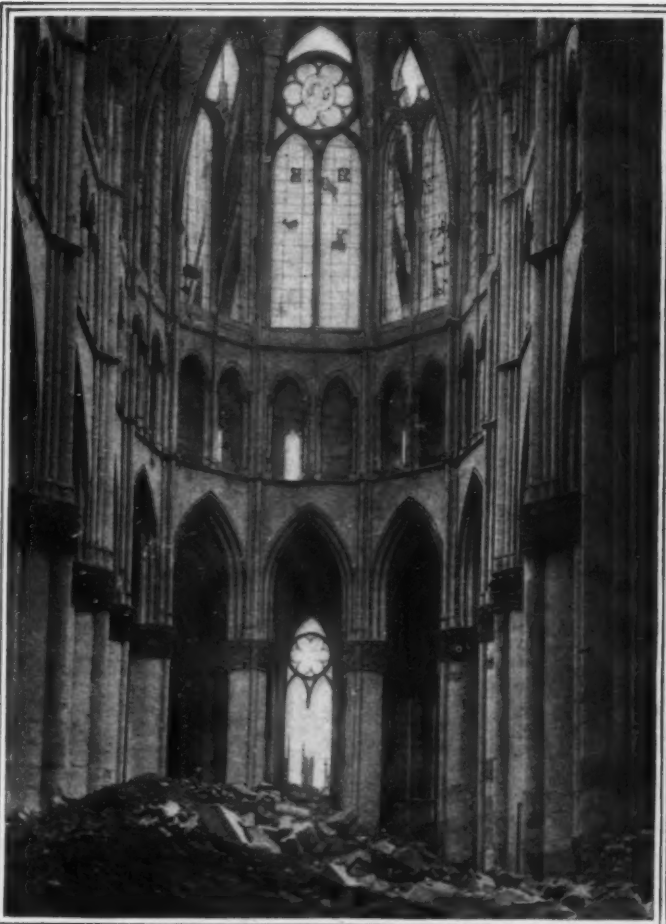
Belgians — in association with their neighbors to the north, the people of the Netherlands—fought valiantly against hostile odds which appeared at the moment to be all but overwhelming, to establish the principle of civic liberty, and to proclaim the theory that a free municipality should thenceforth be regarded as the fundamental unit from which states should be compounded. In those old days the people of the lower countries won their point and established their principle that the natural unit of the nation was the city, and that the easiest and quickest way to agglomerate a great nation was to effect a free alliance between several adjacent cities which had previously grown to greatness on their own account.

As a logical consequence of this political incentive, the architecture of Belgium was destined to express primarily the cognate ideas of civic liberty and municipal authority. The ecclesiastical erections of the Belgians—their cathedrals and their minor churches—lagged far behind the contemporary tributes of the French to the mystic and abstract ideal of medieval Christianity; but the Belgian builders, from the very outset, excelled their southern neighbors in planning magnificent designs for civic monuments.

The cathedrals of Belgium were comparatively inconsiderable; but the town halls, the gildhalls, and the many other municipal buildings erected in the Middle Ages by a people whose minds had become focused, by the force of circumstances, upon the dear need of expressing in eternal stone the inspiration offered by the high

political idea of civic liberty, surpassed in sheer artistic prowess the best that had been dreamed and rendered manifest in any other corner of the continent of Europe.

The finest building in Belgium—and also, as a corollary of this same assertion, the noblest monument of civic architecture on the continent of Europe—was the hall of the gild of drapers in the small but important town of Ypres. Ypres was too far afield for the Germans to overrun in the course of their initial hurried rush toward Paris. After their unexpected upset at the Marne, as a result of which they had to retreat to the Aisne and to entrench themselves in defensive positions, this little Belgian city still escaped their grasp in the



THE EAST END OF RHEIMS CATHEDRAL, SHOWING THE BROKEN TRACERY OF THE WINDOWS, AND THE FLOOR HEAPED WITH FRAGMENTS FROM THE SHATTERED WALLS AND ROOF OF THE ONCE LOVELY BUILDING



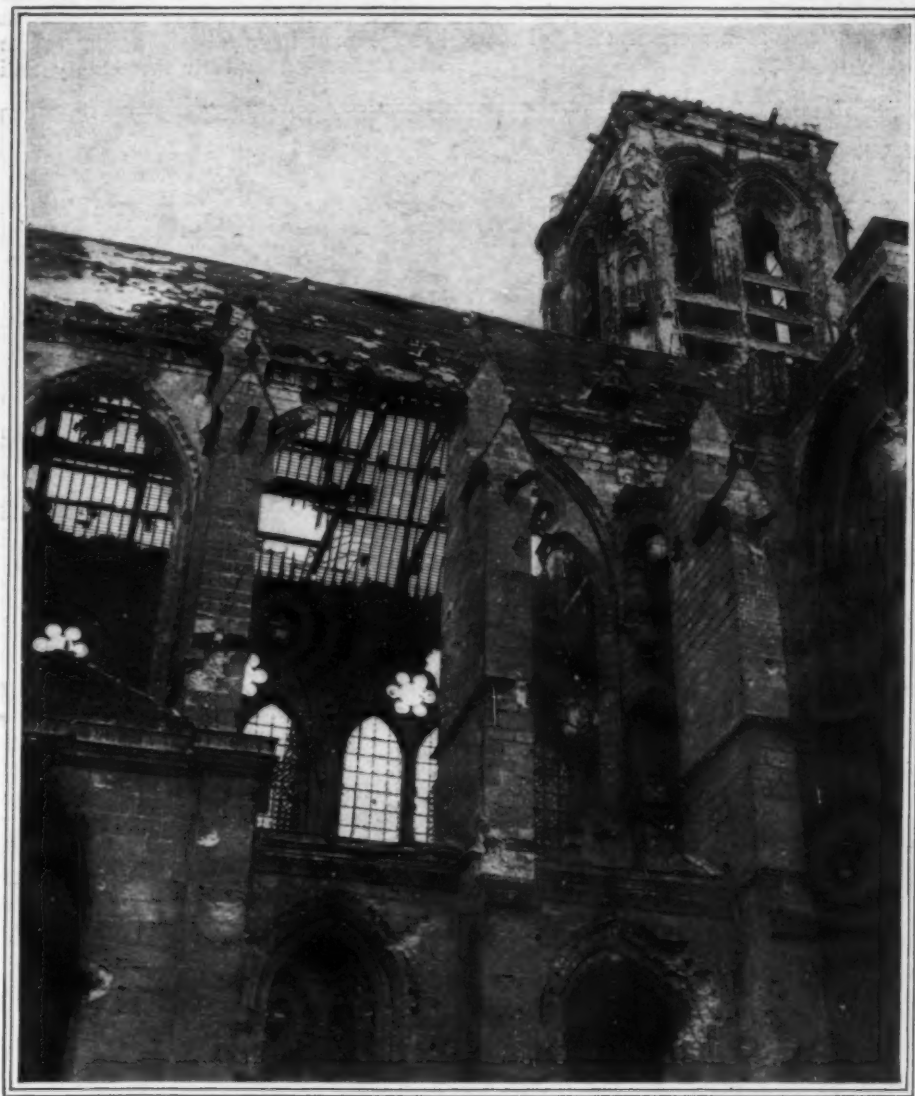
BEFORE THE GERMANS EVACUATED PÉRONNE IN MARCH, 1917, THEY SYSTEMATICALLY DESTROYED THE TOWN—THE ENGRAVINGS ON THIS PAGE SHOW THE RUINED CHURCH OF ST. JEAN



THE CHURCH OF ST. JEAN IN PÉRONNE WAS A GOTHIC BUILDING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, AND CONTAINED SOME FINE CARVINGS AND STAINED GLASS

course of that rapid rush to the sea which closed the first campaign of the war. After the opposing armies had stabilized themselves in positions that appeared, for the

cannon upon the Cloth Hall of Ypres. The reason for this reticence leaked ultimately out of Germany, when we learned that the Kaiser had planned to announce a com-



WHAT THE GERMAN GUNS LEFT OF SOISSONS CATHEDRAL, A FINE CHURCH DATING FROM THE TWELFTH CENTURY

From a French official photograph

moment, to be permanent, Ypres still stood behind the British lines. The city became subject, therefore, to bombardment, according to the preadmitted articles of war.

For a long time the Germans refrained, against expectancy, from training their

plete annexation of the erstwhile kingdom of the Belgians to the Hohenzollern domains so soon as Ypres could be conquered, and that he had spared the famous Salle des Drapiers as the most appropriate stage-setting for the ceremony of his installation

as the new overlord of Belgium. But the Canadian and British troops "got the thought"—as we are accustomed to say in the slang language of this country—and Ypres has ever since been held against the enemy, because of motives which, in some respects, have been more sentimental than merely military.

When the German high command was forced to relinquish the idea of easily taking Ypres, it began to train its cannon against that perfect work of architecture which had formerly been spared because of an incentive which was scarcely less reasonable than imaginative. Finding themselves thwarted in their momentary mili-



DUNKIRK WAS NOT IN THE FIGHTING-ZONE, BUT IT HAS FREQUENTLY BEEN BOMBARDED BY GERMAN AIR RAIDERS—THIS SHOWS THE RUIN THEY WROUGHT IN THE CHURCH OF ST. ELOI, A GOTHIC BUILDING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

From a copyrighted photograph by Kadel & Herbert, New York



THE CLOTH HALL OF YPRES, THE FINEST MONUMENT OF CIVIC ARCHITECTURE IN BELGIUM, WHICH THE GERMANS SPARED UNTIL THEY GAVE UP HOPE OF TAKING THE CITY, AND THEN BOMBARDED AND DESTROYED

tary purpose, the Germans decided to issue a sentence which condemned the noblest and the loveliest municipal monument in Europe to destruction. The Cloth Hall of Ypres was soon pounded into a shapeless heap of ashes. There it lies, this erstwhile lovely work of art, to remind all future generations of the folly of opposing a military program decreed by the disciples of a tutelary Hohenzollern deity.

THE SHATTERED FANES OF FRANCE

During the course of their initial rush toward Paris, the German hordes that overran northern France were not deliberately ordered—according to the most reliable evidence that has thus far come to hand—to proclaim themselves frankly as assassins of art. The invading armies were encouraged to defile the private homes in which they happened to be billeted; but, at least, it must be registered in fairness that the German troops were not permitted to fling bombs against the Bible of Amiens during the course of their first campaign for the capturing of Paris.

But the orders of the high command were drastically changed so soon as the invading hosts had been pushed back by the military genius of Marshal Joffre from the line of the Marne to the line of the Aisne. The German artillery, posted on the hills above Rheims, opened fire upon the cathedral of that city—a fane which had bulked large, for many centuries, in the imagination of all civilized mankind, as a veritable citadel of art; and ever since the early months of 1915 the Germans have employed the cathedral of Rheims as a target for recording their annoyance at any momentary setback along the lengthy western battle-line that stretches from the sea to Switzerland. The high command deliberately calculated that since the cathedral of Rheims was not only one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, but also the most sacred church in France by virtue of numberless historical associations, it could always stab the heart of civilized mankind by hurling, on occasion, a certain number of extra shells against this Parthenon of Christianity.



BRITISH SOLDIERS CARRYING STATUES FROM A CHURCH AT ARMENTIÈRES WHICH WAS UNDER FIRE FROM THE GERMAN GUNS, AND WHICH HAS SINCE BEEN DESTROYED

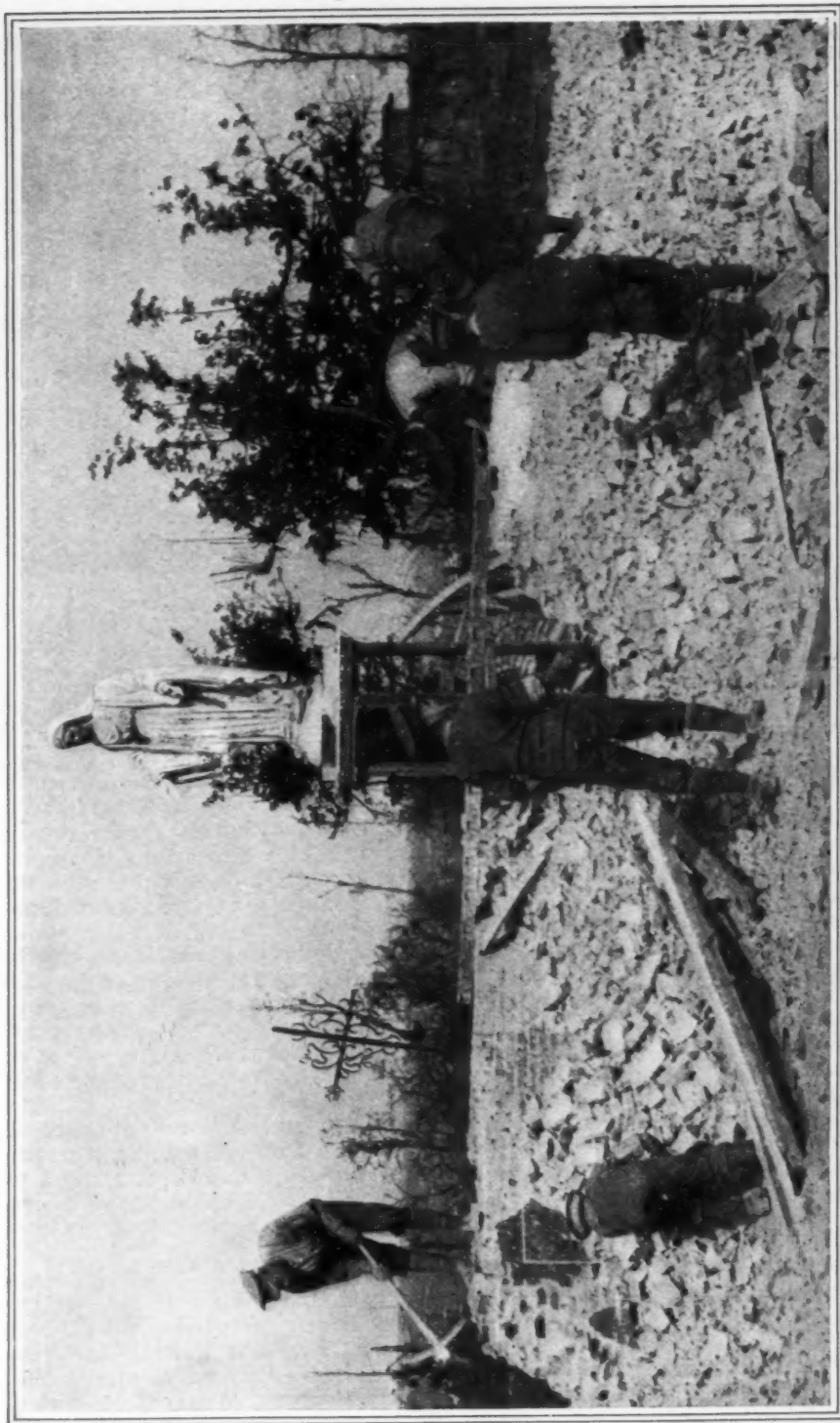
From a British official photograph—Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

The bombarded city of Rheims contained also, until very lately, another church more ancient than the cathedral—the seldom-celebrated edifice of St. Rémi. The church of St. Rémi was one of the noblest monuments in Europe of that very early period of medieval architecture which is catalogued as Romanesque. This monument enjoyed for many months the good luck to be seated beyond the range of the hostile cannon directed against the more showy and more celebrated cathedral; but after Marshal Foch had proceeded to push forth his successful counter-attack on July 18, 1918, the Germans were suddenly ordered as an act of vengeance to annihilate St. Rémi with their long-range artillery. From the scattering reports of correspondents at the front it may now be judged that this military order of the German high command was efficiently administered.

After the temporary stabilization between force and counter-force which took

place along the line of the Aisne in the early months of 1915, many of those towns of northern France which were richest in their records of medieval art were included in the line of battle. By this unhappy accident, it became inevitable—in accordance with the preexistent articles of war—that these cities should be subjected to bombardment and to counter-bombardment by the opposing armies.

In all fairness we should be willing to excuse the Germans for their wrecking of Arras and Albert and Soissons and many other cities along the western battle-line, on the ground that this procedure was inevitable from the ordinary point of view of military tactics. By all means let us be generous enough not to hold our enemies responsible for the destruction of any works of art that have fallen accidentally within the No Man's Land of military maneuvers. But when the Germans, many months ago, decided to apply the torch to the cathedral



THE VIRGIN OF MONTAUBAN AS IT STOOD AMID THE RUINS OF THE VILLAGE CHURCH WHEN THE BRITISH CAPTURED THE PLACE ON JULY 1, 1916,
DURING THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME

From a British official photograph supplied by the Central News Photo Service



THE RUINS OF ARRAS CATHEDRAL, WITH PART OF THE ADJOINING BUILDINGS OF THE OLD ABBEY, USED AS AN ART MUSEUM BEFORE THE GERMANS BOMBARDED AND PRACTICALLY DESTROYED THEM

of St. Quentin, and determined also to announce to the civilized world that this incineration was occasioned by the hurling of French shells against a holy place, the absolute hypocrisy of the German high command was rendered manifest. The theory that the French themselves should be held responsible for the assassination of the works of art of northern France was something more than civilized mankind could stomach.

The finest building in France—and, therefore, in Europe—is, of course, the cathedral of Amiens. This edifice, as I have already stated, was not attacked when the cavalry of the Germans galloped past it on the occasion of their initial rush toward Paris. So lately as the dangerous month of April, 1918, the hordes of Ludendorff were perilously pushed within a radius of half a dozen miles of Amiens, and threatened an immediate capture of the cathedral city. The civilian population was evacuated by the British. The Germans bombarded the town and managed to wreck

a good deal of it; but, for some reason or other which it is a little difficult to comprehend, they apparently decided to spare the great cathedral from any unnecessary devastation.

It may, of course, remain presumable that they expected to employ this gorgeous edifice as the stage-setting for some calculated future ceremony. At any rate, the cathedral of Amiens was hit only three or four times by comparatively harmless shells; and after Marshal Foch had launched his successful counter-attack in the region of Montdidier, a solemn service was held in the choir of the cathedral to celebrate the rescue of this sacred church from the range of hostile cannon.

AUSTRIA'S WAR ON ITALIAN ART

In Italy, the military problem of the Central Powers was somewhat different from what it was in France. Until the summer of 1914 Italy was allied with Austria and Germany, in accordance with a treaty which imposed mutual obligations

in case any party to the Triple Alliance should be attacked. When the Austrian government resolved to launch its ultimatum against Serbia, the Italian government refused to participate in this policy of sheer aggression. Italy at once announced an attitude of neutrality in respect to the local

quarrel between Austria and Serbia; and, after a slow year of leisured preparation, her government, supported by the sympathies of her people, walked deliberately into the war on the side of the Entente.

Considering the situation from the limited point of view of a merely military prem-



THE CHURCH OF THE TRAPPIST MONASTERY ON THE MONT DES CATS, NEAR HAZEBROUCK, WHICH THE GERMANS BOMBARDED DURING THEIR OFFENSIVE OF APRIL LAST IN FLANDERS

ise, it became at once an obvious duty on the part of the Central Powers to endeavor to break the heart of the Italians, and thereby to discourage them from participating on the hostile side in any subsequent world-conflict. This German reasoning resulted in the almost complete success which

Ravenna, Padua, Verona, and Vicenza. The Italian government has recently announced a long list of these calculated depredations.

In Venice, the Austrians have dropped bombs from the air upon such important churches as those of the Frari, Santa Maria



BESIDES GREAT CATHEDRALS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS, COUNTLESS HUMBLE MONUMENTS OF ART AND RELIGION HAVE FALLEN BEFORE THE GERMAN INVADERS—THIS SHOWS THE SHATTERED CALVARY OF PASSES, ON THE OISE

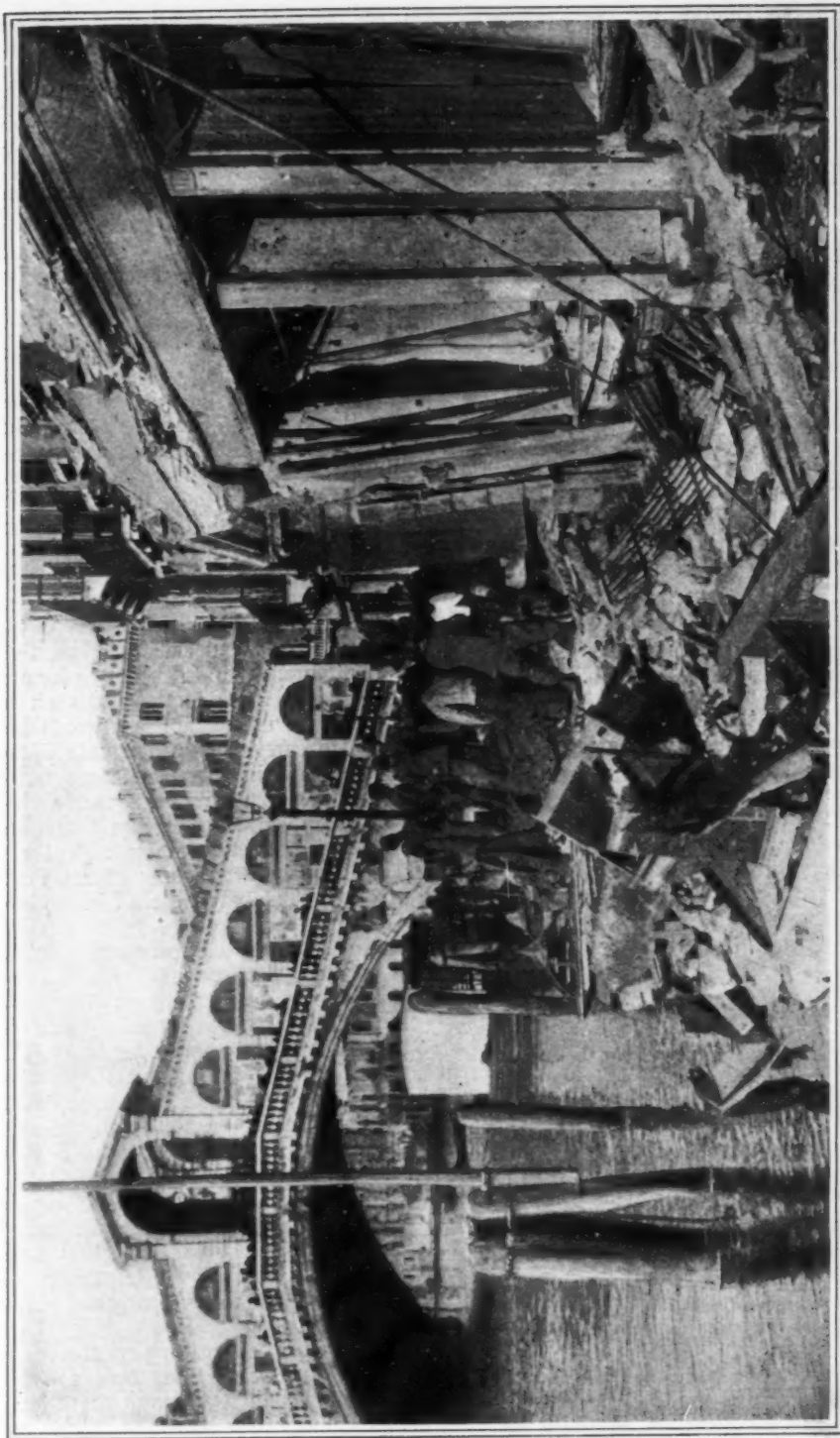
From a French official photograph—Copyrighted by the Western Newspaper Union, New York

was scored against the Italian army in the region of Caporetto, not so much by military prowess as by the more insidious exercise of propaganda. But, after the Italians had been forced to retreat headlong from the line of the Isonzo to that of the Piave, the ancient Roman sense of pride reasserted itself and helped them ultimately to hold up against their enemies a sign that read, "No thoroughfare!"

The Austrians, however, were now able to make a practise of bombing from the air those works of art in northern Italy which were held most holy, not only by the Italians themselves, but also by the world at large. They proceeded systematically to assault such sacred citadels of art as Venice,

Formosa, and Santi Giovanni e Paolo. A well-aimed Austrian bomb smashed the dome of Santa Maria Formosa, beneath which the masterpiece of Palma Vecchio was formerly enshrined. This noble painting was removed from danger before the date of the Italian declaration of war against Austria; but the only reason why the "Santa Barbara" is still extant results from this defensive foresight on the part of the Italian government.

Immediately after the retreat of Cadorna's troops to the Piave, the Austrian air service was ordered to do its best to complete the heart-break of the apparently subdued Italians by attacking every work of art in the neighboring city of Padua. The



A SAMPLE OF THE HAVOC WROUGHT BY AUSTRIAN AIR-BOMBS IN VENICE—WRECKAGE OF AN OLD PALAZZO ON THE GRAND CANAL, CLOSE TO THE FAMOUS BRIDGE OF THE RIALTO

From an Italian official photograph—Copyrighted by the Western Newspaper Union, New York

purpose of the Teutons has been proved, in the first place, by the fact that they succeeded in dropping a bomb or two upon the revered church of Sant' Antonio, and even managed to smash the pedestal of Donatello's famous equestrian statue—though the serene figure of Gattamelata on horseback had previously been removed to a region of safety.

In the second place, the Austrians succeeded in destroying, from the air, the church of the Carmine. This edifice was minor and was almost inconsiderable; but it stood within four or five hundred yards of the chapel of the Arena, which contains the only authentic records of the work of Giotto that are visible to modern students, except in Assisi. In their air-raids over Padua, the Austrians did not succeed in destroying the most precious works of Giotto and of Donatello, but they did their best to accomplish this calculated military purpose.

HOW CAN A JUST PENALTY BE INFLICTED?

The reasoning of those political powers that announced themselves, four years ago, as foredoomed to scourge the world as assassins of art has been pitilessly logical in its fulfilment, but still leaves something to be questioned in respect to the essential sanity of its underlying premises. Are the Germans right or are they wrong in their primary assumption that the quickest way toward winning world-dominion is to strike at the eternal gods by attempting to destroy those exalted works of art which are commonly regarded by mankind as half-children of the high Olympians?

If they are right, we may as well surrender to their "will to conquer" without further opposition, and send delegates to engage in the truckling converse of a conference for peace. But if they are wrong, and we are right, we shall have to fight on to the end—which now seems to be surely in sight—in order to reassert the creed that has thus been nobly phrased in a play of Mr. Bernard Shaw's:

I believe in Michelangelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of color, the redemption of all things by beauty everlasting, and the message of art—Amen!

If this be indeed the basis of our faith, we shall never agree to cease fighting until shattered Rheims shall be avenged, and until the Cloth Hall of Ypres shall arise

from the ruins into which it has been pounded by the hostile artillery of the assassins of art.

We shall not falter in this fighting; for all the works of art that ever were are now allied with us, and are mystically fighting on our side. It is already certain that the war shall not be ended by a negotiated peace, but by a dictated peace; and we shall be the dictators of the terms that shall bind our defeated enemies to good behavior in the future.

But, when the time comes for formulating and imposing our terms of peace, what punishment can we properly mete out to the Germans for their long career of crime as the self-appointed assassins of art? It is, of course, impossible for us to undertake to punish them by reprisals. The cathedral of Cologne is, to be sure, a vastly overestimated edifice; but at least it is not ugly, and nothing would be gained for civilization by wrecking it in revenge for the deliberate desecration of the cathedral of Rheims.

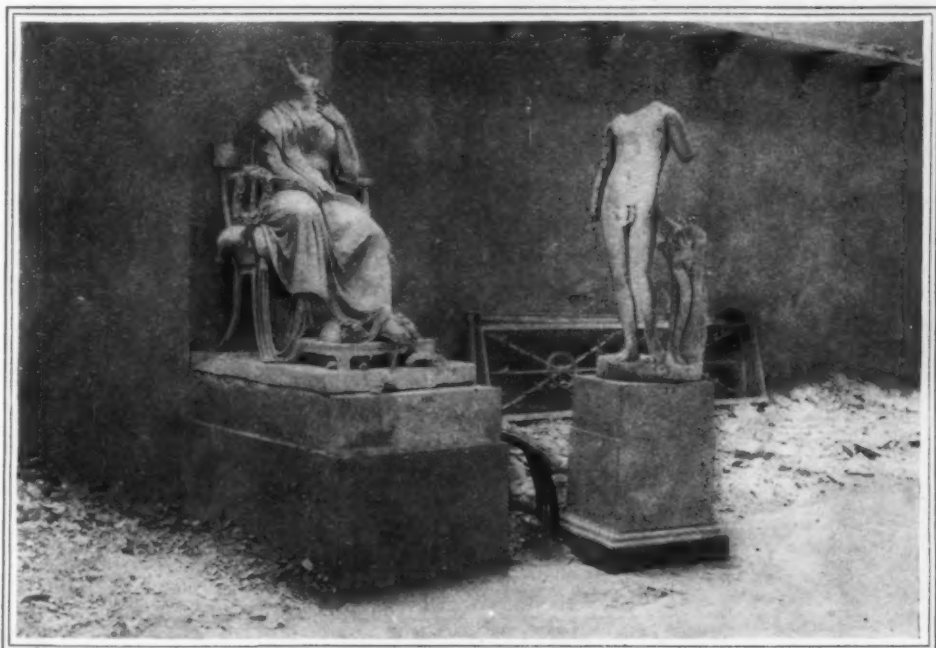
Even if we should decide to adopt the policy of attempting to exact an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—and such a course would be unthinkable—it would be impossible to carry out an adequate campaign of reprisal in that way, since Germany contains no native specimens of architecture, painting, and sculpture that can be considered at all comparable with those other and non-German works of art that her armies have already wrecked in the invaded countries.

In fairness to the Germans, we should hasten to admit that for many generations they have led the world in music; but music, like literature, is an abstract art whose records do not afford a target for hostile or avenging cannon. Throughout the whole long course of history, the Germans have given only two great painters to the world; and, by a sort of irony, Albrecht Dürer chose to spend much of his life in Italy, and Hans Holbein, the younger, chose to live and work in England. The Germans have never produced a great sculptor; and never, when not aided by their neighbors, have they managed to erect a great work of architecture.

Looking at our present problem from the most materialistic standpoint, there is nothing German in all Germany whose destruction could compensate the world, as an adequate reprisal, for the loss of the



THE ENGRAVINGS ON THIS PAGE SHOW THE CANOVA MUSEUM AT POSSAGNO, IN VENETIA, THE FAMOUS ITALIAN SCULPTOR'S BIRTHPLACE, WHICH WAS BOMBARDED BY THE AUSTRIANS—IN THE CENTER OF THE UPPER PICTURE IS A REPRODUCTION OF CANOVA'S KNEELING STATUE OF POPE PIUS VI IN ST. PETER'S



THE CANOVA MUSEUM AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT—AS THE FIGURES HERE WERE ONLY CASTS, THEIR DESTRUCTION WAS COMPARATIVELY UNIMPORTANT, BUT IT REMAINS A SIGNIFICANT INSTANCE OF THE SPIRIT IN WHICH THE AUSTRIANS HAVE WAGED WAR

Cloth Hall in Ypres. The very possibility of a revenge in kind—although this possibility would, in any case, have been summarily rejected for moral reasons—is therefore ruled out of the argument at the very outset.

But the acquisitive and scholarly Germans have carefully collected and catalogued and exhibited in their museums, innumerable works of art that originally emanated from other nations. The German museums are the richest in the world outside of Italy. When we are ready to formulate our terms of peace and to impose them upon the Germans, is there any reason whatsoever why we should not force them to hand back these hoarded works of art to the various countries in which they were inspired and produced?

Every painting by Rubens or Vandyke, or any other of their Flemish followers, that now hangs upon a wall in Germany, should be returned to Belgium, as a sort of spiritual indemnity for the wanton waging of this war. The Sistine Madonna of Raphael should be snatched away from Dresden and returned to Piacenza; and Germany, in general, should be bereft of all

those treasured works of art, produced by the genius of other nations, which she has kept for so long in her carefully catalogued museums.

When we are ultimately ready to deal with the Germans as we now have every reason to hope that we may deal with them, we should come resolved to lay this primary proposition on the table. We must be prepared to talk as follows:

"For four years—or five, or six, or seven—you have proclaimed yourselves as assassins of art. It must be logically reasoned from this long-held attitude that you hate art and are opposed to any sentimental maintenance of the records of art on earth. Therefore, since our minds run otherwise, we shall require you to surrender to our keeping every painting, every statue, every other work of art which formerly you held, but which you have ceased to own—in any real sense—because of your manifest decision to wage wanton war against the citadels of art."

This, I think, is the only possible policy which may permit us to punish adequately the self-decreed assassins of the very soul of civilization.

OUR YESTERDAY

It came like other days,
With skies of morning red;
Yet to what strange and splendid ways
Its footsteps led!

To golden noon it passed;
With lavish hand and free,
Fair hours and sweet, like flowers, it cast
To you and me.

It marched across the west,
With pomp of banners proud;
Its colors lay, like love confessed,
On hill and cloud.

One star, half wistful, glowed
With "God speed" in its glance;
It saw you take the long, long road
That leads to France.

Oh, years that sow and reap,
That give and take away,
Grant us forevermore to keep
Our yesterday!

Alice E. Allen

Democracy on Parade

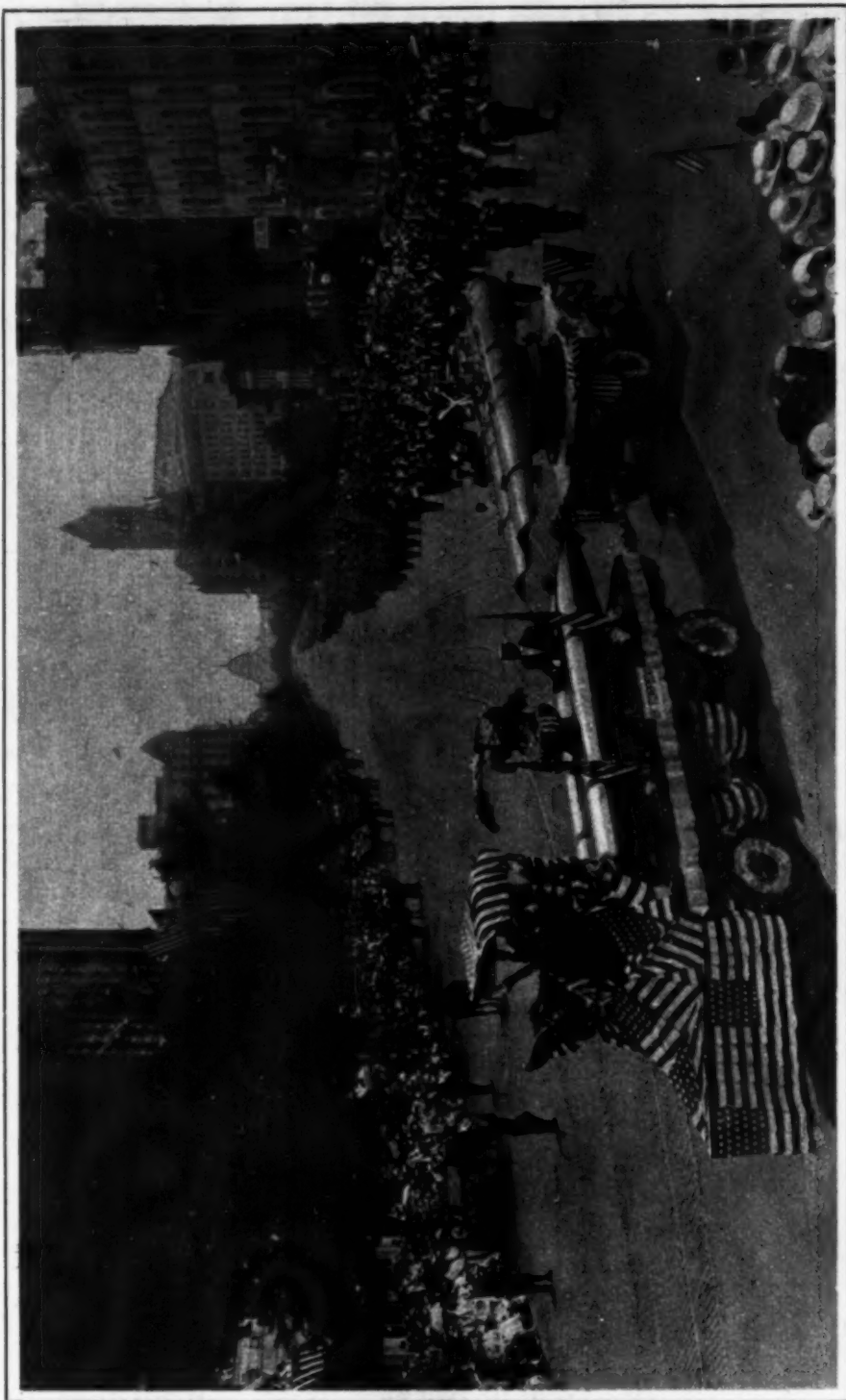
Pictures That Show America's War-Time Spirit



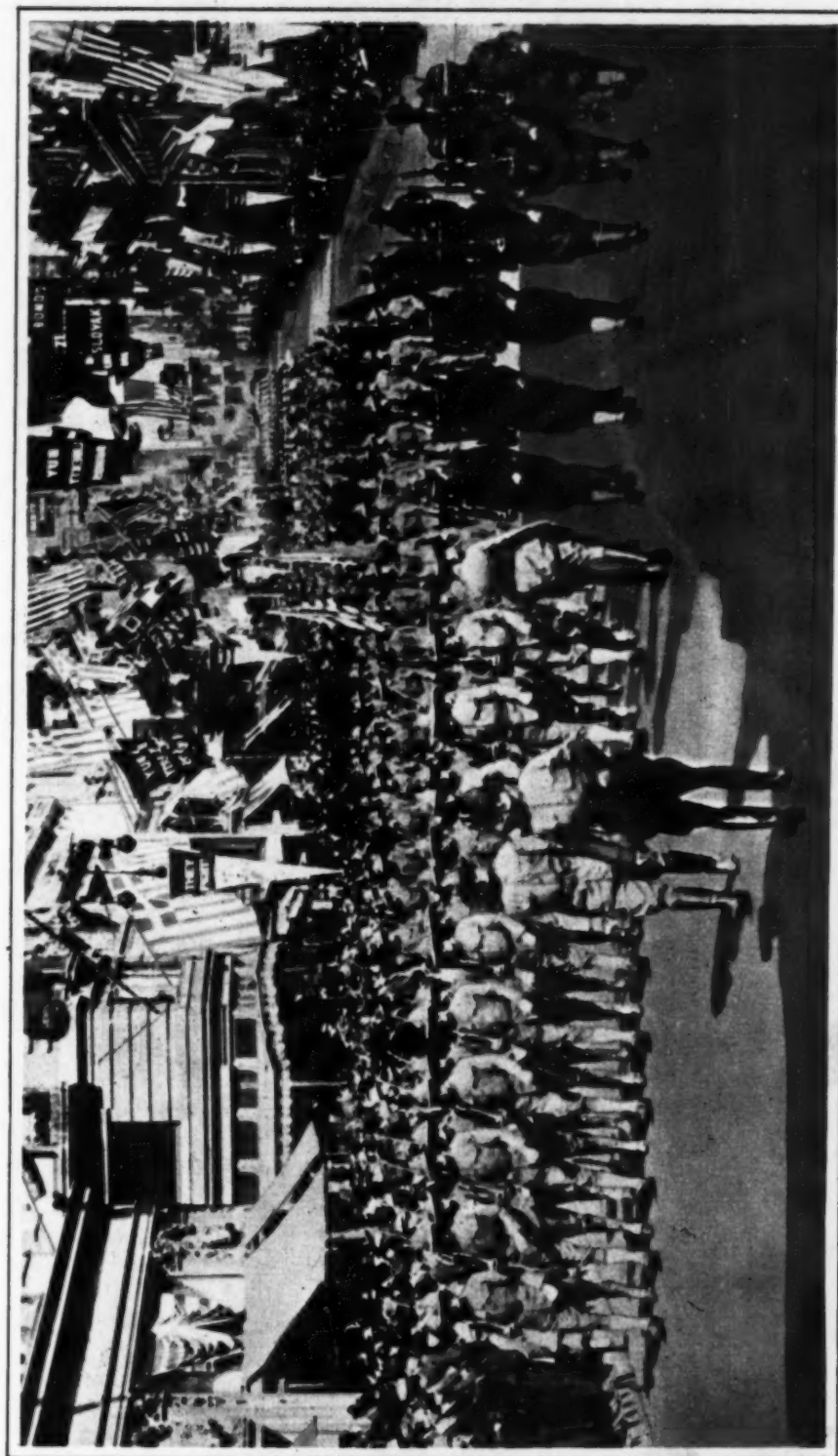
CHICAGO GREETES THE SOLDIERS OF LIBERTY

Citizens of the cosmopolitan but patriotic inland metropolis of America watching a parade on Michigan Avenue

This series of photographs supplied by Brown Brothers, New York

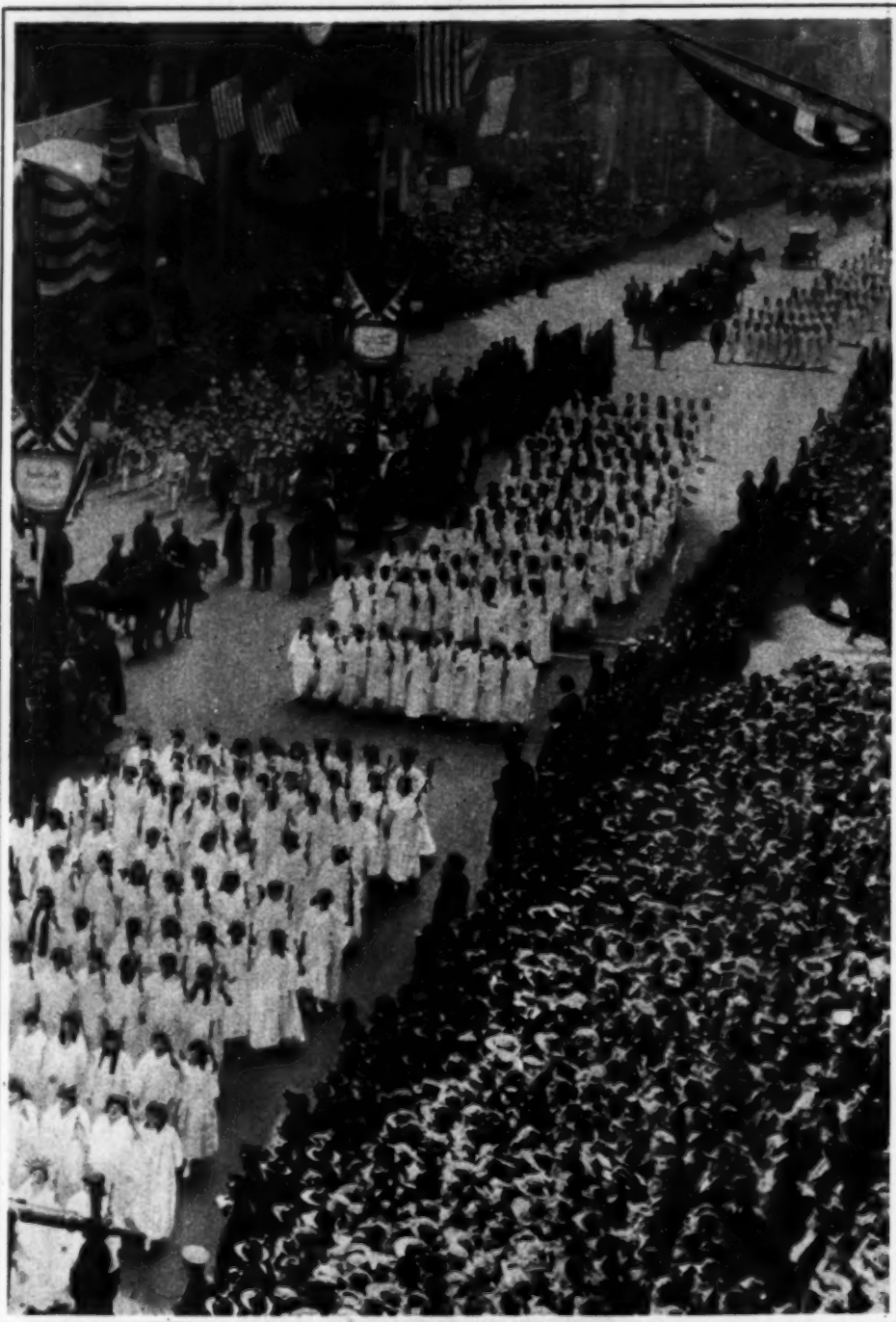


WASHINGTON HAS BECOME THE POLITICAL CENTER OF THE WORLD
This engraving shows one of the many parades that have swept along the imposing vista of Pennsylvania Avenue



ON NEW YORK'S "AVENUE OF THE ALLIES"

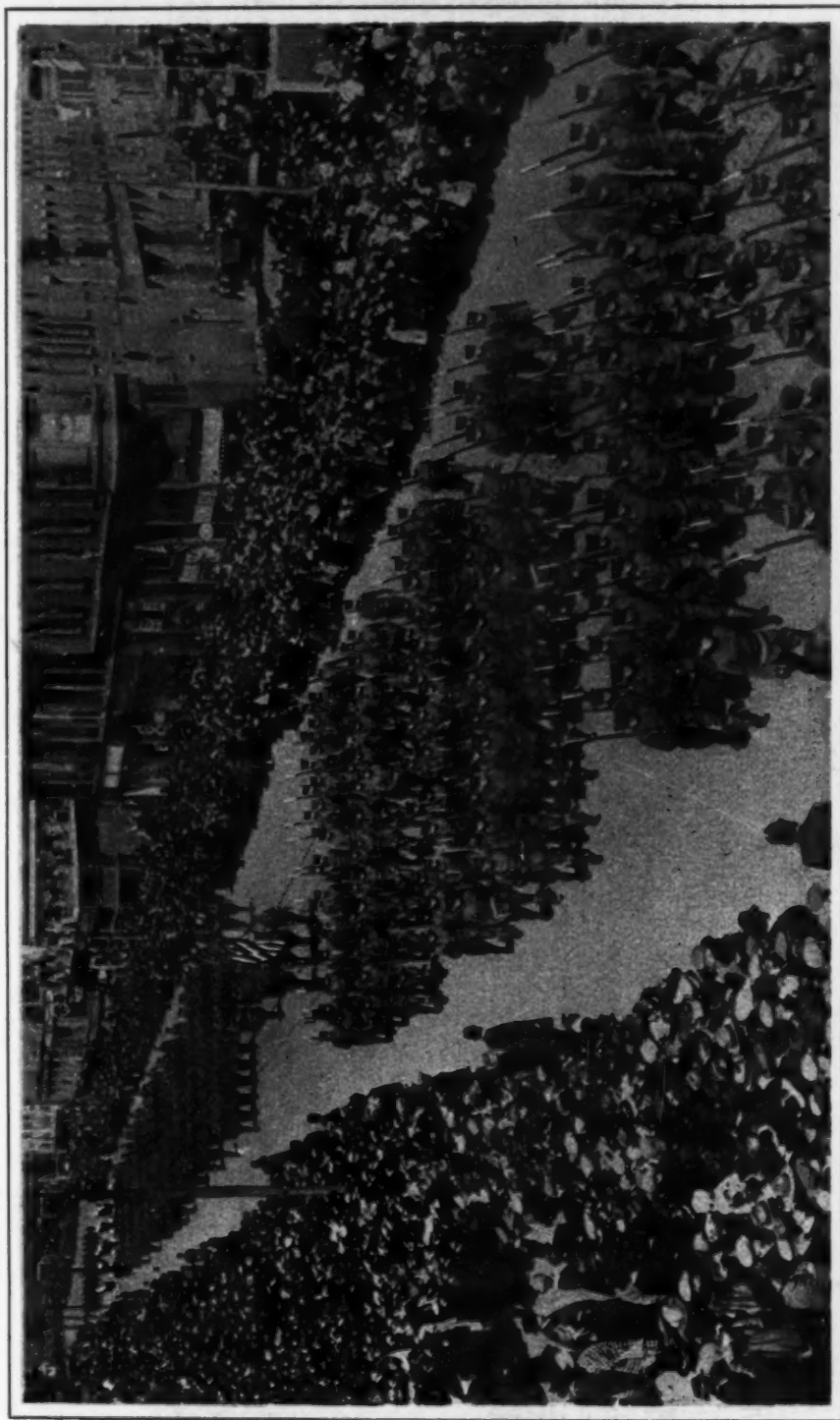
During the great drive for the Fourth Liberty Loan, Fifth Avenue was temporarily renamed—The engraving shows part of the great parade of October 12, at the head of which President Wilson marched



PHILADELPHIA, THE CRADLE OF OUR INDEPENDENCE

Girls dressed as Goddesses of Liberty marching in a Liberty Loan parade on Broad Street

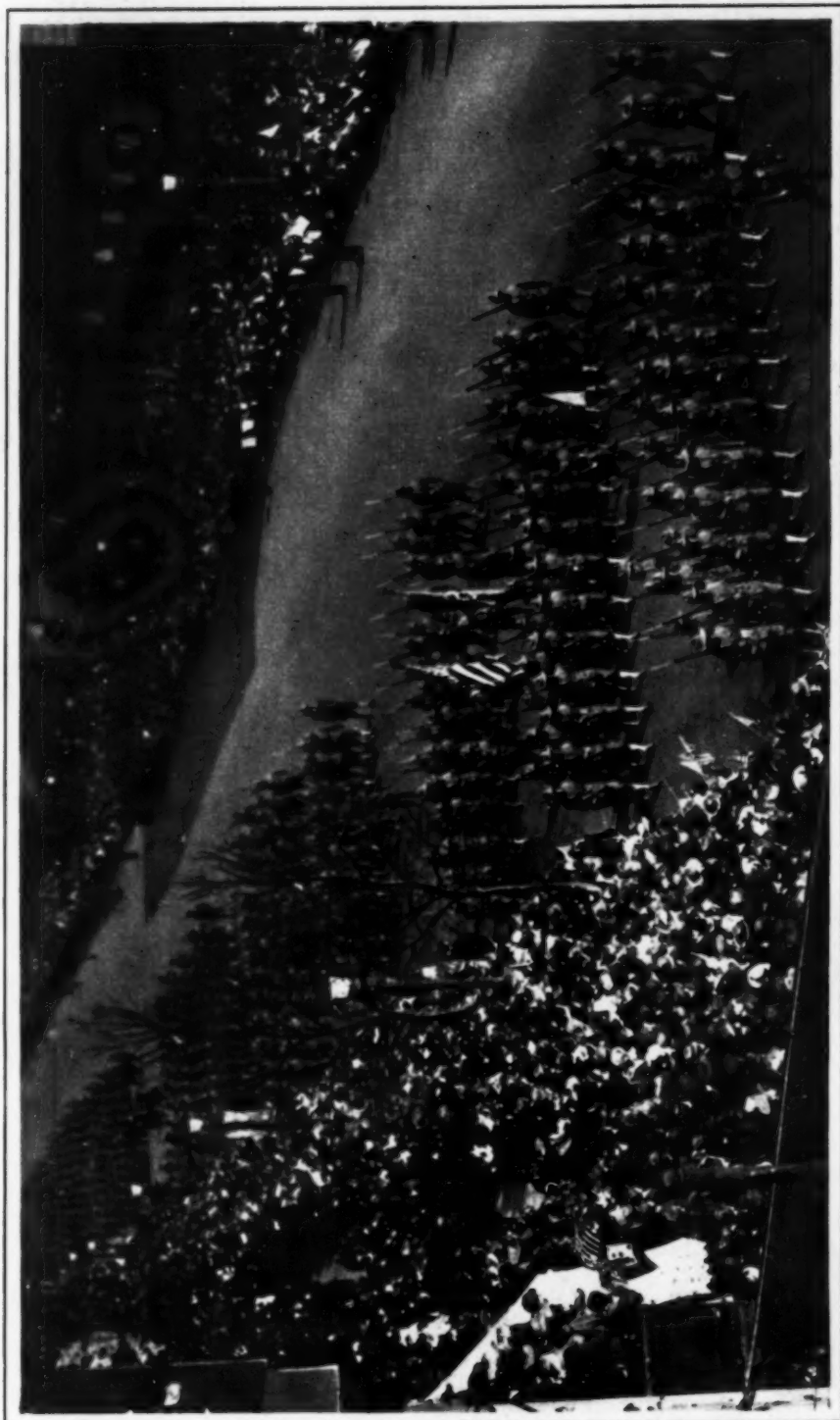
From a copyrighted photograph by the Ledger Art Service, Philadelphia



A PATRIOTS'-DAY PARADE IN BOSTON

Eight thousand United States soldiers and sailors marched through the New England metropolis on April 19 (Patriots' Day), 1918

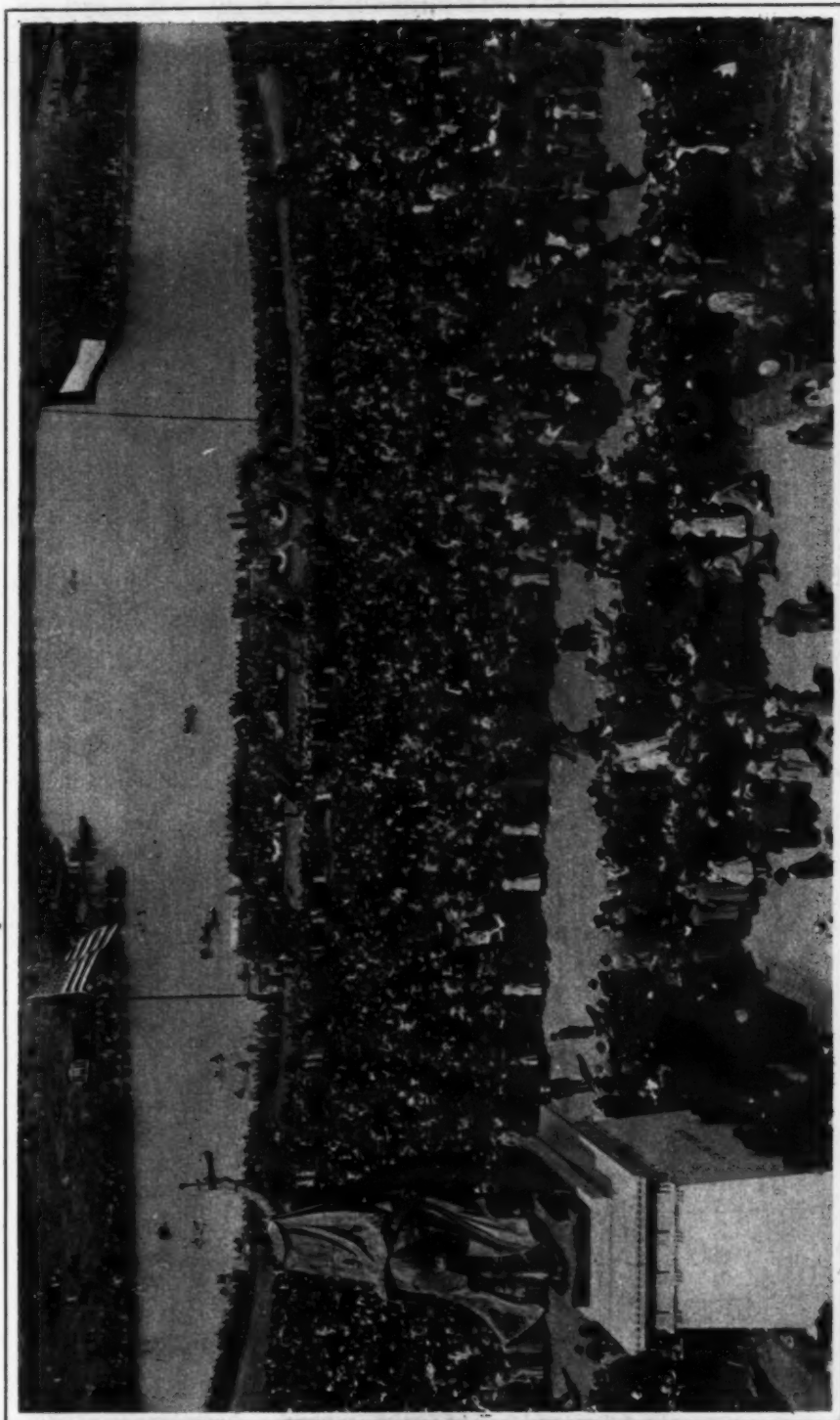
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BALTIMORE ACCLAIMS THE SOLDIERS OF THE NATIONAL ARMY

This engraving shows a parade of the Seventy-Ninth Division in the Monumental City.—The division was reviewed by President Wilson

From a copyrighted photograph by Buck, Washington



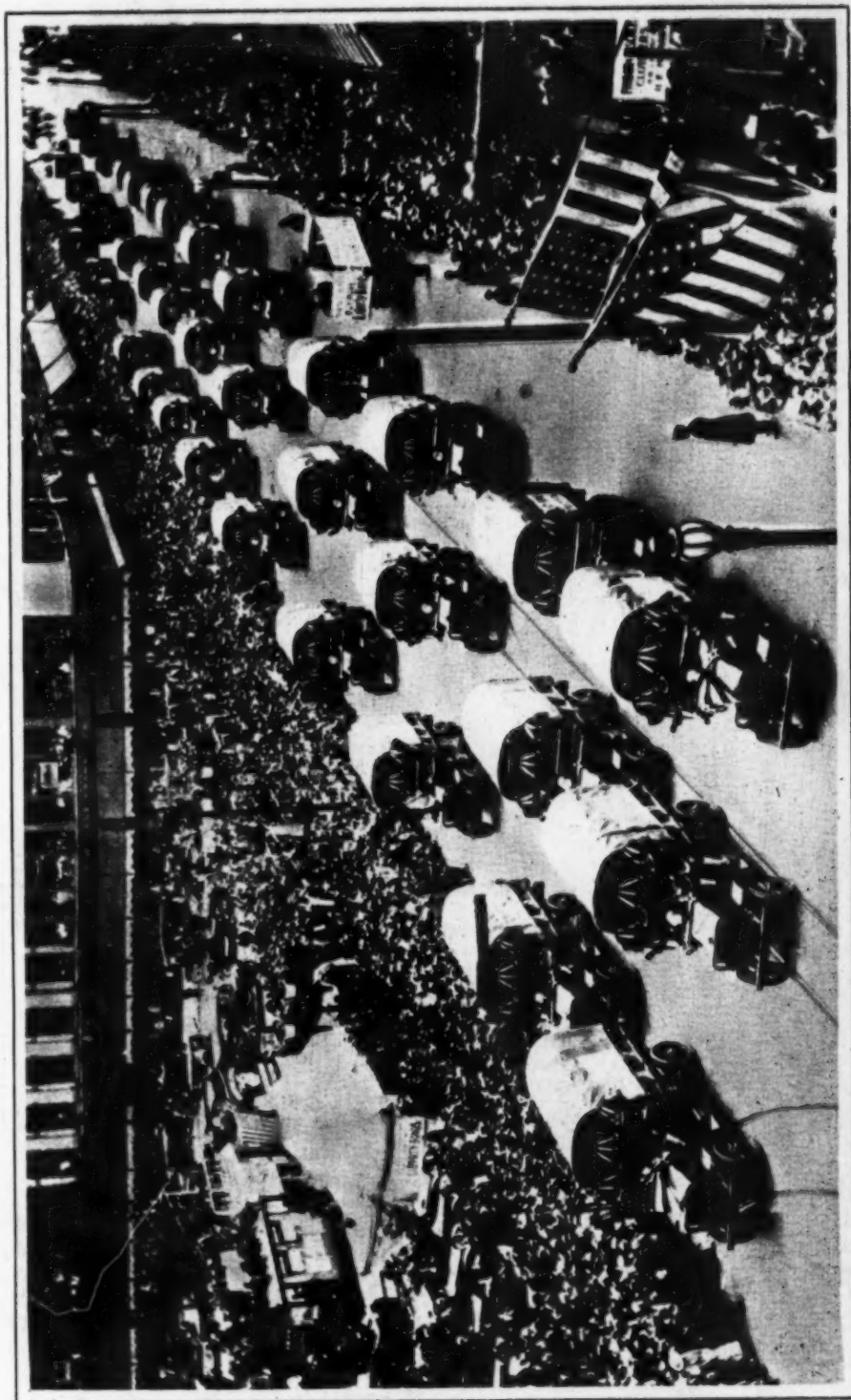
ST. LOUIS—A WAR-TIME GATHERING IN FOREST PARK

St. Louis—founded by a Frenchman from New Orleans, named after a king of France, whose statue appears in the foreground of this engraving—has a large German element in her population, but she has shown herself well to the front among America's patriotic cities



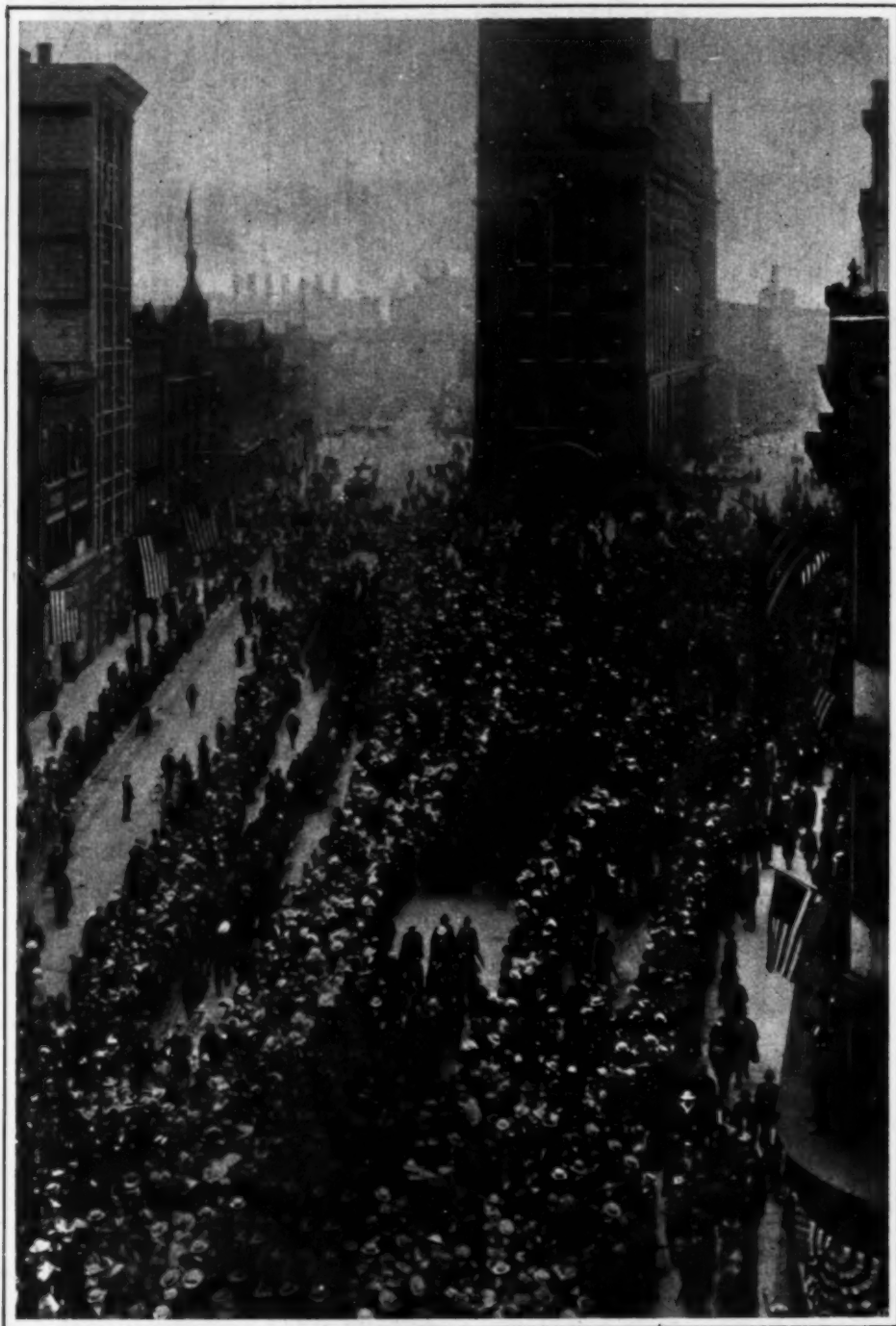
NEW ORLEANS DURING A LIBERTY LOAN CAMPAIGN

Women and girls of the Crescent City on their way to join a Liberty Loan parade—The present year marks the bicentenary of the foundation of New Orleans by a French soldier, the Sieur de Bienville



A LIBERTY LOAN PARADE IN BUFFALO

A large squadron of army motor-trucks was a feature of the parade held in the second city of the Empire State on April 26, 1918



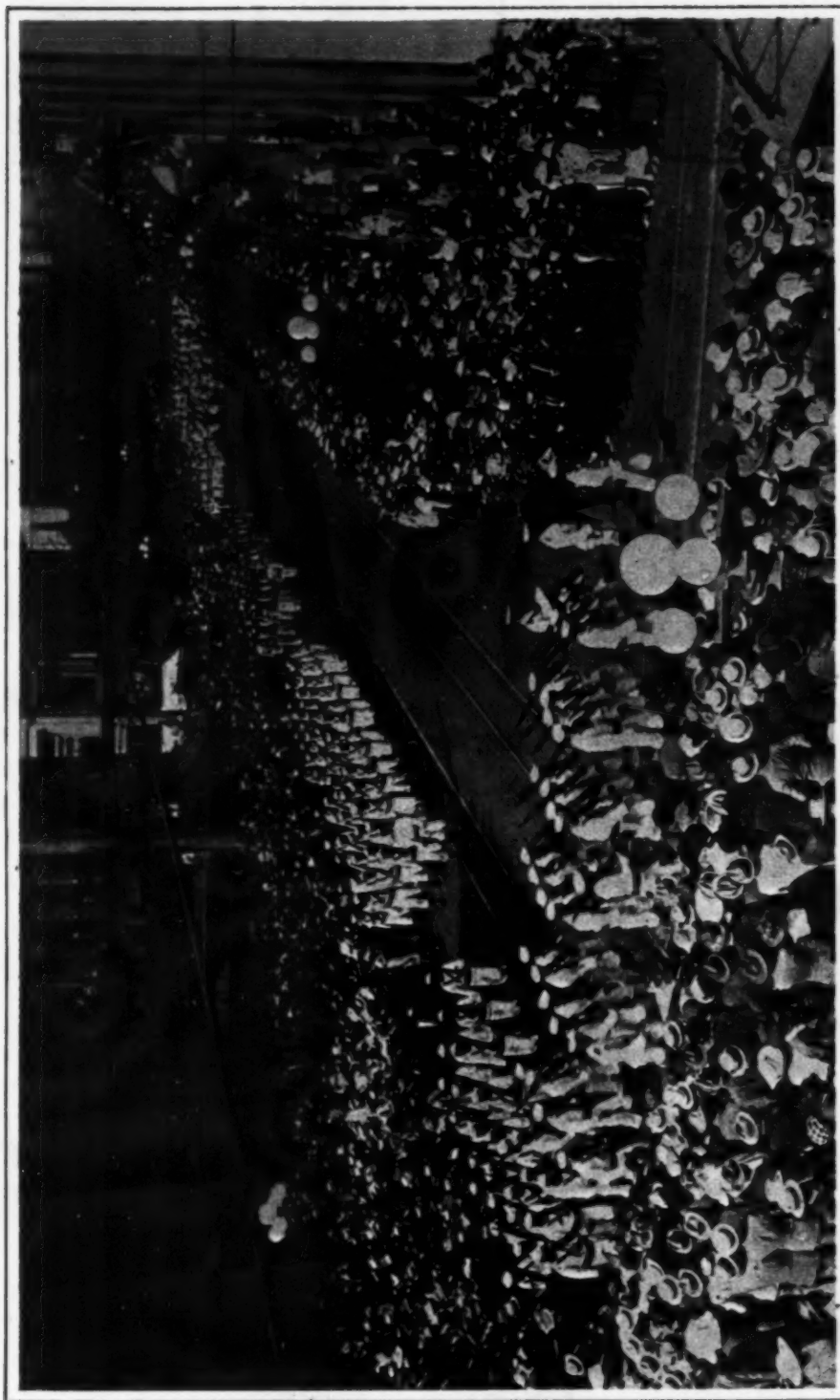
MILWAUKEE GREETES THE WISCONSIN NATIONAL GUARD

Milwaukee is another American city founded by a Frenchman (the French-Canadian Juneau)—The tall building in the background is the tower of the City Hall



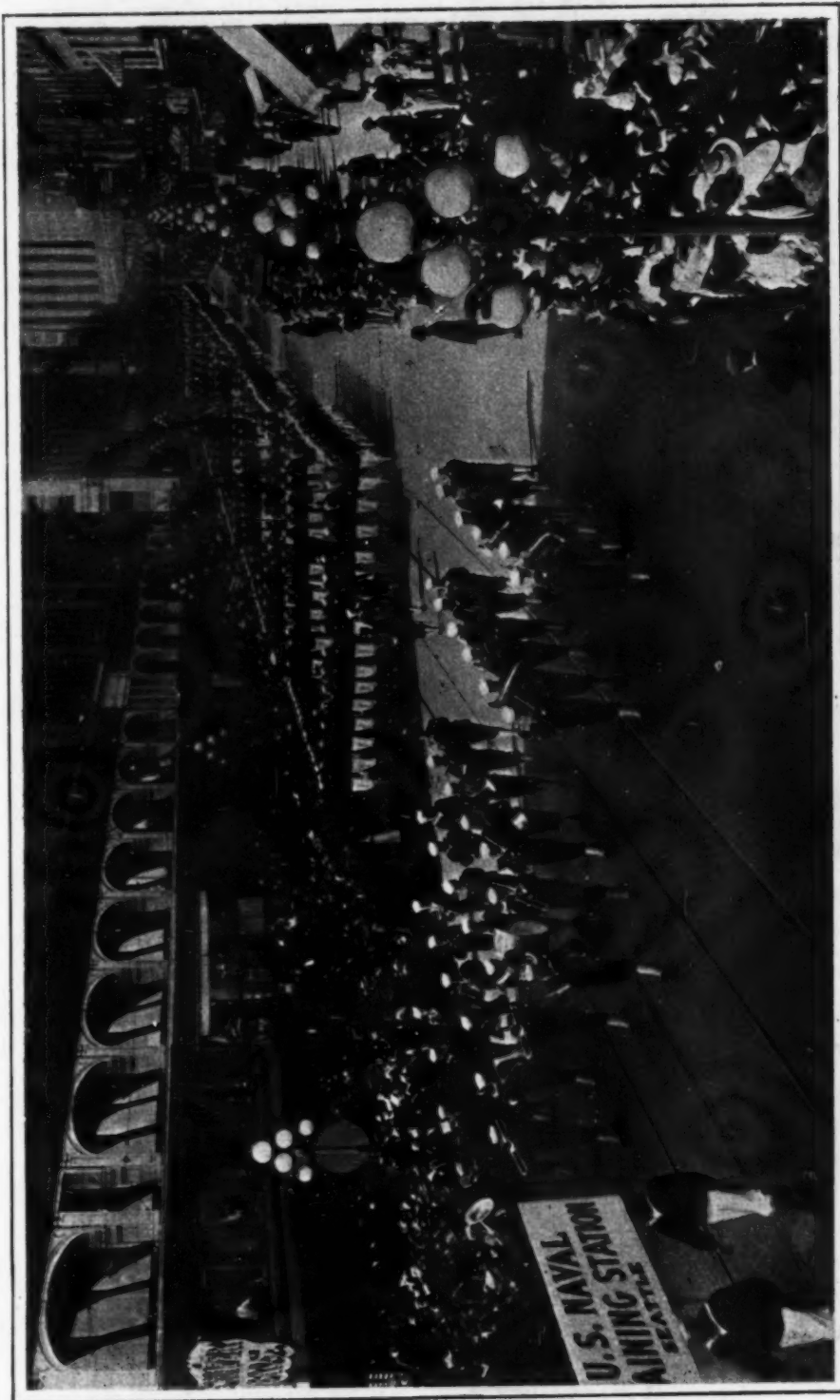
THE MINNESOTA COUNTIES ON PARADE IN ST. PAUL

Fifteen thousand delegates representing every county in Minnesota marched through the State capital with service-flags and badges of patriotism

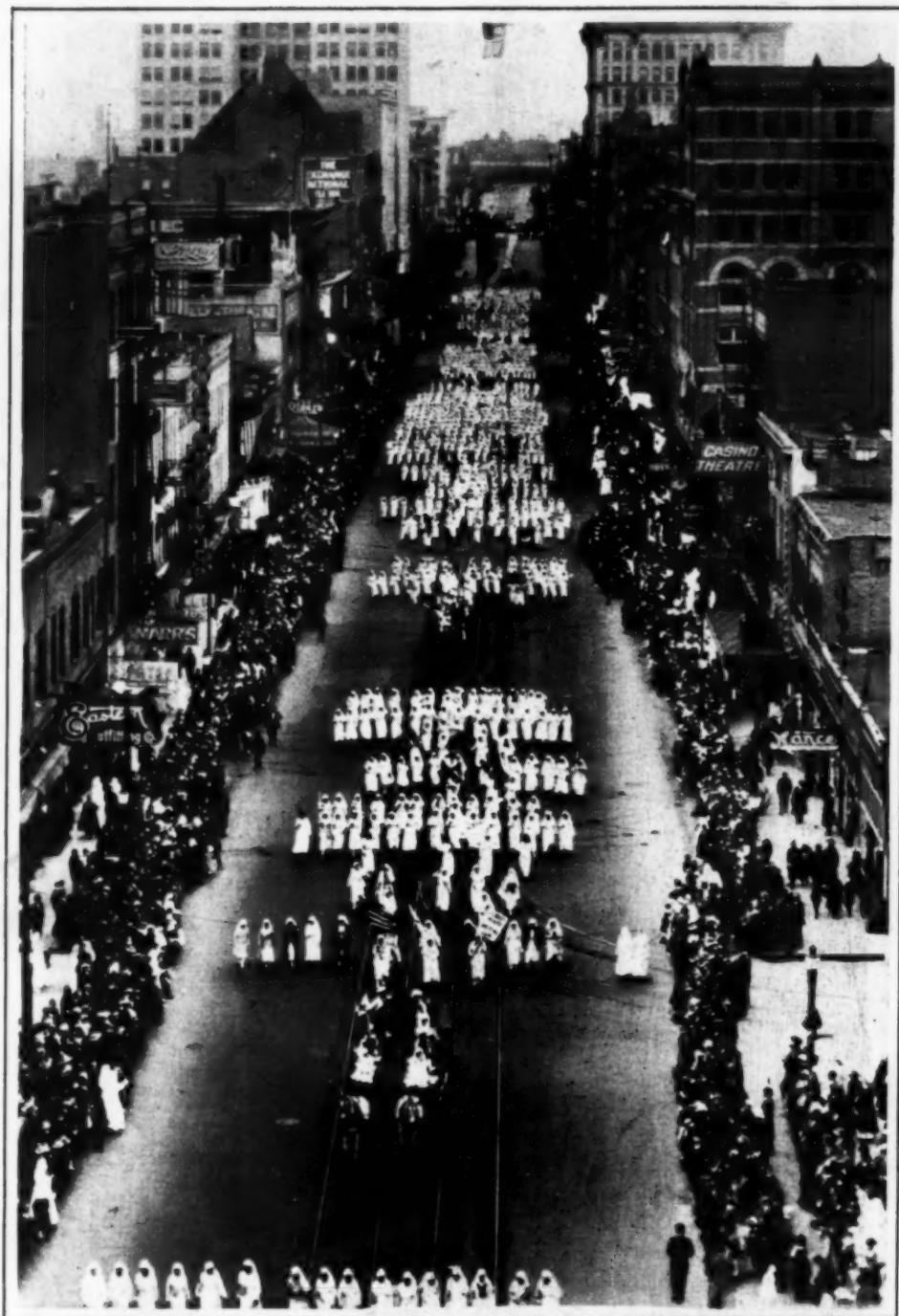


A DEFENDERS'-DAY PARADE IN LOS ANGELES

Naval militia marching through the streets of the wonder city of southern California, September 2, 1917

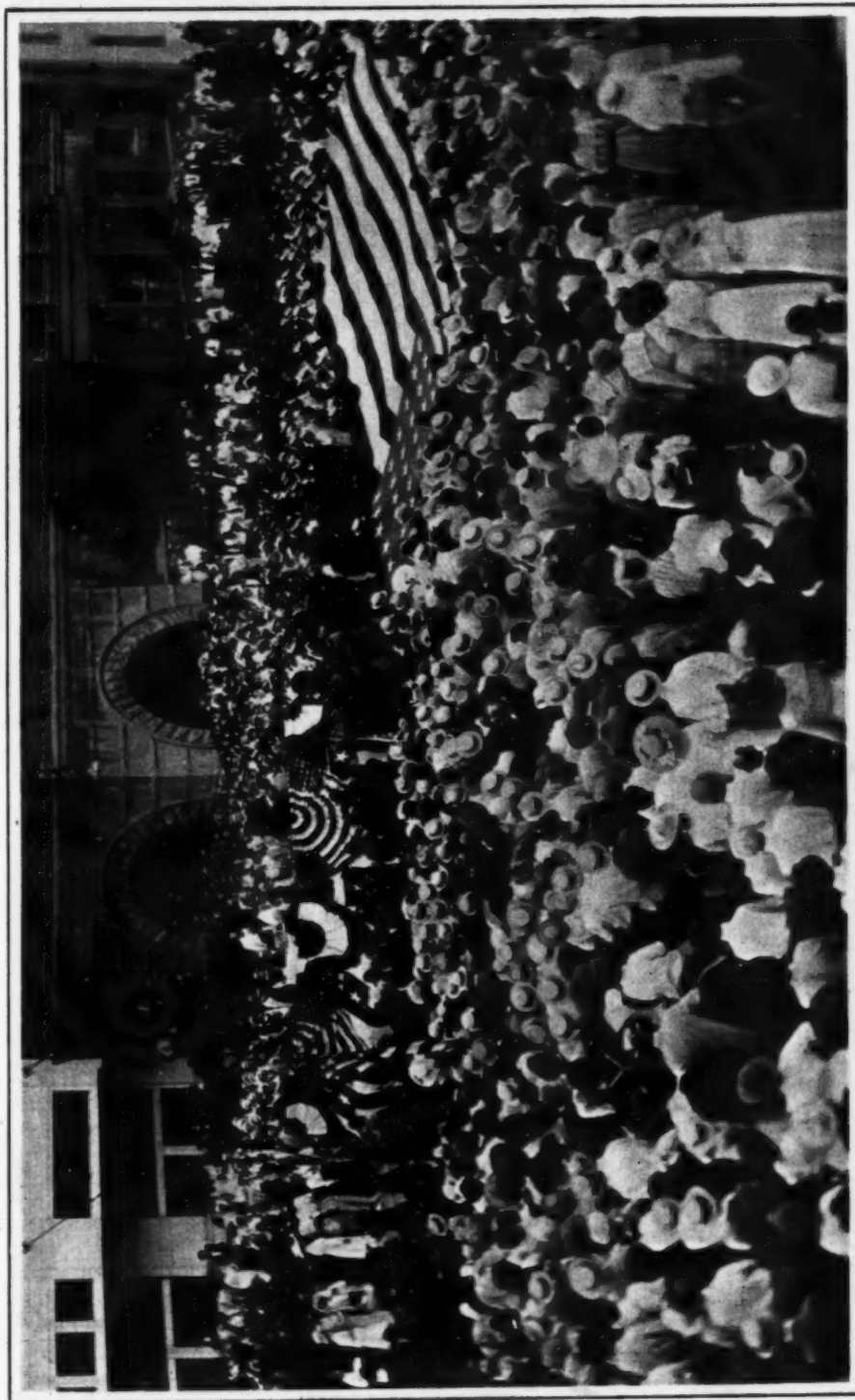


SEATTLE GREETES HER SAILOR BOYS
A recruiting parade of young men from the United States Naval Training-Station at the University of Washington



SPOKANE'S PARADE OF TEN THOUSAND WOMEN

This was a unique demonstration, being organized and managed entirely by women, and not a man appearing in the procession



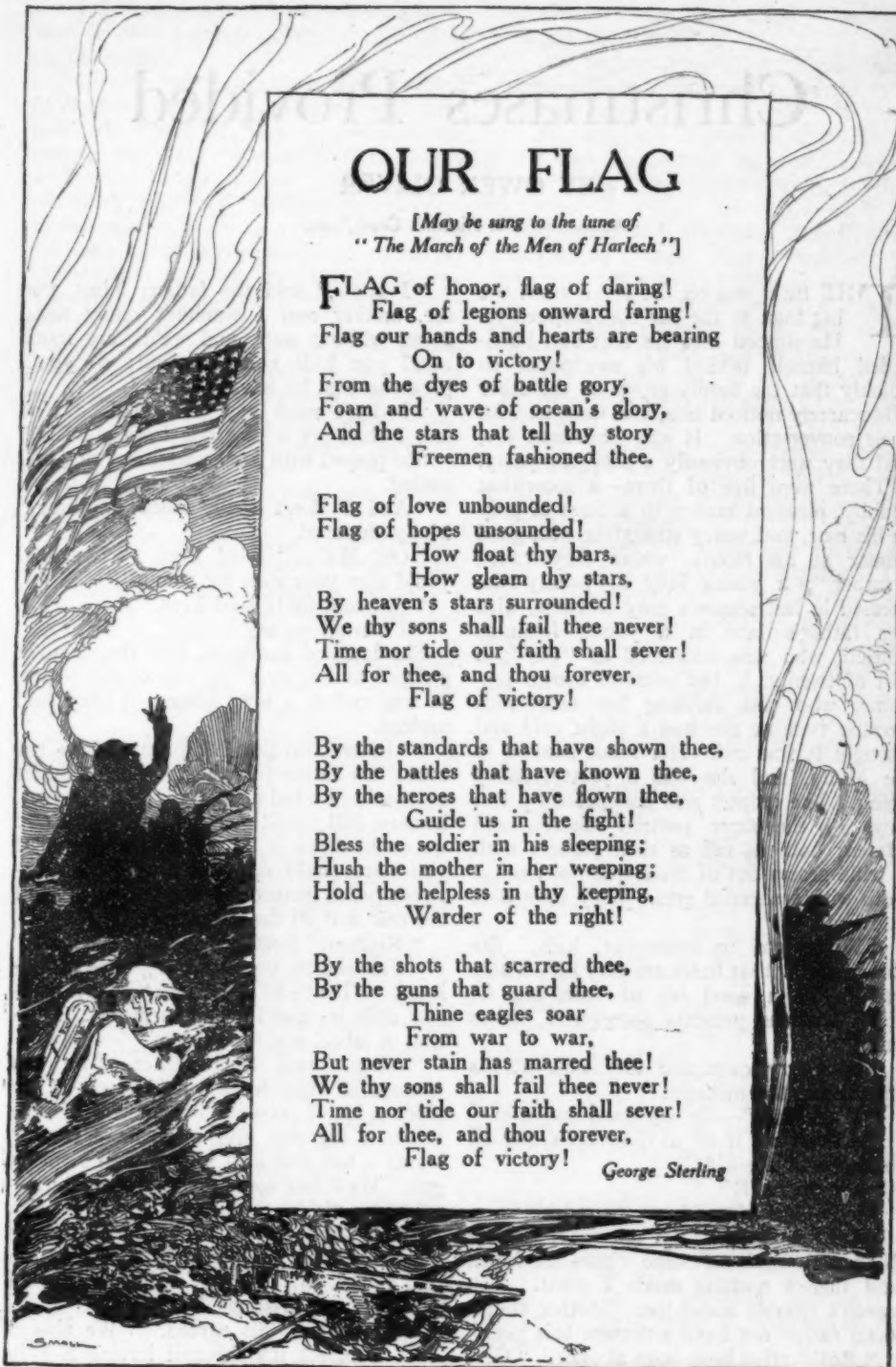
GALVESTON'S TRIBUTE TO HER SOLDIERS

The engraving shows the people of the Texas city saying farewell and Godspeed to Galveston's first contingent for the National Army



A PARADE OF UNITED STATES CAVALRY AT EL PASO

The world war has almost made us forget the little war fought two years ago in the region of El Paso, the gateway to Mexico



OUR FLAG

[May be sung to the tune of
"The March of the Men of Harlech"]

FLAG of honor, flag of daring!
Flag of legions onward faring!
Flag our hands and hearts are bearing
On to victory!
From the dyes of battle gory,
Foam and wave of ocean's glory,
And the stars that tell thy story
Freemen fashioned thee.

Flag of love unbounded!
Flag of hopes unsounded!
How float thy bars,
How gleam thy stars,
By heaven's stars surrounded!
We thy sons shall fail thee never!
Time nor tide our faith shall sever!
All for thee, and thou forever,
Flag of victory!

By the standards that have shown thee,
By the battles that have known thee,
By the heroes that have frown thee,
Guide us in the fight!
Bless the soldier in his sleeping;
Hush the mother in her weeping;
Hold the helpless in thy keeping,
Warder of the right!

By the shots that scarred thee,
By the guns that guard thee,
Thine eagles soar
From war to war,
But never stain has marred thee!
We thy sons shall fail thee never!
Time nor tide our faith shall sever!
All for thee, and thou forever,
Flag of victory!

George Sterling

Christmases Provided

BY OWEN OLIVER

Author of "The Airman's Creed," etc.

THE train was on the move when the big man in the fur coat stepped in.

He slipped into his seat and barricaded himself behind his newspaper so quickly that the family group on the other side scarcely noticed him, and went on with their conversation. It was Christmas eve, and they were obviously a shopping-party.

There were five of them—a somewhat shabby, pleasant man with a tinge of gray in his hair, and worry struggling with good humor at his mouth, whom they called "father"; a young lady of twenty-two, dressed in last season's gray costume, with her father's face in a young feminine edition, who was addressed as "Sis"; a girl of twenty, in last season's brown costume, who was dabbing her nose with powder because she had a slight cold and thought it was red. Her name seemed to be Molly, and she was a pretty, saucy thing. The quintet was completed by two boys of the same pattern—sixteen and fifteen; both as tall as their father; both a trifle grown out of their well-worn suits; both with a cheerful grin. They were Bert and Fred.

"We've got to remember, kids," the father said, "that times are very bad. There has to be a good bit of trimming off the Christmas presents somewhere, worse luck!"

The worry overcame the smile at his mouth for the moment.

"Well, dad"—Sis squeezed his arm—"you must cut it off us older ones, not off mother and the kids."

"Or yourself!"

Molly—who faced him—patted his knee.

"Oh," he said, "I'm all right! Uncle John will send me some cigars as usual, and there's nothing much I want. You needn't trouble about me. Mother thinks she'd rather not have a present this year."

"Rot!" cried both boys at once. "Give her ours, dad. We'd rather!"

"I know," said the father; "but, you see, mother and I wouldn't really mind going without ours, and we'd very much mind you kids going without; so you'll please us best by having yours."

"I don't want any," Sis said. "You see, I shall get a nice one from old Bill."

She played with her engagement ring and smiled.

"And I don't really need anything," Molly declared.

"Oh, Molly!" cried Bert. "You said you'd give your eyes for a muff!"

"Old cold fist!" said Fred.

"I can sit on my hands!"

She laughed suddenly, and the stranger glanced at her over the top of his paper. It was rather a long glance, if they had noticed.

"Mother said that Molly must have the muff," the father told them. "She thought Sis wouldn't mind a small present this year, because Bill would give her a nice one, and we could make it up on her birthday. If you boys could do with a tool-chest between you, instead of one each—Half the cost and all the damage!"

"Right-o!" Bert agreed.

"Fair shares, you boulder!" Fred stipulated. "That's all right, pater. He'll hammer nails in, and I'll pull them out. Division of labor, and of tools!"

"Then," said their father, "we can manage all right for the little ones. They think a lot of presents, of course. Maudie wants a big doll and a cradle. Tommy wants a fort and lead soldiers and a spring gun. We'll buy some toys for the babies—whatever tickles our fancy most. We've only knocked off a little of the Christmas goodies. We'll add on a little to the fun and games, eh? We can manage to have a pretty jolly Christmas."

"Of course," Sis agreed. "We always do. I expect it's through having a jolly father and mother!"

"Jolly kids might have something to do with it," her father suggested, and beamed on them all.

"I think we must be a nice family," Molly observed; "at Christmas time, anyhow. Of course the boys are awful all the rest of the year. Oh, don't, Bert! Stop it, Fred! I take it back! What a pity we can't take our jolliness to market! We'd make a fortune. Why don't you put out an advertisement, dad?—'Merry Christmases provided,' or 'Christmas Day boarders wanted—family festivities—five pounds inclusive.'"

The stranger put down his paper with a rustle. It then appeared that he was a stoutish, well-looking gentleman of about thirty-five, or perhaps a year or two older.

"Does that cover mistletoe?" he asked solemnly.

The family turned to him with smiling surprise.

"No!" Molly told him with a laugh. "That's not a family festivity. You don't mistletoe your brothers and sisters!"

"There's mistletoe enough," Bert observed. "Sis puts it up for Bill."

"Idiot!" cried Fred. "She did last year, but she doesn't want it now. They're engaged—mistletoe all the year!"

He nudged his eldest sister, and she looked out of the window, laughing and blushing a little.

"I think," their father decided, "you'd have to provide your own mistletoe."

"Agreed!" said the stranger. He took out his pocketbook, extracted a five-pound note, and offered it. "If you'll give me the address—"

"My dear sir!" the father cried. "We were only jesting, of course."

"Of course," the stranger assented; "but I'm not. You see, I'm alone in town—sailing for Canada the day after to-morrow; no friends here; a coffee-room Christmas staring me in the face. I'd readily give five pounds to have a pleasant home for the day. I think you and your jolly family would take less than that to give a lonely fellow creature a day's happiness. Seriously, sir?"

He held out the note a little farther. The father looked round at the family doubtfully. The family looked doubtfully at the father. Molly spoke first. She was the impulsive one, and proud of her idea.

"If he's lonely, dad," she said, "why not?"

"Thank you, Miss Molly," said the stranger very heartily.

"It's rather a sporting offer, pater," Fred suggested. "We could give the mater a decent present."

"And you, too!" cried Bert.

Sis shot her mouth out and in several times. Then she nodded two or three times.

"It would be a very plain family affair, you know," their father warned the stranger. "We aren't rich, and—"

"That is the attraction," the stranger said. "Quite a family affair. No special preparations. That's part of the bargain. I am to be quite one of the family; not Mr. Morris—that's my name—but Uncle Jack."

"You tempt me," the father owned; "but I don't know what my wife will say. Well, I'll chance it. We'll provide you with a family Christmas!"

"Thank you. Will you give me the address? I get out at the next station." The father jotted it down. "I'm much obliged to you all. I shall turn up for midday dinner."

"The arrangement covers breakfast, if you like," the father offered, "Mr.—oh, we don't 'mister' in the family circle! Come to breakfast, Morris—half past nine!"

"I've my packing to do," the stranger excused himself; "but I'll come quite early in the morning. I shall like to. Good-by." He shook hands all round. "A merry Christmas!"

He alighted and stood at the door till the train went. They waved their hands and handkerchiefs to him, and the boys called out:

"Good-by, Uncle Jack!"

Then they stared at one another and laughed and laughed.

"Well!" the father said, lifting up his hands. "Well, I'll never disbelieve a fairy tale again! I hope the note won't change to a dry leaf in my pocket!" He examined it carefully. "It's all very well for you kids to laugh, but I've got to explain it to mother."

"Don't explain it to-day," Sis proposed. "Wait till she asks where you found the money for her Christmas present. I can fancy her staring at that—dear old mother!"

"I should make Molly explain," Fred suggested. "She did it, mistletoe and all!"

"Yes!" cried Bert. "You'll have to let him mistletoe you, Moll. It's part of the bargain."

"No, no!" Molly laughed. "I said it was outside the family!"

"But you're letting him provide it," Sis teased. "You can't cry off if he does. It wouldn't be sporting!"

"Not a bit sporting," Bert agreed. "And it's a game you ought to learn. Sis and Bill—"

He ceased abruptly at a nip from his big sister.

"You can't let the family down as sports," Fred declared.

Molly giggled and used the powder-puff again.

"I'll warn him that he'll catch a cold," she said. "If that doesn't stop him—well, I don't care. He's old enough to be my—uncle. Isn't he, dad?"

"A chaste avuncular salute!" said dad. "But he was only chaffing you. He won't send the mistletoe."

"I bet he does!" Bert said. "I could see him size Moll up, when he was talking about it, and make up his mind to chance the cold. She hasn't a cold, really. It's only an excuse to powder her red—oh-h-h! Let go, Moll!" He twisted out of her clutches. "Red nose!" he teased her. "I'll bet twopence he sends the mistletoe."

"And if he does, I'll bet twopence he gets Moll under it," Fred added. "He needn't kiss her nose!"

"Well," said that young lady, "I've got to suffer it for the credit of the family, you say—unless Sis takes it on! I dare say she'd do it better."

"I dare say she would," said her elder sister, "but he has evidently settled on you."

"Oh, well!" said Molly with an air of resignation. "He's only an uncle. I wish he was ten years younger! Then I might get off. I'm betting you twopence he doesn't send the mistletoe, Bert."

"A real bet? You'll pay the twopence if you lose?" Bert stipulated.

"Of course!" Molly agreed.

She paid the twopence over to her brother just before supper; for an express messenger arrived with a bough of mistletoe the size of a small clothes-basket.

"You ought to get value for your money, judging from the size of it," he consoled her. "A chap wouldn't dare to give you a twopenny one under that. Two sixpenny-

worths, at least! You try old Bill with it to-night, Sis."

"I don't understand," their mother protested. "What does it mean, children?"

They all explained to her at once. She held up her hands and declared that she "never heard of such a thing," and wanted to make extra preparations; but their father considered that this would be breaking the covenant.

"His idea was to have a share in our ordinary family Christmas," he said. "Let him have it!"

"Yes!" Molly cried. "That's the bargain. We mustn't make company of him. I shall say 'Hello, Uncle Jack!' and treat him as if we'd known him for years!"

II

THAT was how she did treat him when he arrived about noon the next day. She didn't wait for the maid to open the door, but flung it wide, just as he was putting up his hand to knock.

"Hello, Uncle Jack!" she said. "A merry Christmas to you!"

"Thank you, Molly!" he said cheerfully. "I've come to be Christmased. How do you do, Adams?" This was to her father. "Mrs. Adams, this is a greater kindness than you know. Hello, boys! How do you do, Miss Sis?"

Sis laughed.

"You are forgetting that you're my uncle. You mustn't 'miss' me!"

"I'd be sorry to miss you," he said; "and this is—"

"Mr. Reynolds, my *fiancé*. Bill, this is Uncle Jack."

"These," the mother announced, "are our babies, Ted and Chris. Shake hands, dears!"

But Uncle Jack kissed them, and set them to opening several big cardboard boxes. He had taken an uncle's privilege and brought a few chocolates, he said.

They made great friends over the chocolates. The babies sat on Uncle Jack's knees, and the boys hung round him to listen to his stories. He had lived in the backwoods, of which they dreamed, and had hobnobbed with the noble Indian—a thievish scarp, he said, and very dirty, and too fond of fire-water.

He was the life and soul of the dinner, and praised everything. Afterward he got Bert to take him down-stairs and make a present to cook; and she pronounced him

"a real gentleman, as anybody could see with half an eye."

He joined vigorously in the after-dinner games until the father and mother were nodding in their chairs. Then Sis and her lover disappeared, and the babies retired to a corner of the kitchen to coax warm cakes out of cook and play with their toys, and the boys crept off to try their tools; and Uncle Jack sat talking to Molly in the firelight.

"If you have no better occupation," he said. "It was in the compact that I shouldn't interfere with the family Christmas; so if you want to read or doze—or if there's any other call on you—"

"There isn't," she denied; "and if there were, I shouldn't listen to it. It was in the compact that you should have a jolly Christmas, and I—well, it's rather conceited to suppose that you find it jolly to talk to me!"

"It's just a fact," said Uncle Jack. "Where shall we begin talking?"

They began with books and music and dancing, and, of course, ended with themselves. The mother roused to hear the end of the conversation.

"And so here I am," he said. "I've gathered enough moss to live on easily, but I'm only a rolling stone, glad to give five pounds for a Christmas Day's home! Do you know, I haven't even a friend to send a picture-card to when I'm on my travels!"

"And I neither roll nor gather moss," said Molly. "I always feel I ought to be teaching or doing something to take a little off father; but I'm stupid at lessons, and not at all accomplished in anything—unless it's in helping at home. I should love to be useful, if anybody would show me what I could do!"

"Well, you could receive picture postcards—and perhaps send one occasionally, to remind me of the only home I've had for years; a Christmas Day home. That would be very useful!"

"Would it? I couldn't help any one sending picture-cards. He could always stop if I didn't send back."

"You won't bind yourself?" he asked.

"I hate binding myself. I like to feel that—" She paused.

"That you're young, and have all the world before you to choose. I understand. I don't like to feel that I've let all those young years slip by. I'm thirty-seven. I suppose that seems very ancient to you?"

The mother began to rouse at this point. She thought the inquiry sounded as if the questioner was very much in earnest; and, after all, they knew nothing of this stranger, though her first impression was favorable. A rolling stone, on his own confession, and much too old for Molly!

"It's rather young—for an uncle," said Molly.

Her mother wasn't sure whether she said that to tease, or to warn, or because she "wasn't sure," and wanted to draw him on. Molly was no fool, for all her gaiety!

"An uncle is an ancient relative," he said. "I wish I'd said 'cousin'! Couldn't you change it?"

"I—don't—know," said Molly. "There isn't much difference between a young uncle and an old cousin, is there?"

"Just *the* difference! Well, Molly, I shall send you a picture-card now and then; and I shall sign it U. O. C. J.—Uncle or Cousin Jack. You shall decide which it is when I come back for next Christmas Day."

"Oh!" said Molly. "Will you?"

"If you still provide Christmases," he added.

"I think," she told him, "that *you* have provided a good deal of this one. If you come next Christmas, it will be as a guest—because we know you now, you see."

Her mother nodded approval.

"And I may send the cards?"

"I can't prevent you." She laughed.

"I don't want to. I *will* send a card or two, Uncle or Cousin Jack! I—can you see by the firelight that my nose is red? It's only because I've had a cold."

"Let me look!" said Uncle or Cousin Jack.

At this point the mother thought fit to wake and poke the fire. She was neither a prude nor a spoil-sport, but they knew nothing of the stranger, and he was much older than Molly; and the child had better not take fancies into her head.

"I'm afraid I haven't been providing Christmas," she apologized; "but I hope Molly has."

"My first real Christmas for many years," said Uncle Jack. "A wanderer who sits by other fires—a wanderer, not a waster, Mrs. Adams. My loneliness is just through circumstances and bad luck, you know."

"I am sure of it," said the mother. "Wake up, father! Tea-time!"

They all woke up for tea; and after tea they romped and played games—snap-dragon, blind man's buff, hunt the slipper, and things of that kind. Then the babies went to bed, and the others had a quiet game for a change—"What is my thought like?"

It came to Uncle Jack's turn to think.

"What is my thought like?" he asked.

"An airplane," the father said.

"A Christmas pudding," the mother said.

"The chocolates Uncle Jack brought," Sis said.

"A printing-press," Bill said.

"Molly," Bert said.

"The mistletoe," Fred said.

"A Christmas card," Molly said.

"Well," Uncle Jack announced, "I thought of myself! You can justify your thoughts."

He pointed to them in turn as they sat.

"You are like an airplane," said Mr. Adams, "because you travel a lot."

"You are like a Christmas pudding," Mrs. Adams explained, "because you're rich."

"Not very!" he denied.

"Neither is my Christmas pudding," Mrs. Adams defended.

"You are like the chocolates," said Sis, with a naughty little gurgle, "because Molly has had a lot of you to-day!"

"I hope not too much," he protested.

"You sha'n't draw a compliment," Molly refused.

"You're like a printing-press," said Bill, "because you've made a good impression, sir."

"Hear, hear!" cried the father; and the rest joined in. "Hear, hear!"

Uncle Jack bowed all round.

"Now, Bert," he inquired, "why am I like Molly?"

"Because you do!" said Bert.

"True," he agreed, "but hardly an answer."

"You're both good sports, then," said the boy.

"Excellent! Now, Fred, why am I like the mistletoe?"

"I'm blessed if I know," said Fred, with a large grin. "Hi, Molly! Take him out and see!"

The mother shook her head, but she had to join in the laugh.

"It isn't an answer," she objected. "You'll have to pay a forfeit if you don't do better."

"Help me, some of you," Fred entreated. "What is the mistletoe like, Bill? You and Sis put it up last night."

"It's like everything else," said Bill; "more use to me when Sis is about. So now you know about the mistletoe, young Fred. Get on or pay up your forfeit!"

"Wait a bit," said Fred. "I've got to know about Uncle Jack. What is *he* like, Molly?"

Molly considered. Her mother thought that Uncle Jack's face was rather serious as he waited for her answer.

"Has he bribed you to get a compliment?" Molly inquired; "because he sha'n't have one! And I can't answer without one—so I won't tell you!"

Uncle Jack made a mock-serious bow to her; but her mother thought he did it to hide the pleasure on his face.

"Uncle Jack is like the mistletoe," said Fred swiftly, "because Molly won't tell about it!"

"Fred," said his father, "you are an ingenious young rascal. You have settled your future. I shall make you a lawyer!"

"That was the best answer to-night," Bill approved.

"And now, Miss Molly Who Won't Tell!" Uncle Jack demanded. "Why am I like a Christmas card?"

"We hope to see more of you next year!" Molly told him.

Her mother thought there was rather much genuineness about the smile that she gave him.

"That is the truest answer we've had to-night," Mr. Adams approved. "We'd all give it, old chap! Now for supper!"

He gave mother his arm, and Sis and her Bill followed. The two boys took arms and strutted behind, glancing back meaningly at the mistletoe, and then scuttled into the dining-room. Uncle Jack flushed slightly, and Molly flushed a good deal.

"A merry Christmas!" he wished her under the great bough of mistletoe. "I wish I were ten years younger, Molly! I expect you'll think I'm too old for a cousin. If you don't want me to come back next year, just put a big 'U' on your card."

"U?" she asked.

"For 'uncle,'" he said. "If you don't put it, I shall come, mind!"

The supper was merry, like the rest of the day. Everything was merry, right up to the time when Uncle Jack went. They all sang "Auld Lang Syne" with crossed

hands. Then they all lined up in the hall to see him go, helped him on with his overcoat, and handed him his stick and hat.

"Wait!" the father said, and started "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Uncle Jack blinked a trifle then.

"You're all such jolly good fellows!" he declared. "I've had the day of my life. Good-by!"

He took the mother's hand.

"You aren't going to waste all that mistletoe?" cried the impudent Fred.

Uncle Jack bent his lips to Mrs. Adams's hand.

"God bless you!" he said. "I—I—God bless you!"

Sis laughed up gaily at him under the mistletoe, and he kissed her cheek.

"God bless *you*," he said; "and to do that properly He'll have to bless some one else too!"

He shook hands with the men and boys before he said good-by to Molly. He evidently wished to leave her till the last. He drew her under the mistletoe without any resistance on her part.

"God bless you greatly," he wished her. "Little Christmas-provider!"

The boys said, after he had gone, that a pennyworth of mistletoe would have done for their mother and Sis, but that he and Molly needed every berry.

"Well," she defended herself, "the terms were inclusive!"

III

THEY talked a deal of Uncle Jack for the next week; but gradually he faded into the background, and another year slipped away till they came to another Christmas. Their father had a better year, and that meant a better year for their mother. Sis was married to her Bill, and they still remained sweethearts. Bert won a scholarship and Fred a prize for an essay. Molly became more accomplished than ever in helping her mother. These were their leading events.

They were reminded occasionally of Uncle Jack. He sent cigars to Mr. Adams, lace to Mrs. Adams, and a lovely silver tray as a wedding present to Sis. Molly had told him of the wedding. She had a picture post-card from him every month, and always sent one in return. There was nothing important on them. There may have been something important left off; for Molly never added the "U."

She thought that something else important was omitted; for he never mentioned returning at Christmas. She sometimes wondered that he did not send a letter instead of a card; but she thought that perhaps he wanted her to have an unprejudiced year of consideration upon the uncle-cousin question; or perhaps that he regretted raising it. She refused an offer of marriage in September.

As Christmas drew near, the various members of the family began to mention Uncle Jack more frequently.

"We shall miss a member of the family circle this year," the father said. "It was a queer business—almost like a tale in a Christmas number. A good chap—I'm certain he's a good chap. He'll be sure to send us a card. Don't forget to send one to him, mother."

"I have sent one," the mother said. "Yes, he seemed very nice; but you never know."

She had a private opinion that he wasn't nice if he didn't come back this Christmas. Molly had given so many different reasons for the refusal in September that her mother felt sure she hadn't given the right one; and she felt rather annoyed with Uncle Jack. She had thought that he was very properly giving the child a year to consider the difference in their ages, and to find out if she cared better for some one of her own generation; but when she found that he said nothing of returning, she feared that he was merely taking a Christmas Day's amusement, flirting with a pretty girl.

The boys didn't much expect him to come, but they had rather an idea that he might send Christmas presents. He was such a sport, they pronounced. They suggested that an advertisement of "Christmases provided" might be put in the papers, in case there might be other good sports knocking about.

The babies asked whether "the man would come with the chocolates."

Sis and Bill came in on Christmas eve. They deferred putting up the little sprig of mistletoe till mother had reminded them four times.

"Somehow," Sis said, "I expected a big bough to arrive. I thought he might come over for Christmas. Have you had a Christmas card from him, Moll?"

"No," said Molly. "I had a picture-card a fortnight ago. I expect we'll get

Christmas cards to-morrow morning. The mail's due to-night."

"She knew when the mail was!" Sis remarked to her husband as they walked home. "Did you notice that, Bill?"

Bill nodded.

"I wouldn't bet long odds that this one doesn't bring a proposal, boy," she said.

He nodded again.

"He may have a wife in Canada, or some other place that he's rolled to, you know, kid," he observed. "Barring some such obstacle, I wouldn't lay long odds either. It looked like a case of first sight—like ours, eh?"

He had seen Sis on the day he came to town, and obtained an introduction that evening!

"Anyhow," Sis said, "there will be a card or something to-morrow morning."

There wasn't; and Molly was rather thoughtful for Christmas morning. She was dressed early, and fussed about the dining-room, and looked out of the windows occasionally. Her mother caught her there.

"What are you thinking about, child?" she asked.

"Nothing," said Molly.

Her mother's arm went round her.

"Then you'd better think of something

else," she advised. "He hasn't sent a card, and so—"

"He's coming himself," said Molly.

"My dear girl!" her mother sighed. "You have faith!"

"Yes!"

"Has he written anything that I don't know of?" Molly shook her head. "Had you any understanding?"

"Well—he said he'd come."

"He won't, I'm afraid, dear."

They both looked out of the window and down the street.

"Well"—Molly laughed suddenly—"he has!"

Mother took one glance out of the window and wisely retired down-stairs. Molly opened the door as he reached the gate. He came up the steps three at a time.

"Uncle Jack or Cousin Jack, Molly?" he asked.

His arm went round her.

"Just Jack, I think," she said. "Oh, that's enough for such a tiny bit of mistletoe! You didn't send any!"

He laughed.

"I thought if mistletoe was needed, my visit was in vain," he explained. "Terms inclusive in future, Molly. Christmases provided—for each other—always!"

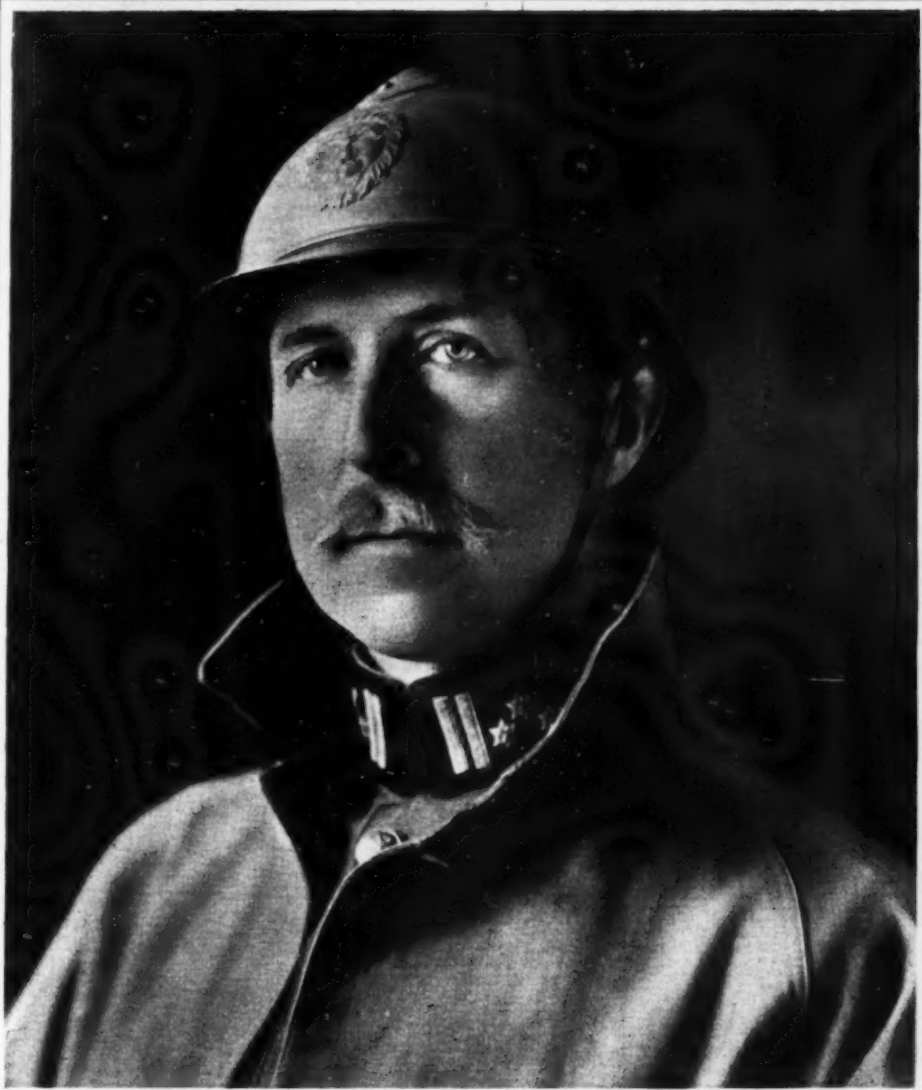
PENELOPE

A SILKEN web is in her hands,
And as her fingers swiftly ply
Ulysses wanders in strange lands,
While years drift sad and silent by.
Besieged by suitors young and old,
Refusing, till the web he wove,
Hiding her safeguard, yet untold
That 'tis unending, like her love:
"Deem him not dead. Can our love die?"
Weave on, Penelope!

Penelope to-day may weave
A web of wool to clothe her knight,
With hopeful love caught in each stitch,
And prayers that might will march with right,
Comrades of his shall share her toil;
Sweet sympathy shall fill her breast;
E'en while she reads of heroes' deeds,
The flying fingers take no rest.
With heart and thoughts across the sea,
Weave on, Penelope!

Helen R. Lannon.

In the Public Eye



BELGIUM'S SOLDIER KING

The whole civilized world congratulates King Albert as the German hordes are at last being driven from the soil of the gallant little nation which they so treacherously attacked and so ruthlessly crushed, but whose soul they could never destroy

From a Belgian official photograph furnished by the Western Newspaper Union, New York



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ROBERT L. BULLARD

Commanding the Second Corps, United States Army—Portraits of Generals Liggett, Wright, Read, and Bundy, commanding the four other corps now at the front in France, appeared in the October number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

From a photograph by the International Film Service, New York



CAPTAIN ALBERT JOHNSON

Congressman from the State of Washington, now serving in the Chemical Warfare Bureau
Copyrighted by Harris & Ewing, Washington



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM G. HAAN

Commanding the Thirty-Second Division (Michigan and Wisconsin National Guard)
Copyrighted by Marceau, New York



THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA AS A RED CROSS NURSE

Queen Marie, who is a first cousin of King George of England, has never acquiesced in Rumania's capitulation to Germany—In this picture she sits at the left, with her daughter, Princess Elizabeth, standing in the center

Copyrighted by William T. Ellis—from the Western Newspaper Union, New York



BORIS, CZAR OF BULGARIA

Crown Prince succeeded on October 3 to the throne left vacant by the abdication of his father, Czar Ferdinand, as a result of the disasters brought upon Bulgaria by the pro-German policy of the late monarch



THE MEETING OF THE HEADS OF TWO GREAT NAVIES

A significant group photograph taken during Sir Eric Geddes's recent visit to the United States—From left to right the figures are Admiral William S. Benson, Chief of Naval Operations ; Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy ; Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the British Admiralty ; and Admiral Duff, British Navy

From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



GENERAL MANGIN

Commander of the French Army that drove the
Germans from Soissons and Laon

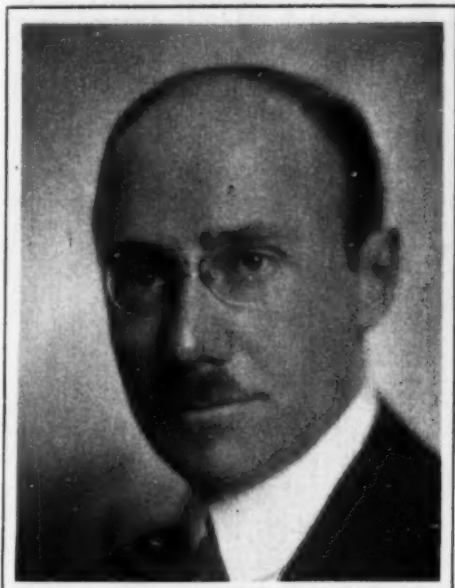
From a photograph by the Central News Photo Service



GENERAL BERTHELOT

Commander of the French Army that drove the
Germans from Reims and the Vesle

Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



FREDERICK OEDERLIN

The Swiss-Chargé d'Affaires, through whom notes between Washington and Berlin have been transmitted

Copyrighted by Harris & Ewing, Washington



GENERAL GVOSDENOVITCH

The Montenegrin soldier who has come to America as the representative of the remnant of his countrymen

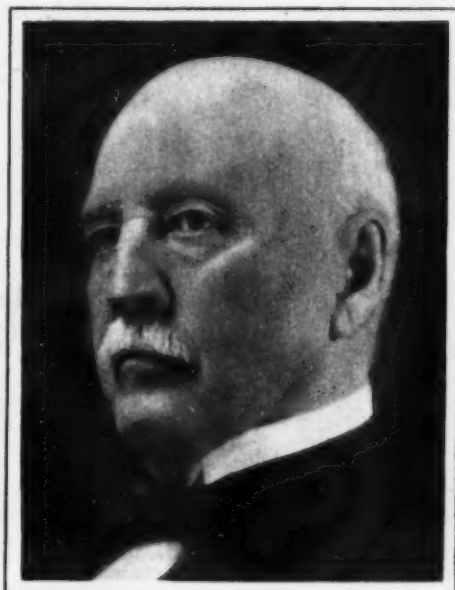
From a photograph by Brown Brothers, New York



GEORGE B. MARTIN

Who has succeeded the late Ollie James as United States Senator from Kentucky

Copyrighted by Harris & Ewing, Washington



IRVING DREW

Who has succeeded the late Jacob H. Gallinger as United States Senator from New Hampshire

Copyrighted by Glindinst Studio, Washington



REAR-ADMIRAL HUGH RODMAN

Commander of the powerful squadron of American battle-ships which is with the British fleet in the North Sea, and which would be ready for the Germans if they came out of Kiel

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington

EDITORIAL

Where Men Will Gather

TO thousands of men national prohibition will mean a change of routine in their hours of leisure. Some of these hours cannot be spent in the home. With many men the habit of foregathering in a drinking-place is stronger than the habit of drinking itself. Drinking man is a boy in gregariousness, and, unless he has schooled himself to better use of his time, the saloon is to him what the big tree on the corner is to the village lad. What will take its place? The government will not supply a substitute. It would be unfortunate if it should try to, for this is not Germany. Man will find for himself what he wants, and maybe he will take woman with him. In Havana, to name the nearest Latin city, men and women make equal use of the *bodega*, which is at once saloon, restaurant, wine-shop, delicatessen-store, and place of gossip.

The most natural drift at present in the direction of a pleasant substitute for the saloon is toward the soft-drink bar. The soft drink, we may believe, is only in its infancy. If in a year or two the brewers could do so well in the way of making non-intoxicating substitutes for beer, what will not the Edisons of beverage produce when the demand for harmless and palatable liquids is increased a hundredfold?

We have had soda and soda-fountains for half a century, but soda is cloying, and the places where it is dispensed lack a number of qualities. It is the sad truth that the best soda-water emporiums of the past have not approached the first-class bars in cleanliness, service, or comfort. A bartender could not remain in a first-class saloon if he served unpalatable-looking drinks; his glasses must be polished; he and his linen must be immaculate. Death may lurk in the cup, but there has been more danger from delirium tremens than from germs. The installation in a big New York hotel of a fine fountain, architecturally more magnificent than the hotel's barroom, may be an indication of a general plan to attract man to saccharine drafts.

There is also the possibility of the coffee-house; not in the style of the English coffee-houses of modern times, established by philanthropic societies for the purpose of attracting the poor man away from his dram-shop, but places which would offer to the former bibber of spirits such congenial atmosphere as existed in the coffee-houses of Dr. Johnson's time and such creature comforts as are found in well-made coffee—a thing unknown in the cheap restaurants—and, if desired, in food more solid. The only true coffee-houses now in America are those which live on the patronage of men of Eastern origin. These men have never absorbed the American liking for bars and allopathic doses of alcohol. They like coffee and conversation, and sometimes cards, and all of these are to be had cheaply in the coffee-houses. The impatient American, if translated from the saloon to the coffee-house, would demand better coffee, less conversation, and perhaps no cards at all.

Some genius, or, more likely, a process of evolution, will bring a solution of the imminent problem. The man who is out of his office for the luncheon hour, or is waiting for a train or a friend, will find a place of comfort, warmth, cleanliness, and harmless refreshment. It will bridge the gulf between the very cheap and the very dear restaurants, between the places where a man

feels either too poor and hungry or too extravagant and overfed. It will have neither the haste of a soda-fountain nor the slowness of a club; neither the wickedness of the saloon nor the primness of the institution; but all the advantages of each.

Waiter, a pot of coffee, please, with real cream, and the latest map of Europe. Bring Mr. Smith tea and crumpets and a black cigar. If our wives come in, direct them to this table, please!

A Lawsuit for a Kingdom

ALITIGATION has recently been decided in England which, in respect to the magnitude of its subject matter, must probably be regarded as the greatest lawsuit in the world. It involved the title to lands in the British South African possession now known as Southern Rhodesia, which formerly were a part of the kingdom of the Matabele chief, Lobengula. From that sable potentate, through the instrumentality of Cecil Rhodes, they were acquired by the British South Africa Company, which, under a charter from the crown, has administered the government of the country for twenty-eight years. The area of the lands is greater than that of England.

The case was finally determined by the judicial committee of the Privy Council, which, under the British system of legal procedure, is the court of last resort for litigations arising in the colonies or other foreign dominions of Great Britain. The committee which decided this particular case consisted of five judges, among them Lord Loreburn, formerly Lord Chancellor of England; but the opinion was written by Lord Sumner, a distinguished and able judge.

The question at issue was the title to the lands in Southern Rhodesia which the British South Africa Company has not conveyed away to anybody by virtue of its governmental powers. Four parties asserted title to these lands—first, the company; second, the crown; third, the legislative council of Southern Rhodesia; and fourth, the natives of the country. The natives, however, were only nominal parties, their claim being asserted by the Anti-slavery and Aborigines Protection Society.

The contention of the British South Africa Company was that they had been vested by their charter with absolute dominion and ownership over all lands which had not been reserved to the native inhabitants under the agreements with King Lobengula. They asserted—and it was the truth—that the British government had never formally annexed Southern Rhodesia as a colonial possession; and hence that the lands which had not been alienated by virtue of their charter powers belonged to them, and not to the crown. The court, however, took a different view. It unanimously decided that in acquiring the lands the company acted in behalf of the British government, and hence that the crown held a valid title to all the unalienated lands.

At first blush, this decision might seem extremely disastrous to the British South Africa Company, but it is not so in fact; for the court went on to say that the company, when its charter expires in 1924, must be reimbursed by the government for all its reasonable expenditures over and above its receipts. In other words, this great corporation, which has been chiefly instrumental in developing a vast territory, rich in mineral and agricultural resources, is to be dealt with by the British government generously and handsomely, and not in a niggardly manner. It is also to be noted that the decision, although not formally in favor of the natives or the legislative

council of Southern Rhodesia, is really favorable to them, for it protects all their rights and interests, while being nominally in favor of the crown.

By a curious coincidence, just at the time that this decision was announced, there was published in several of the English papers an account of the lands formerly owned by the ancestors of Cecil Rhodes in London. It seems that in 1810 they held a tract of three hundred acres, including the present site of the well-known Euston Station. According to the *News of the World*, a popular London newspaper, the earliest reference to the family is an entry in the burial register of Hampstead for 1703, as follows:

Mary, wife of Robert Cooper, killed accidentally by a shott at a cat by Charles Hall from Mr. Rhodes's barn.

Whatever critics of the British South Africa Company may say concerning its attitude in the great lawsuit which has just been decided by the Privy Council, there can be no doubt that the motives which actuated Cecil Rhodes in making Southern Rhodesia a British possession were patriotic rather than pecuniary. His ambition was to see a railway constructed on British land from Cape Town to Cairo; and if Great Britain retains her conquests in Africa from Germany such a line may yet be constructed.

Valenciennes and American History

MONS, Valenciennes, Bray, are not merely names on the map of the war-zone. They are steps in the ancestral history of the Empire State, of which every New Yorker and lover of the nation ought to know. Especially to the critical student of American origins do these names awaken chords of historic memory and incitement to exultant song.

Philip II of Spain, predecessor to William III of Prussia, invaded and desolated Belgium in 1567. Noircarmes, his minion, hanged at Valenciennes Guido de Bray, born at Mons, teacher of Jesse de Forest, the active ancestor of New York and of a host of good Americans, if not the real founder of the city. Until 1678, when transferred by treaty to France, Valenciennes was on Belgic soil.

Yet our interest in this city of classic association is not alone in its past. Valenciennes contains in its name an omen for the German Emperor and his Huns, like that which Belshazzar was forced to read, even when his knees smote each other in impotent fear.

It gives also a cheering sign, yes, even a harbinger of the success of the Allies, a prophecy of the rebuilding of Belgium, the token of a redeemed and more glorious France, and a pledge of a closer union between the nations which are rivals in honoring Lafayette and Washington.

There are many thousands of Americans who, as boys and girls of a generation or two ago, remember Valenciennes lace, with which their mothers and sisters loved to decorate their flounces and fichus, though that industry has long since departed from its home. Yet still more vivid were the memories of Valenciennes held by the first makers of New York in 1624, who came from this Walloon city in the Low Countries. It was these French-speaking Walloons who arrived with wives and children, and first cultivated the soil, made homes, and brought the refinements of civilized life. It is simply absurd to claim for Pilgrim, Puritan, Dutchman, or Cavalier a nobler character, name, or inheritance than those of the founders of New York State. These were God-fearing, intelligent people, sweetened and liberalized by the

persecutions that made them refugees. They dwelt for some years in the same city, Leyden, with the Pilgrim Fathers; whence, out of the hospitable Dutch Republic, they came to these virgin shores. Valenciennes was with them a household word, but with it was linked the name of one of the heroes of Belgic land, whose patriotism and faith they followed. It was the writings of Guido de Bray that carried farthest throughout all the earth the national name of the Belgians.

The time will come when the details of the origins of the noble commonwealth of New York will be set forth even in our elementary school-books. Then the people of the Empire State will discern clearly the character of the first home-makers. In nobility of spirit, lofty motive for emigration across the Atlantic, in worth of character, and in the graces and refinements of life, the first planters here of homes and seeds were second to none as founders of commonwealths. Noble were the pioneers of New England and Virginia, but those of New York and the Middle States no less.

The first settlers of Manhattan, of the Wallabout, of the Iroquois region, and of the Delaware valley were French-speaking Belgians. They were driven out of Hainault, Namur, Luxembourg, and Liège by the Spaniards. Why? Because they refused to sell principles for pelf, or to stifle conscience in order to get comfort. Hating autocracy and slavery of the intellect, they fled into what soon became the free federal republic of the United Netherlands, which they helped to make renowned and great.

Exiles in Leyden with the English Separatists, they were equally honored for their industry and character, while they suffered the same banishment and poverty. Denied by King James settlement in Virginia, they applied to the States-General of the Dutch Republic. It was under its flag of seven stripes, red and white—prototype of our own—and theegis of the Dutch West India Company, that they came in the ship *New Netherland* to America. It was Jesse de Forest's company that began the first homes on our soil. They were every one of them devoted followers of Guido de Bray.

There is a reason why about every tenth boy in Holland, Dutch or Walloon, is named Guido. The Belgic Confession of 1561 enshrines the faith of a majority of Dutchmen on all the continents; and Guido de Bray was the author of that deathless piece of literature. We are not concerned with its theological dogmas, but with its spirit. It breathes throughout love of liberty, with intense opposition to the anarchists and libertines of that day. It was because of these lawless people that the character of those Belgians who believed in freedom of conscience and private judgment—the cornerstones of our own republic—were blackened before Philip II, at Madrid.

This royal gentleman of the Escorial, precursor of William Hohenzollern of Potsdam in desolating Belgium, resolved to abolish or trample on the century-old municipal charters as mere scraps of paper. After Noircarmes, a subordinate, the Spanish Kaiser sent Alva—the Hindenburg of that day—with fire and sword, to set a mark for the German atrocities of to-day. Foremost among the Belgic patriots in rousing the Walloons to resistance was Guido de Bray.

Descended from Walloon ancestors in Bray, from which the Germans were recently driven, he was born at Mons, in Belgium, in 1540. A scholar, a traveler, a man with his face to the future and not to the past, he was hanged by the Spaniards on May 31, 1567. He was pushed off the ladder, even while speaking.

It may be that some of the New York boys, when in Mons or Valenciennes, may feel like laying a wreath and uttering "*Voilà!*"

New Yorkers, greeting gratefully their ancestral inheritances, should gladly be forward in rebuilding these cities into more than their pristine beauty.

The Loyalty of German-Born Citizens

EVER since the United States entered the great war our people have been justly apprehensive of the machinations of German spies and sympathizers among us. Indeed, so much fear has been aroused on this score that persons of German birth have been generally suspected of sympathy with the enemy unless they clearly demonstrated their loyalty by some act or course of conduct which left no doubt of their attitude. There are significant circumstances, however, which show that it is a great mistake to look upon all of our German-born fellow-citizens as disloyal.

In the daily casualty lists transmitted from France to Washington by General Pershing, and published in the newspapers, there always appear a considerable number of unmistakably German names—names which indicate German birth or German descent beyond a doubt. It is safe to assume that these names, with a very few possible exceptions among drafted men, represent loyal soldiers who have died or fallen while fighting for this country. Some of them are officers, born in Germany, but citizens here, who have proved themselves to be as loyal to our flag as any native Americans, and whose detestation of the Kaiser's brutal methods of warfare is exceptionally bitter, because they regard them as having brought eternal shame upon the land of their birth. Several such officers are known to us, and the country has no soldiers more loyal, faithful, or heroic.

Among civilians, also, are thousands of loyal citizens born in Germany. A notable example is Otto H. Kahn, the New York banker, who was born at Mannheim in 1867, and whose leadership in war work entitles him to the respect and admiration of the community. Few men have done more, in speaking and writing, to elucidate and emphasize the duties which rest upon those who, coming from a foreign land, have sought the benefits and opportunities of American citizenship.

While there is reason to believe that some of the disasters, by fire and explosion, in munitions-plants and storage warehouses have been the work of German plotters and conspirators, the instances attributable to their agency are much fewer than is commonly supposed. We are assured by an officer of the government who investigated the great Black Tom explosion, which shook New York to its foundations in the summer of 1916, that he could discover no evidence indicating that it was caused otherwise than by negligence. Another government officer has recently and publicly declared that there was no proof of German agency in causing any of the explosions during the present year prior to that near Perth Amboy, which had not been investigated at the time when he spoke.

Whatever lack of loyalty there may have been among our German-born citizens is attributed by many thoughtful observers to our tolerance of the formation here of little groups which have been virtually German colonies in the United States. Judge Charles F. Amidon, of the United States District Court for North Dakota, in condemning this phase of life in the West, has recently said:

Now that the world war has thrown a search-light upon our national life, what have we discovered? We find all over these United States, in groups, little Germanies. These

foreign people have thrown a circle about themselves and instead of keeping the oath they took, that they would try to grow American souls inside of them, they have studiously striven to exclude everything American and to cherish everything foreign.

While this is regrettably true, many others, born in Germany, have succeeded in growing "American souls inside of them," and have made our flag theirs to the extent of dying for it.

"The Cadet Who Lied"

THE closing lines of a recent obituary in a newspaper of a small Pennsylvania town were these:

He died as much a hero in the cause of his country as if he had given up his life on the battle-field.

The man referred to may be called Jonas Pickett. In the early eighties he was sent to the Military Academy at West Point. In his first year he was "hived," in cadet slang, copying the answer to a mathematical problem. Then he made the worst mistake that a cadet could make—he lied about it. They did not take the trouble to call a court martial; the commandant told Pickett to go within an hour and never come back. The corps of cadets was smaller then than it is now, and every one knew why Pickett had left. He was then, remained for years afterward, and perhaps still is, "the cadet who lied."

Pickett never returned home; he was ashamed to face his folks and his friends. He hung around the Bowery in New York until the police sent him out on the road a tramp. He found his way to the Pacific coast, to be driven from one town to another and finally back across the mountains. It had been his one ambition, his soul's desire, to be an officer in the army, and perhaps for that reason the Western posts had a strange and irresistible fascination for him. Once he was found almost dead from hunger and cold near a Montana garrison. Again, he was gathered up with a batch of vagrants in the neighborhood of a Texas fort. He was recognized by some one who had known him at West Point; but it was no use to try to start him right, he said, because he had lost his grip. He drifted to Panama, and there, again recognized by a classmate, he was raised from the position of a laborer to the boss of a construction gang. He lost his job because he drank.

"He's no good; you can't help such a man," was the remark of the contractor as Pickett again started on his aimless wanderings.

When the United States entered this war it was to him a personal matter. He appealed in vain to every officer he had known for help in securing a commission. Then he offered his services at every recruiting-station he passed, but no one would accept a broken-down, wrecked old man. Finally he got work at one of the government shipyards. The knowledge of construction work which he had gained in Panama proved valuable, and for once he found his services actually sought after. He went to work as if he was determined, in the few years yet remaining, to redeem the failures of his whole past life. But a body weakened and wasted by privation and dissipation was unequal to the task imposed upon it by this new-born will to succeed. One night, after a day of struggle with slush, mud, and cold, Pickett sat down on a bench to rest. He just crumpled up and stopped living.

Here is part of a letter that came from the headquarters of a high officer of the American army in France:

The Old Man received a clipping which some one sent him regarding the death of Jonas Pickett. You remember him—"the cadet who lied." He was the Old Man's classmate, and when he read it he said: .

"If Pickett could make good, there is some hope for anybody. I think that I shall give those two men under arrest for making that lying report another chance."

By the way, one of those fellows to whom the Old Man gave "another chance" died in the charge at the St. Mihiel salient. The other one is pretty badly wounded, but he gets a Croix de Guerre for exceptional bravery.

After all, was not that tribute to Pickett's heroism deserved? For some men the measure of life is reckoned not in the span of year, but in the single passing of the second hand around its little dial on the face of the watch.

The Women of the Sixties

THE younger generations may have the impression that American women have made, during this war, their most important sally into man's old fields of work; but it should be remembered that the women of this country were "advanced women" before 1914. It was another great conflict, the Civil War, that caused their greatest advance from the old social pale. Woman's rights had been talked of for thirty years, but nearly all women were still bound by convention. They were slaves of old thought, languor, long skirts, and wasp corsets. It was fashionable to do nothing, and to be extremely nice about it. The need of hundreds of thousands of men in the field—and the population of the United States was only one-third of to-day's—awakened woman to her duty and her opportunity. As Reed says, in "Female Delicacy in the Sixties":

Listless young girls and fancied invalids rose from their sofas, at first to wind bandages and pack supplies, later to do the household work, which there were no servants to perform, or to earn their living in unaccustomed occupations that there were no men to undertake.

The women of the farm bravely took their husbands' places at the plow, even as the women of France and America and England have done in the present war. In the township of Quincy, the county seat of Adams County, Iowa, only five men were left. The farmers' wives sang in earnest to their husbands the popular song of the day:

Just take your gun and go;
For Ruth can drive the oxen, John,
And I can use the hoe!

Women had been employed in factories before the Civil War, but at miserable wages; and now the demand for their services brought to them better pay. Those who had the necessary intellectual equipment found their way into professions that previously had been barred to them. By 1864 there were in the North two hundred and fifty women physicians regularly graduated from the medical colleges. School-teaching man was toppled from his throne. In Illinois alone four thousand women teachers were appointed during the war. The non-necessity of men as dry-goods clerks was at last realized, and the era of the "saleslady" began. The third year of the war saw women employed as clerks in the departments in Washington.

"Girls became women in a day," says Arthur W. Calhoun, in his "Social History of the American Family." "The intensity and heroism of female

loyalty inspired and prolonged the struggle; they outdid the men, if anything, in the blindness of patriotism. It was rare to find a disloyal woman."

The home fires were kept burning, as now. If the Civil War did not begin woman's invasion of the industries and professions, it stimulated the invasion more than a half-century of peaceful campaign might have done.

Military Train Talk

TRANSCONTINENTAL train talk has been taking on a strong military flavor in these changed times. Formerly it was all of crop conditions, drummer adventures, and politics; but now in the freemasonry of the smoking-room you hear much of whiz-bangs, ballistics, fatigue duty, "shave-tails," gas-masks, and shell shock. The army officer of the new crop has not yet acquired the self-absorbed aloofness which used to characterize the graduate of West Point. No wonder, for often he is only eighteen or nineteen years old. And the heart of the American public is ever open to help and sympathize with the American private. That, too, is a change from antebellum days, when the enlisted man was almost a social outcast.

On the Pacific Limited train that left Chicago for San Francisco the day the Fourth Liberty Loan opened were several men in navy blue being transferred to Pacific ships. There were also a dozen new second lieutenants going home for leave of absence. One of them, living in San Francisco, would spend ten days on the train going and coming, and would have only two days at home. Another child officer of nineteen had not been back to his Iowa home for eighteen months. On the train were also two chaplains, besides five marines who had been wounded in the battle of Château Thierry and were on their way to take part in the Liberty Loan campaign in California. They were not allowed to solicit, but were a kind of Exhibit A, showing what the Hun was doing to American men. One had his arm in a cast, and had to be helped in dressing. It was an honor for any of us laymen to lace his shoes. Another had had a piece of his leg shot off twenty-three inches long and three inches deep. He was the most active of all, and was very willing to shoulder his cane and show us how the marines took Bellew Woods. Thus did he Anglicize the Bois de Bellieu.

"We thought we could do it in half an hour," said he; "but it took us a whole morning just to get the range. The French, now, are the best artillerymen on earth. They can drop a pound shell into a trench every time. They have renamed that wood the Bois de la Brigade de Marines, and every little French private will jump up and salute an American officer a mile away, even if the American is only a second lieutenant just made. I tell you, they respect marines and all Americans in France. Feel of my leg. There is twenty-three written all over it. I sailed for France April 23. I was wounded June 23. I lay on the battle-field twenty-three hours. On July 23 I had a second operation, on August 23 I got my S. C. D., and my wound is twenty-three inches long. Some skiddoo, what?"

An aged Iowa farmer on his way to winter in California looked at the boy with admiration.

"I admire your record, young man, and the minute the war is over I'm going to France to see all these places—Bellew Woods and all. You bet your life I want to see them!"

Thus has the war prepared a wonderful business for the tourist agencies when peace prevails again.

Christianity and Freedom

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

By His Eminence James, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore

N EARLY two thousand years ago, the first words that were uttered to announce the birth of the Savior of mankind were those of the angelic anthem containing a proclamation of peace to the world:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will."

To-day, instead, we are in the midst of the gravest problems which have ever weighed upon our American government. Our thoughts go out to the President of the United States, warmed by a heartfelt sympathy for the heavy burdens of office which he must bear, and freighted with the unwavering determination of loyal citizens to stand by him in his every effort to bring success to our arms and to achieve those ideals of justice and humanity which compelled our entrance into the war.

Christ's mission on earth was to establish a triple peace in the hearts of men—peace with God by the observance of His commandments, peace with our fellow men by the practise of justice and charity, and peace within our own breasts by keeping our passions subject to reason, and our reason in harmony with the divine law. He came, above all, "to break down the middle wall of partition" that divided nation from nation, that alienated tribe from tribe and people from people, and to make them all one family, acknowledging the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Christ.

But, looking back and contemplating the wars that have ravaged the Christian world during the last twenty centuries, one might be tempted at first sight to exclaim, in anguish of heart, that the mission of Christ was a failure. My purpose in this brief message is to disabuse the faint-hearted of this discouraging impression, and to show that Christ's mission has *not* failed, but that the cause of peace has made decisive and reassuring progress.

Christ founded a spiritual republic. He established it not by brute force, but by an appeal to the conscience and intellect of humanity. The spiritual republic that He founded exists to this day, and is continually extending its lines. It is maintained not by standing or belligerent armies, but by the invincible influence of religious and moral sanction.

AGES OF CONTINUAL WARFARE

In pagan Rome war was the rule, peace the exception. The Temple of Janus was always open in time of war, and was closed in time of peace. From the reign of Romulus to the time of Augustus Cæsar, a period of seven hundred years, the Temple of Janus was always open, except twice, when it was closed for only six years. It was subsequently closed at the birth of Christ, as if to symbolize the pacific mission of the Redeemer of mankind.

It must certainly be a source of gratification to the Christian world, as well as to the children of Israel, that the Holy Land has once again been wrested from the yoke of the Saracen and placed in the hands of Christian princes. What is the history of the Hebrew people, as recorded in the pages of the Old Testament, but a narrative of warfare? From Moses to the Maccabees, comprising fourteen hundred years, the sacred chronicle presents an almost unbroken series of wars of defense, of invasion, or of extermination. So continuous were military campaigns that a sacred writer refers to a time in the year when the hostilities were annually resumed:

It came to pass at the return of the year, at the time when kings go forth to war.

They had their season for fighting as well marked as we have our seasons for planting and reaping. During the siege of Jerusalem by the Roman armies under Titus, in

the year 70 of the Christian era, more than a million of Jews perished by the sword or by famine. Nearly one hundred thousand were carried into captivity.

The United States has existed as a sovereign nation for about a century and a half. During that period we have had, not counting the present struggle, four wars—that with England, from 1812 to 1815; that with Mexico, from 1846 to 1848; the Civil War, from 1861 to 1865; and the war with Spain, 1898. The combined length of these campaigns was about ten years. Hence we see that the United States has enjoyed about fourteen years of peace for each year of war, while ancient Rome enjoyed less than one year of tranquillity for every century of military engagements.

A WAR FOR THE LIBERTY OF THE WORLD

We are now in the midst of our fifth war. It is a war for more than the liberty of the United States—the liberty of the world. We must emphasize the necessity of overthrowing the spirit of military despotism which threatens to supplant the benign constitutional government under which we live. We must emphasize that this war is a striking illustration of the fact that schemes conceived in passion and fomented by lawless ambition are doomed. We must emphasize the fact that it is the will of the American people, and of the peoples associated with us, that Mars must be dethroned forever, cast down from the lofty pedestal he has occupied so long.

It is a pleasing reflection for the American people that the most ardent advocates of peace among the nations of the world, the most unselfish workers for it—who have in the past devoted and are to-day devoting to its attainment money, intelligence, exalted position, and their own blood on the battle-field—are her own sons and citizens. And in all wars that our country has had to undergo the American armies have been full of Catholic soldiers, and have had a long line of Catholic officers who have reached the highest positions of command. Not only Catholic soldiers and sailors, officers, and chaplains, but also our Sisters of Charity, on the fields and in the hospitals, have proved our loyalty to the country. They demonstrated better than many words, long statistics, and eloquent descriptions what the church has done for the United States in the trying days of war,

because we know that our influence is exerted not to destroy, but to save; not to dismember nations, but to preserve their peace and autonomy.

THE SHADOWS OF MODERN HISTORY

It would be idle to deny or to palliate the many shadows that have fallen across the history of Christianity in the past century or two. I scarcely need refer to the weaknesses and errors of individuals. Such acts the church repudiates, and, when she can, chastises remedially. But the church has not recovered that vast inherited moral power over public life which it enjoyed before the French Revolution. In many ways the consequences of atheism, materialism, and even of deism, have extended into manners and institutions, to the detriment of the ancient Catholic morality.

The sterner Christian virtue of previous centuries, founded on the Christian revelation, has been forced out of the public life of whole peoples. Expediency, opportunism, moral cowardice, have often triumphed over the plain right and the fair truth. The principle seems to have been established that God is on the side of the great battalions, is ever with the strong men of blood and iron—a principle which this war will eventually prove to have been false.

Ancient and venerable sovereignties have been hypocritically dispossessed. Small nationalities have been erased from the world's political map, and the history of the recent past justifies my prediction, a few years ago, of impending steps in the same direction. With the increase of greatness in states came an increase of warlike perils, not only from commercial rivalry, but from that root of ambition and domination which grows in every heart, unless checked and subdued in time, and which, it has been demonstrated by this war, has been too often the source of violent injustice on the greatest scale.

WHAT HAS MADE AMERICA GREAT

That greatness can be achieved without bellicose tendencies is amply proved by the history of the American republic. We have developed into a nation of about one hundred and ten millions. We have grown up not as distinct, independent, and conflicting communities, but as members of one corporate body, breathing the same atmosphere of freedom, governed by the same laws, en-

joying the same political rights. I see in all this a wonderful manifestation of the humanizing and elevating influence of Christian civilization.

We receive from abroad people of various nationalities, races and tongues, habits and temperament, who speedily become assimilated to the human mass, and who form one homogeneous society. What is the secret of our social stability and order? What is the cohesive power that makes us one body politic out of so many heterogeneous elements?

It all results from wise laws based on Christian principles. We live as brothers because we recognize the brotherhood of humanity. Religion has been our bond—the bond which unites man with his Creator. I employ the term “religion” here in its broadest and most comprehensive sense, as embodying the existence of God; His infinite power and knowledge; His providence over us; the recognition of a divine law; the moral freedom and responsibility of man; the distinction between good and evil; the duty of rendering our homage to God and justice and charity to our neighbors. Religion is to society what cement is to a modern building; it makes all parts compact and coherent.

It has often been remarked that religious principles were entirely ignored by the framers of the Constitution of the United States, because it contains no reference to God and makes no appeal to religion. It is true, indeed, that the Constitution does not once mention God's name; but this omission affords no just criterion of the religious character of the founders of the republic. Nor should we have any concern to have the name of God imprinted in the Constitution—as certain religious sects have repeatedly tried to do—so long as the Constitution itself is interpreted by the light of Christian revelation. For if the authors did not insert the name of God in that immortal paper, they did not fail to recognize Him as the essential source of wisdom.

The Declaration of Independence acknowledges that the rights it proclaims come from God as the source of all government and authority. This is a fundamental religious principle in which the church and the state meet. From it follows the correlative principle that, as God alone is the source of human rights, so God alone can efficaciously maintain them. This is equivalent to Washington's warning that the

basis of our liberties must be morality and religion.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA

The Catholic religion is in absolute accord with the Constitution. While the state is not absorbed in the church, nor the church in the state, and thus there is external separation, they both derive their life from the same interior principle of truth, and in their different spheres carry out the same ideas, and thus there is between them a real internal union.

The Catholic Church, by her own constitution, is deeply sympathetic with our national life and all that it stands for. She has thrived in the atmosphere of liberty, and seeks only the protection of the common law—that equal justice which is dealt out to all. She is the oldest historical and continuous government on the earth, and it is no small index of the value of our institutions and their durability that they make provision for the life and the work of so vast and so aged a society. It would also seem to show that through a long course of centuries Catholicism held as its own genuine political teachings only such as were finally compatible with the most perfect and universal citizenship known to history.

When this nation was forming, the first Catholic bishop in the United States, and my first predecessor in the see of Baltimore—the revered John Carroll—accepted and performed satisfactorily the greatest public duty of a citizen, an embassy to another people for the benefit of his own country. In the War of Independence he went on a political mission with the commission appointed by Congress to secure the neutrality of Canada.

Decades later, in our Civil War, Archbishop Hughes, of New York, and Bishop Domenech, of Pittsburgh, performed confidential missions to European powers, and it is certain that Archbishop Hughes secured the neutrality of France, and Bishop Domenech that of Spain. By these deeds they left to us all an example and a teaching that we shall ever cherish—the example of self-sacrifice as the prime duty of every citizen, and the teaching that patriotism is a holy conviction to which no Catholic, priest or layman, can hold himself foreign or apathetic.

Our country is great because of the moral fiber and religious aspirations of the average

American citizen. It is a common belief that binds people together—a belief in God; a belief in the righteousness of their conduct; a belief, founded upon religious principles, in themselves; a belief, at the present time, that the cause for which we are battling and bleeding is just and holy.

OUR PLACE AMONG THE NATIONS

The Father of His Country, in his farewell address, which he left as a precious legacy to his countrymen, has warned us against involving ourselves in entangling alliances with other nations. This solemn admonition, reaffirmed by Jefferson, has been revitalized by President Wilson, who, in his address of September 27 last, said that "there can be no leagues or alliances or special covenants and understandings within the general and common family of the league of nations."

As soon as we form an alliance, offensive or defensive, with any other nation, we make her quarrels and hostilities our own. Her enemies are our enemies. We are tied to her chariot-wheels. We must perforce increase or continue our land and naval armament to suit her purposes. She will urge and almost compel us to do so, if we are to remain her champion. By throwing ourselves into the arms of one interested ally we alienate ourselves from other nations, which become inflamed toward us with a spirit of jealousy, or even of open hostility.

At the same time, opposition to such an alliance should not be construed as being a desire to remain aloof from friendly peoples. On the contrary, our national spirit of democracy fosters the plan in the mind of President Wilson for a league of nations. Such a league would have none of the objections of an alliance. The latter savors too much of secret diplomacy and selfish interests, whereas a league like that planned by our President carries out the idea of being neighborly, and working for the welfare of one another. I hope that the day when this league of nations will be made effective is not far off. It will be a day which will usher a new era.

We do not know when this disastrous war will end; but of one fact I am certain—that my readers, as well as the country at large, and even the people of other nations, have an abiding faith in the wisdom and judgment of the President of the United States. We look to him to lead us to an

early and honorable peace, and to the era of reconstruction which will follow. Then we must see that the streams of commerce flow between Europe and America like invigorating blood coursing through the arteries of the human body, diffusing life and activity, and all forming, as it were, our social organism, each member exulting in the health and growth of the others, and stimulating the remotest parts with renewed energy and activity. Let our business interests with the world at large be so inseparable and reciprocal that an injury to one will be felt by the others, and the prosperity of one will be shared by all.

A MESSAGE TO ALL AMERICANS

And so, inspired by sincere affection for the children of God, and with an earnest desire for their welfare, I address to them these few words of friendly exhortation:

Guided as we are by the sublime teachings of Christianity, we have no other course open to us but that of obedience and devotion to our country. I want them to see, and I strive to help them to realize, that they owe unswerving loyalty to the rulers whom they have elected to office, and that in doing so they are not acting in a slavish manner, for obedience is not an act of servility we pay to man, but an act of homage we pay to God.

To the soldiers and sailors, and to all others who have been called by the President, as the commander-in-chief of the forces of the nation, to the service of their country, I say that love for its soil and for its people must necessarily be the mainspring of all their military activities. In these respects Christ, our Lord, is their example. He loved His native land, for He sanctified it by His presence, He consecrated it with His precious blood, and He illuminated it with the glory of His resurrection.

To the women I say that the work of support and cooperation that falls upon them at this time cannot be overemphasized. It is the great duty of our Catholic women in these days of stress to rally their best talents, their time, their energy, and their labor, in the service of our government and the cause of our Allies.

And to the working men of the nation I can only repeat what I have always urged—that they cultivate a spirit of industry, because activity is the law of all intellectual and animal life. The more you live in con-

formity with that law, the happier you will be. An active life is an unfailing source of gladness and health.

Foster habits of economy and self-denial. No matter how modest your income may be, always live under it. The door of opportunity is open to every one. Every man, woman, and child should not fail to purchase thrift stamps, war savings stamps, and Liberty bonds. There can be few people whose circumstances will not permit them to buy, at intervals, a twenty-five-cent thrift stamp, and with each purchase gain, step by step, possession of a new war savings stamp. The same may be said of Liberty bonds.

We have reached a time in our national life when no loyal citizen of this country

can afford to spend a dollar for wasteful luxuries. Such an expenditure resolves itself into a disloyal act. Furthermore, as less prosperous days will eventually come with the reconstruction after the war, the far-seeing, thrifty man will thus protect his liberty and business integrity, and guard himself against the slavery and humiliation of debt, which is too often the precursor of commercial dishonor.

God grant that with the aid of all her people our beloved country may soon emerge from this war endowed with renewed vigor; that she may inaugurate a new era of lasting peace, and that "Esto Perpetua" may be emblazoned on her escutcheon!

Youth and High Command

THE BOY GENERALS OF THE CIVIL WAR—A RECORD THAT THE PRESENT WAR IS NOT LIKELY TO DUPLICATE

By William Harley Porter, Major O. N. G., Retired

HALF a century ago a great American army had recently laid down its arms. Its soldiers were veterans, yet mainly boys, after all. Many of them still to enter college had commanded thousands on the battle-field.

Will this war give us a new crop of boy generals—commanders as youthful as those brought to the front by the Civil War? Probably not, even if it lasts for many months more—which now seems improbable; for modern war has become a highly learned profession—a technical science embracing well-nigh all sciences, and demanding mature experience as well as youthful ardor. And yet, who knows what fate has in store for some of those whom we still rate as mere boys?

With an American general in France holding powers approximating those once exercised by Roman proconsuls at the head of legions on foreign service, American soldiers are assured prompt recognition of their gallantry. Never before has an American commander-in-chief had so free a hand with which to confer honors or mete out swift punishment.

The immediate gainers, as a rule, will be the younger officers and men. It may be expected, too, that special notice will be taken of those who make an early display of heroism. They will be rewarded—to quote Voltaire, but without his ironic meaning—*pour encourager les autres*.

In trench warfare, "going over the top" calls for superb personal effort, with subalterns and captains as actual leaders. The officer commanding each party must be, if not the best man physically and temperamentally in his group, at least *primus inter pares*. That is why this has been called a "lieutenants' war."

Battles of maneuver may tell a different story, for brigade, regimental, and battalion commanders will then have their chance to distinguish themselves—with consequent accelerated flow of promotion.

General Pershing quickly let it be known that he is for youth. There has been a ruthless elimination of elderly, large-girthed, high-ranking officers, based upon their probable inability to make good in the grueling work that has thus far marked the great war. Conversely, while the conflict lasts

—and it will not be over until an armistice is actually signed—the young man will have every opportunity to rise. There are no shoulder-straps too big for the man who can prove his right to wear them.

But when to-day's opportunities are compared with those of the Civil War, it is safe to say that never again will great responsibility be coupled with such extreme youth as was then often the case.

YOUNG LEADERS IN THE CIVIL WAR

This article can give only a few of the high lights that were flashed on that screen of more than fifty years ago. A complete record of the American boys who made themselves leaders will never be written, because of the incomplete nature of the war records that the States have preserved.

Promotion among the volunteers was usually ordered by the Governors of States, so that it was frequently possible for mere youths to earn command of regiments and then to succeed to brigades. Regular army officers got few State assignments. The Governors, as a rule, were more willing to advance the military aspirations of political leaders and their friends than to avail themselves of the services offered by trained professional soldiers. In this respect history repeated itself in the war with Spain, for in that brief conflict few State organizations escaped dilution from the introduction of political officers. Few such gentry have landed desirable appointments in the line to-day, though certain staff organizations might tell a different tale.

Except for those who were in the National Guard and have been taken over, our field and higher officers are mainly regulars. The enormous expansion of the army has given just and rapid promotion to virtually all officers enrolled before we went to war.

As compared with the conditions existing from 1861 to 1865, the regular officer has come into his own. In those days he had little opportunity within his own organization, for while at the end of the war we mustered out 1,100,000 volunteers, the regular army had been limited by statute to 2,009 officers and 37,264 enlisted men. In consequence, many who entered the war as lieutenants of regulars emerged without even the silver bars of a captain.

Under the law that reorganized the army when the war closed, the number of officers was raised to three thousand. This not only gave some good men belated pro-

motion, but created vacancies that were filled by men who had proved themselves worthy officers of volunteers.

It may be said, incidentally, that practically all the men taken in were obliged to accept very low rank. Henry C. Corbin, of Ohio, for instance, at twenty-three years of age, was a colonel and brevet brigadier-general of volunteers. He went into the regulars as a second lieutenant, yet lived to be the adjutant-general of the army and to retire as a major-general.

Others were more fortunate. Nelson A. Miles, who as a brevet major-general of volunteers had commanded an army corps at twenty-five, received a colonelcy and rose to command the army. He was the last to hold that technical title, and retired a lieutenant-general.

Major-General Shafter reached the grade of colonel and brevet brigadier-general of volunteers in the Civil War, and at its close applied for a commission in the regulars. Once, in a reminiscent mood, he confided to some friends the details connected with his breaking in.

While he was waiting and hoping, and incidentally working in a buckwheat-field on one of the hottest days he had ever observed in his native State of Michigan, a neighbor drove up and halted his team.

"Oh, Bill!" he called to the erstwhile general, waving a large envelope. "Here's a letter I brought you."

Shafter opened the official-looking communication, and to his amazed delight read that he had been appointed a lieutenant-colonel of regulars. After drawing a long breath he said:

"Drive by the house and tell dad to come and get the horses. I'm going to town to write a letter accepting an army job!"

Having written and mailed his letter, he said to himself:

"This thing is all wrong. They meant lieutenant, not lieutenant-colonel. I'll telegraph my acceptance before they wake up!"

That done, he decided that he had better go to Washington and accept in person; so he borrowed some money for his expenses, caught the first train to the capital, and had his new blue clothes on by the end of that week.

WE HAVE NO BOY GENERALS TO-DAY

Under present conditions men who have been gazetted generals of American troops have, for the most part, turned the first

half-century mark. General Pershing himself is fifty-eight. One or two men in the neighborhood of forty have received—temporarily—the silver stars of general officers, and this has been considered so notable that it has been commented upon at some length in the press.

Some of the most distinguished officers of the Civil War were over forty-five when the war began. The age of forty-five is mentioned because it was once said that General Pershing was in favor of making that mile-stone a dead-line, and that he did not desire any officers sent to France who had passed it. Probably he never made any such recommendation. Had such a rule been applied in 1861, the North would have lost, among others, Generals Thomas, Hooker, Frémont, and Meade, while the Confederate army would not have had Generals Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, Beauregard, or Bragg.

On the other hand, the youth that was so conspicuous in the ranks—seventy-five per cent of the men being under twenty-one at entrance—was quite frequently found wearing very important shoulder-straps. As has already been said, complete records on this subject can never be tabulated; but the annual "Army Register" still carries the names of retired officers who—as volunteers, for the most part—commanded with distinction brigades, divisions, and even army corps before they had passed their first quarter-century.

CASES FROM THE ARMY RECORDS

The following instances are those of men who, with the exception of General Custer, are still alive, or have passed away within the last three years:

Youngest of all the general officers of the Civil War was a son of Pennsylvania, Galusha Pennypacker, who began his service as quartermaster-sergeant of the Ninth Pennsylvania Infantry before he was nineteen. He was a captain at nineteen, and, passing through the grades of major and lieutenant-colonel before he was twenty-two, was a full colonel shortly after his twenty-second birthday. He was a brigadier-general before reaching twenty-three, and brevet major-general as well. In all he collected four brevets as general and won the Medal of Honor while still under twenty-three.

This remarkable young soldier was actually taken into the regulars as a colonel when

he was only twenty-four, and served for several years, but was obliged to take retirement as the result of wounds received in the Civil War. He died in 1916.

The career of General George A. Custer was fully as notable—indeed, still more remarkable in one way, because he was a West Pointer, and, like his fellows, had no opportunity for enlisting while still in his late teens. But he was lucky enough to be selected for staff duty, and thus escaped from the rule of seniority that kept many a brilliant young regular officer a file-closer until the war was over.

General Custer was an Ohioan. Before he was twenty-three he was serving on McClellan's staff with the rank of captain of volunteers. He won his brigadier-general's star at Aldie, Virginia, at twenty-four, and a month later he was one of the conspicuous Federal leaders at Gettysburg. He held brevet rank as major-general before he was twenty-five, and attained the full grade of major-general of volunteers before he was twenty-six.

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, who is still alive and almost an octogenarian, had the distinction—as already mentioned—of commanding an army corps at twenty-five, though handicapped by the fact that he did not get into the service until he had reached the mature age of twenty-two. Entering with a Massachusetts infantry regiment, he made quick strides when once he had donned the blue. He was a colonel before he was twenty-three and a brigadier-general at twenty-five. He was also a brevet major-general that year, and held the full grade at twenty-six. In all he had three high brevets and the Medal of Honor when the war was over, and he was a colonel of regulars before his twenty-seventh birthday.

Brigadier-General B. K. Roberts entered the war from Iowa as a second lieutenant when not yet seventeen. Within a year he was a captain and assistant adjutant-general, and when a little more than nineteen he held the brevet of major. The end of the war checked him for a time, but he entered the regular army and finally retired as a brigadier-general.

Lieutenant-General Samuel B. M. Young entered the army as a private from Pennsylvania, but was a captain by the time he could vote; a major at twenty-two, a lieutenant-colonel at twenty-four, and brevet brigadier-general at twenty-five.

Major-General John R. Brooke also enlisted as a private, but was colonel of the Fifty-Third Pennsylvania at twenty-four and a brigadier-general before he was twenty-six.

Major-General James F. Wade was eighteen years old when he entered the regulars as a first lieutenant at the outbreak of the Civil War. He held the brevet of brigadier-general of volunteers before he was twenty-two, while his actual rank in the regulars was still that of a first lieutenant.

Brigadier-General James B. Burbank was first lieutenant and adjutant of the Twentieth Connecticut while not yet twenty-four, and captain a few months later. He resigned to enlist as a private in the regulars, and had the unusual distinction of receiving, while serving as an enlisted man, the brevet rank of major for gallant conduct while he had been an officer of volunteers. He continued in the regular army, passing all the grades to brigadier-general, retired.

Several other retired brigadier-generals have held high rank as volunteers. Among them may be mentioned the late Brigadier-General Daniel D. Wheeler, a Medal of Honor man who was lieutenant-colonel at twenty-three and brevet colonel as well. Brigadier-General James H. Wilson was a brigadier-general of volunteers at twenty-six and a major-general at twenty-seven.

Brigadier-General Francis Moore advanced from private to lieutenant-colonel of volunteers between the ages of twenty and twenty-three.

Doubtless there were many other remarkable examples of military precocity among

the State troops on either side which have not been made a part of the official records. Necessarily, those given here were all from Northern States. No former Confederate officers were taken into the regular army when it was filled up at the end of the war—though in later years there was the notable instance of General Joseph Wheeler, the famous Southern commander of cavalry. Ending the Civil War as a twenty-nine-year-old lieutenant-general in the Confederate army; Wheeler had been a member of Congress for many years when the Spanish-American War broke out. Offering his services to President McKinley, he was appointed a major-general of volunteers, and was on the firing-line in the battle of Santiago. After a year in the Philippines he was commissioned a brigadier-general of regulars.

Fitzhugh Lee, who was a major-general in the Confederate service at twenty-eight, had a somewhat similar experience, becoming a major-general of volunteers in 1898 and ending his career as a brigadier-general of regulars.

Both Union and Confederate officers are included in the following brief list of commanders, with their respective ages at the beginning of the Civil War:

Grant, a few days less than thirty-nine; Sherman, forty-one; Sheridan, thirty; McClellan, thirty-five; Burnside and Hancock, thirty-seven; Meade and Thomas, forty-five; Hooker, forty-six; Lee, fifty-four; "Stonewall" Jackson, forty-seven; Early, forty-five; Longstreet, forty; Forrest, thirty-nine; and Pettett, thirty-six.

THE NIGHT SHIFT

TALL cranes that swing deceptive burdens high;
 Long walking-beams that move like rhythmic seas—
 Their rise and fall bent on great mysteries;
 Wild furnace flares that paint the midnight sky;
 Deep-throbbing engines; shunted cars that ply
 Here, there, and on, like sooty, frenzied bees—
 There seems, to eyes unused to scenes like these,
 No rule to judge the steel-mill's chaos by.
 And so with scenes the moment may present,
 While drum-fire rocks the hard-held parapet;
 The plan is order, war the incident;
 And this night, too, shall pass before the sun;
 But some must sleep, some wake, that man shall yet
 Stand worthy of the things that men have done!

Charles C. Jones

Told by the Camera



A BALLOONIST'S LEAP FOR LIFE

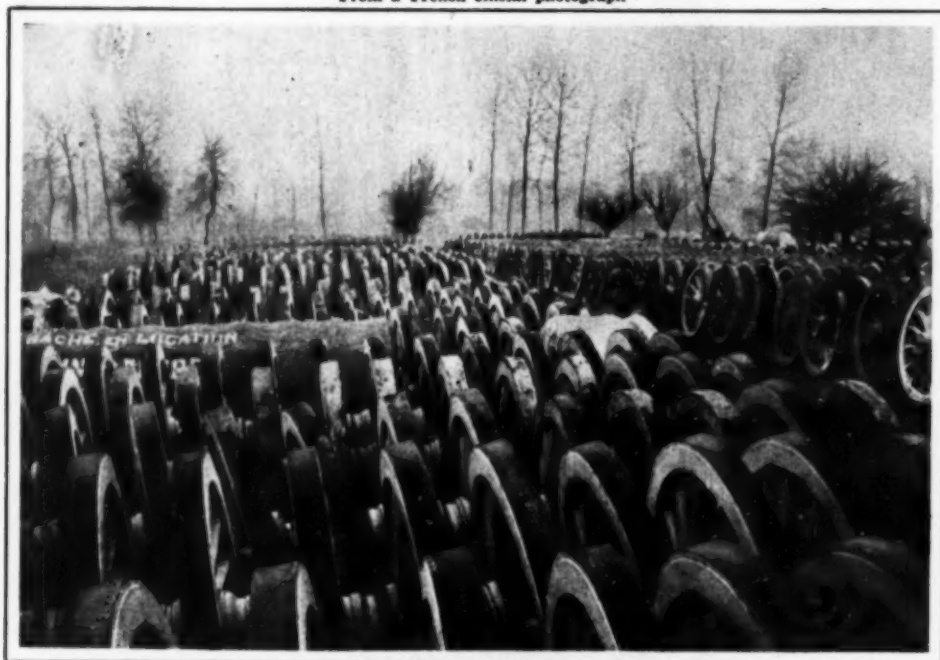
A remarkable photograph which shows a German observer, whose balloon has been set on fire by an Allied aviator, in the act of jumping out, trusting to his parachute for safety



AMERICAN ARMY TRUCKS IN FRANCE

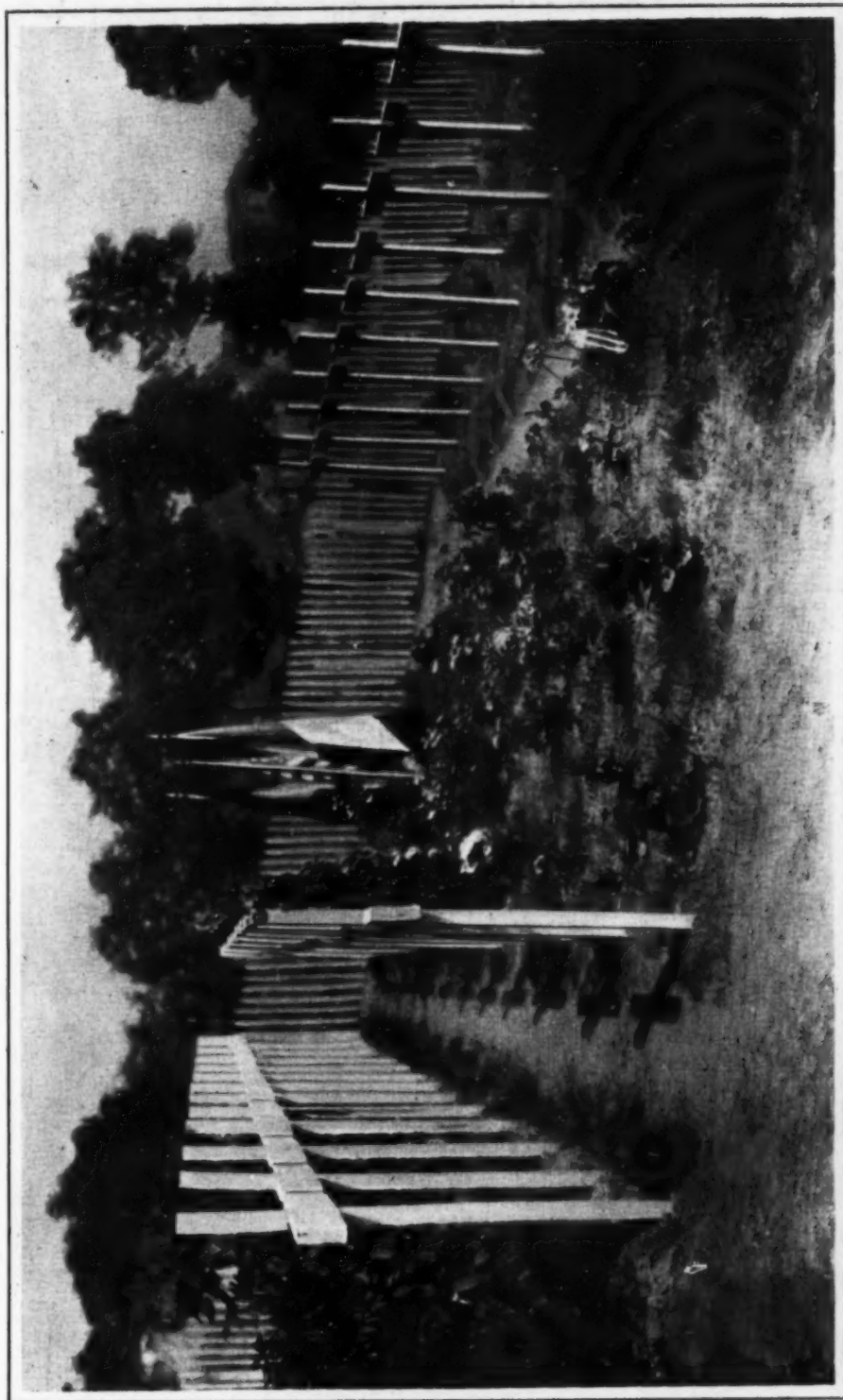
A squadron of our dreadnoughts of the road, carrying supplies to the front along a French highway

From a French official photograph



A STORE OF WHEELS AT ONE OF THE FRENCH BASES

An engraving which gives an idea of the vast equipment needed by an army transport service



"HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE"—GRAVES OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS AT SURESNES, NEAR PARIS
This engraving shows that the graves of our men who give their lives for their country are well cared for



A STUDENT AVIATOR'S PRACTISE GUN

The gun fires no bullets, but contains a camera which records the accuracy of the airman's aim
From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



THE CAMERA OBSCURA OF A BOMBING-PLANE

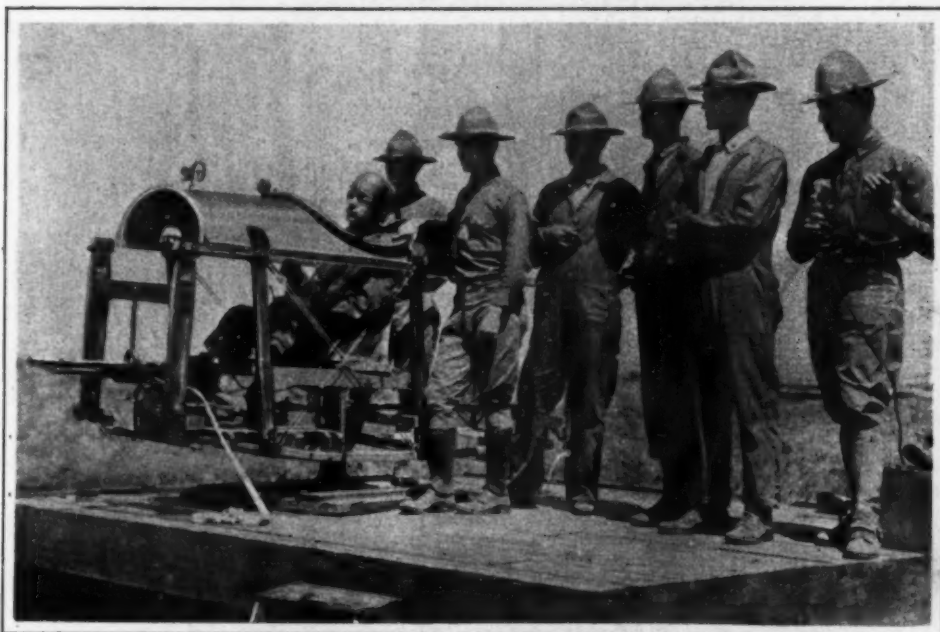
Light from the aperture above projects a picture of the surrounding landscape upon the observer's table
Copyrighted by the Committee on Public Information



GUNNERY PRACTISE FOR OUR AIRMEN

Students at North Island, California, firing with machine guns at targets representing German planes

From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



ANOTHER FORM OF GUNNERY PRACTISE

The student is firing at a moving target from a pivoted plane chassis which sways at every movement

From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



THE GERMANS DENY THAT THEY HAVE DEVASTATED FRANCE

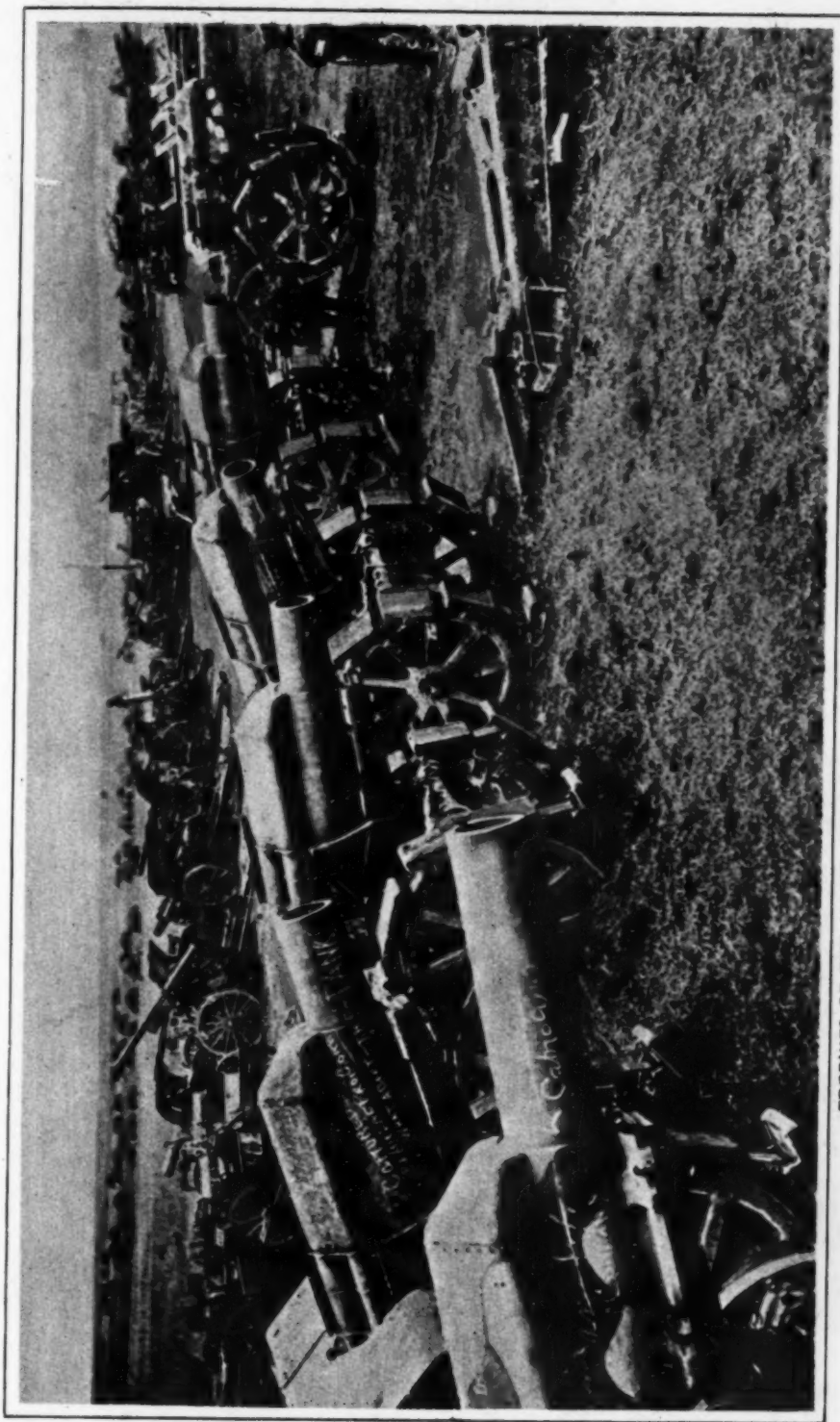
But this photograph of a road near Ayette, after their retreat, does not support their statement



ONE NIGHT'S "FOOD" FOR A BOMBING SQUADRON

Heavy bombs to be dropped on German railroads and military works by a night expedition of British airmen

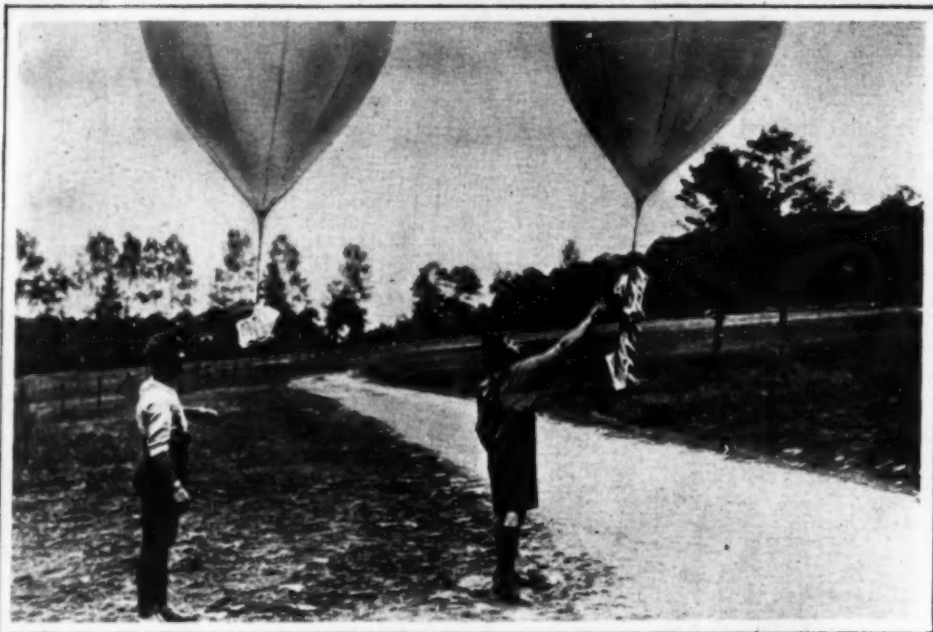
From a British official photograph supplied by Underwood & Underwood, New York



TROPHIES OF THE ALLIED ADVANCE—A GREAT ASSEMBLAGE OF GERMAN GUNS

Some of the captured pieces are inscribed with the names of the units that took them, and with such triumphant phrases as "What about the tanks?"

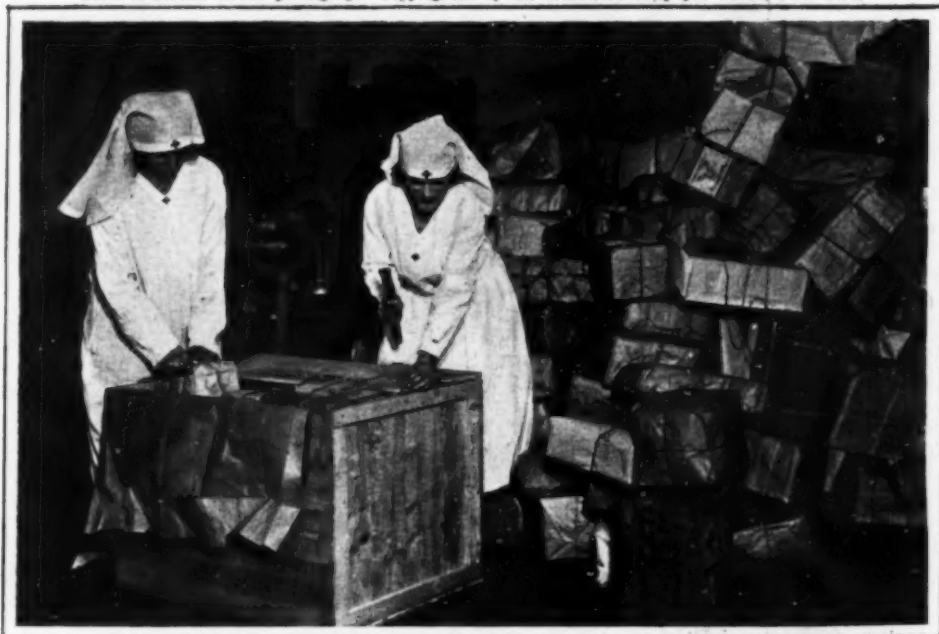
From a British official photograph furnished by the Central News Photo Service, New York



HOW GOOD LITERATURE IS SENT OVER THE GERMAN LINES

When the wind is in the right direction, balloons are sent up with messages of hope to the Belgians and enlightening news for the Germans

From a British official photograph—Copyrighted by the Western Newspaper Union, New York



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR PRISONERS IN GERMANY

Red Cross workers at a New York station packing boxes which will show the unfortunate captives that they have not been forgotten

Germany in the Pacific

HER PLANS FOR SECURING THE MASTERY OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST OCEAN—
WHAT IS TO BE THE FUTURE OF HER RICH ISLAND EMPIRE IN THE
TROPICS, NOW UNDER BRITISH AND JAPANESE RULE?

By Thomas J. McMahon, F. R. G. S.

ONE of the questions to be settled at the end of the war is the future of the magnificent islands, rich in so many ways, that make up the great territory known as German New Guinea. At present they are under British and Japanese military rule, but by the terms of occupation they are still German territory. They are still governed by the Kaiser's laws, modified only by the necessary restrictions of war-time. Their chief law-court is conducted according to German principles by an Australian judge, and outside of military cases all offenses are punished according to the German code.

The German in German New Guinea, while outwardly submissive to the present administration, has not by any means given up hope for the future. Until quite recently, he remained just as confident as he was four years ago that German arms would triumph in the end. Should that happen—which now, fortunately, is manifestly impossible—he was resolved to come with an increased zest, flavored with racial hatred, to lay his merciless hand upon new territories. Indeed, he has often boasted that Germany, at the end of the war, would have America and Japan completely at her mercy, and would proceed to take her pick of the far-flung islands of the Pacific.

Besides its political and military importance, German New Guinea has great commercial possibilities. It has prospered under the Australian administration—which controls all of it except three outlying island groups, held by the Japanese. Its wealth

of coconut, running into thousands of tons annually, and increasing beyond the available means of removal, is a striking asset. It is predicted that within the next ten years its public revenues will amount to hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Practically speaking, the present revenue of the territory is paying for its management. This says much for the energy and determination of the Australian administration, for at the beginning of the war the German authorities threw the finances of their doomed colony into chaos by the wholesale distribution of public funds to all and sundry. They gave handfuls of money to irresponsible persons of no position, and made advances and loans recklessly to officers and settlers. Moreover, they wantonly destroyed valuable property, and deliberately paralyzed industries and trade. All this happened in the first frenzied outburst of disappointment and rage at the downfall of their plans, when, instead of Australia falling into German hands, they found themselves unable to resist the Australian attack.

This, however, was only a transient upheaval. To-day the German settler in New Guinea is by no means like a man who considers himself conquered or deprived of hope. He has resumed his industries, he is acquiring land, he is buying and selling, and the result is that the revenue is almost double what it was under German rule. It can hardly be supposed that he has taken a liking to the enemy within his country. It is much more probable that he is

EDITORIAL NOTE—The author of this article is an Australian writer who has had special opportunities for studying present conditions in German New Guinea, having traveled through the territory with an escort assigned to him by the military administration. The death of General Pethebridge, mentioned on a later page as head of that administration, has been reported since the article was written.

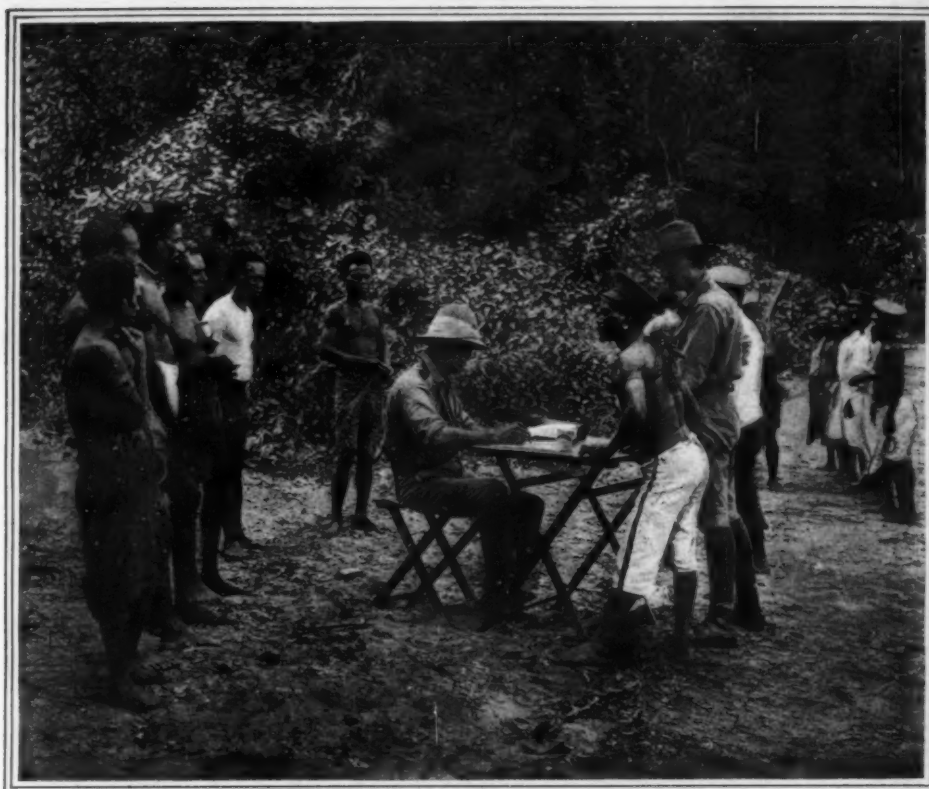
still hoping and working to realize his old ambition—the dream of German commercial and naval domination in the Pacific.

The Germans first appeared in that part of the world about forty years ago. Those were the days when that great missionary, Dr. George Brown, had already planted the British flag in New Guinea. He warned the Australian world of the encroachments of the wily German traders, really wolves in sheep's clothing. These agents of the imperial government declared that acquisition was not their intention, even at the moment when an expedition was sailing out from Sydney harbor to lay strong hands on a territory that had always been regarded as British—British, because British missionaries and British pioneers of industry and trade had long been settled there. The Germans hoisted the German flag, changed the English and French geographical names, and actually defied British statesmen to oust them.

When a German meets an Australian officer in German New Guinea, he doffs his hat as a sign of respect. As is not at all unnatural, the courtesy is most reluctantly given, and it is not uncommon for Germans to walk in the out-of-the-way streets to avoid it. Such things are of little consequence, perhaps; but there is a more serious indication of the German settler's attitude toward the future. It is a fact, known to the administration, that he is carefully keeping alive in the minds of the natives the idea that the German government will one day come back. This is a very easy matter in the more remote parts of the islands, where Australian district officers seldom visit, or where immediate supervision is impossible, and where the German planter or trader carries on his business undisturbed and in close and constant touch with thousands of natives. The result is that many of the natives are misled—though they can never wish to welcome



A COCONUT-PLANTATION IN NEW MECKLENBURG (FORMERLY NEW IRELAND), THE SECOND LARGEST ISLAND OF THE BISMARCK ARCHIPELAGO—MR. MOULTON, OWNER OF THE PLANTATION, IS SAID TO BE THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE ILL-FATED EXPEDITION OF THE MARQUIS DE RAYS



AN AUSTRALIAN OFFICIAL COLLECTING TAXES IN GERMAN NEW GUINEA—EVERY NATIVE WHO HAS NO EMPLOYMENT MUST PAY AN ANNUAL TAX OF TEN SHILLINGS, THE PURPOSE OF WHICH IS TO MAKE THE NATIVES WORK

back the taskmasters who at one time bitterly oppressed them, and who have always regarded them as mere chattels in human flesh.

The tremendous issues of the world war must be decided upon the battle-fields of Europe. It is easy to assert that Germany must be driven out of the Pacific; but the problems of the future cannot be solved by an offhand phrase. The German territory in the Pacific is immensely valuable. Great sums of German money have been spent upon it, and it promises vast profits in the future. It is certain that Germany will not give it without a mighty effort to keep her grasp upon it. Whatever peace proposals she may make, she is likely to fight to the last man and the last mark before she will give up her fondest dream—a grand new empire in one of the richest quarters of the globe.

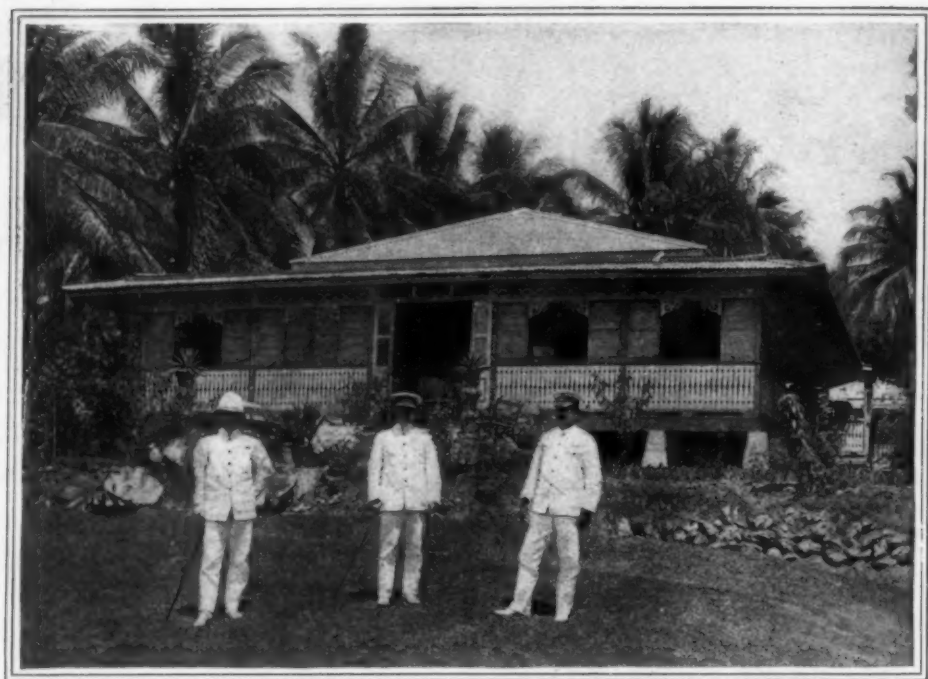
It is time for Australians, and for all who are concerned in the destiny of the Pacific,

to be keener students of the political and commercial geography of their own hemisphere. It is time, I warn them, to decide that German possession in the Pacific must end, for German possession means aggression. Just and unselfish ideals, not those of Germany, must rule the islands and the waves of that mighty ocean.

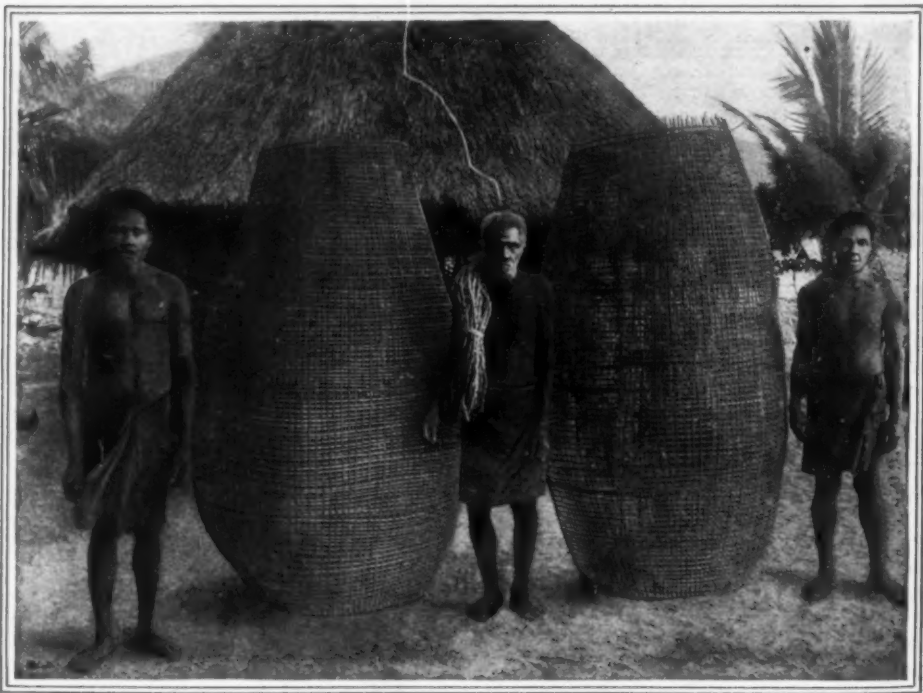
AN ISLAND EMPIRE IN THE TROPICS

The first impression that a traveler gets of German New Guinea is a realization of its extent—it includes several hundred islands—and of the richness and importance of every part of it. That impression is followed by wonder that the statesmen who held office in London forty years ago, or just previous to the German occupation, could have been so ignorant of facts, so neglectful in the matter of investigation, and altogether so indifferent to the amazing possibilities of these tropical islands.

German New Guinea, as understood by



THE HOUSE OF A GERMAN PLANTER IN GERMAN NEW GUINEA—MOST OF THE OWNERS OF COCONUT-PLANTATIONS ARE RICH, AND HAVE ALL THE COMFORTS OF WEALTH



NATIVES OF NEW POMERANIA (FORMERLY NEW BRITAIN), THE LARGEST ISLAND OF THE BISMARCK ARCHIPELAGO, WITH THEIR GREAT WICKER FISH-TRAPS

the Germans, means all the territory governed from the central seat of administration — Rabaul. This comprises Kaiser Wilhelm's Land, the large slice of British New Guinea ceded in weak compliance with German demands; the Bismarck Archipelago, and innumerable islands, mostly small,

and is about equal to the combined area of the States of New York and Pennsylvania. It has a population of more than three hundred and fifty thousand natives, and some thousands of whites, Chinese, Japanese, and Malays. Under Japanese administration the native population is per-



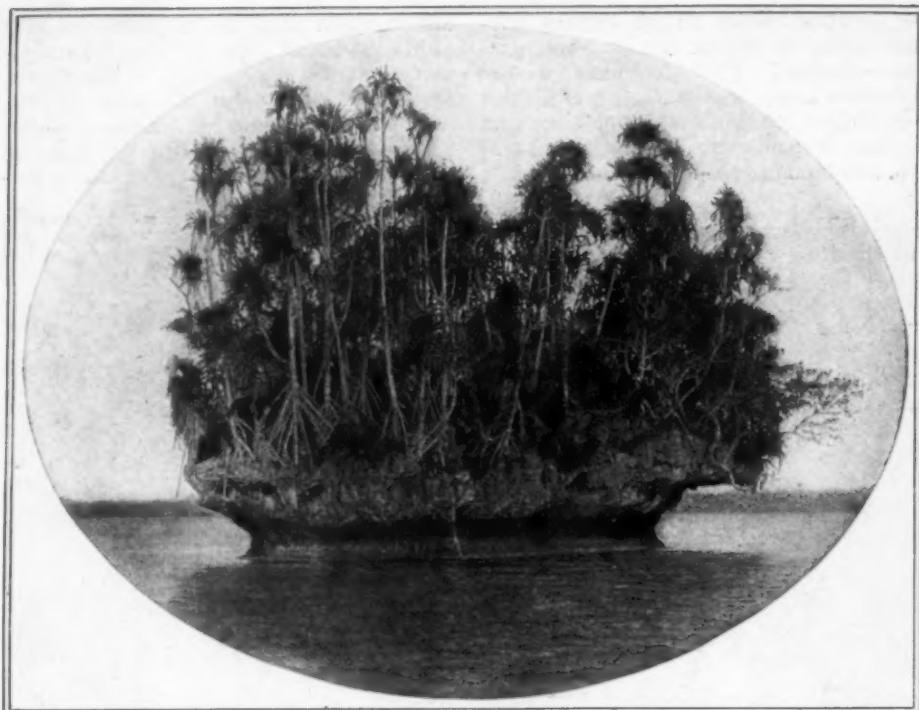
NATIVE WOMEN, WORKERS ON A PLANTATION IN GERMAN NEW GUINEA, CARRYING SACKS OF SWEET POTATOES, WHICH ARE ONE OF THE CHIEF ITEMS OF THEIR FOOD

dotted over a great expanse of ocean. Among these are Naru, a tiny speck about a thousand miles from Rabaul, and valued for its phosphate at more than a billion dollars; the German Solomon Islands; Bougainville, Buka, and several other groups, at present under Australian administration and garrisoned by Australian soldiers. The rest of the territory is made up of the Carolines, the Marshall Islands, and the Mariana or Ladrone Islands, occupied and administered by Japan with Japanese sailors.

The area occupied by Australian forces is considerably greater than the State of Victoria in the Commonwealth of Australia,

haps sixty thousand natives, with a few whites and Japanese.

The German settlements or towns are strikingly complete and well arranged. Money has been lavishly expended, and there is no doubt that German officials were so well cared for that the colonial service proved attractive to a good class of men. A German district officer held a high position, and was entitled to many privileges. Not only did he receive a good salary, but he had a spacious and well-furnished official residence, with many servants. Every few years he had a liberal holiday, which he was obliged to take, so as to keep him a fit, contented, and energetic servant. In



FLOWER-POT ISLAND, A NATURAL CURIOSITY OF THE LAURENBURG GROUP (FORMERLY DUKE OF YORK ISLANDS), IN GERMAN NEW GUINEA

his shorter holidays he would usually visit Australia; the longer ones—six to twelve months—it was compulsory to spend in Germany.

The most valuable asset of this German territory should be the natives, as an abundant and available source of labor. Unfortunately, in German New Guinea, the native is "sick." He is not increasing in numbers, and there is danger that a serious decline will set in unless some effective means of legislation is introduced to regenerate the race—which is quite a possibility. The German administration recognized this when it was too late for it to get seriously to work.

In most of the islands of the Pacific the native races are dying out, and all authorities are agreed that there is no time to be lost in checking this disastrous loss, which is a serious menace to all forms of industry. The intelligence of the native warrants any effort that will successfully cope with it.

EARLIER HISTORY OF THE ISLANDS

The German territory is rich in historical associations. One can go back to the days

when Spanish ships sailed the oceans, apparently taking little notice of the fine tropical lands, but searching greedily for gold and silver. The Spaniards left behind them but scanty records, mostly concerned with their encounters with the warlike natives. In more recent times we have stories of the plucky missionaries and of enterprising British and American traders.

One of the heroines of the local history was Queen Emma, a woman of splendid courage and marvelous business ability. Half a Samoan, she practically started German New Guinea on its present lines of prosperity. She opened up thousands upon thousands of acres of coconuts, which to-day are bearing profitable crops. She was an enterprising trader as well as a successful planter, and from her the German New Guinea Development Company, in which the Kaiser is said to be heavily interested, bought the trading rights that it has found so profitable.

One can drive for hours through the estates planted under the direct management of this remarkable woman. She strenuously opposed the intrusion of the Germans.

The conduct of the German officers and their cruelty to the natives, whom she always championed, so exasperated her that she declared her otherwise hospitable mansion *tabu* to them—that is, forbidden ground.

For years this lady reigned in the islands. Her liberality was unbounded, her friendliness to the missions was steadfast, and her memory is green in the hearts of thousands of the natives and many white people. She had thousands in her employ, drove each day in a very smart rickshaw to her central office at Rabaul, and conducted every detail of her many commercial enterprises. She eventually married a handsome young German officer named Kolbe, and went to Europe, where her wealth won her favor in the higher social circles of Berlin. She died last year in Monte Carlo.

Some thirty-eight years ago there was an ambitious attempt at settlement on one of the larger islands of German New Guinea—New Ireland, since renamed New Mecklenburg by the Germans. A rich French nobleman, the Marquis de Rays, had the idea of starting a new kingdom there. At any rate, he saw himself the prince or chief of an active settlement of prosperous colonists, enjoying broad acres, and by their enthusiasm and skill becoming rich on a tropic isle of fertile soil and inexhaustible mineral wealth. A magniloquent prospectus was issued describing New Ireland as a terrestrial paradise, with its green hills ever gleaming and refreshing, its magnificent soil, its glorious climate, the everlasting blue of its skies, and the calm of its surrounding seas. Every settler was to get about fifty acres of land, with a house and all comforts—a veritable dream of wealth,



A TYPICAL LANDSCAPE IN BOUGAINVILLE ISLAND, THE LARGEST OF THE SOLOMON GROUP—THIS IS AN ISLAND OF ABOUT FOUR THOUSAND SQUARE MILES, MOUNTAINOUS AND UNDEVELOPED



MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL WHICH THE GERMANS BUILT AS A PASSAGE BETWEEN RABAU, THEIR CAPITAL, AND THE NORTH COAST OF NEW MECKLENBURG—THEY BLEW THE TUNNEL UP WHEN THE AUSTRALIANS ATTACKED THE PLACE, BUT IT HAS BEEN RESTORED

possession, and earthly happiness to people accustomed to the crowded soil of France, Belgium, and Italy.

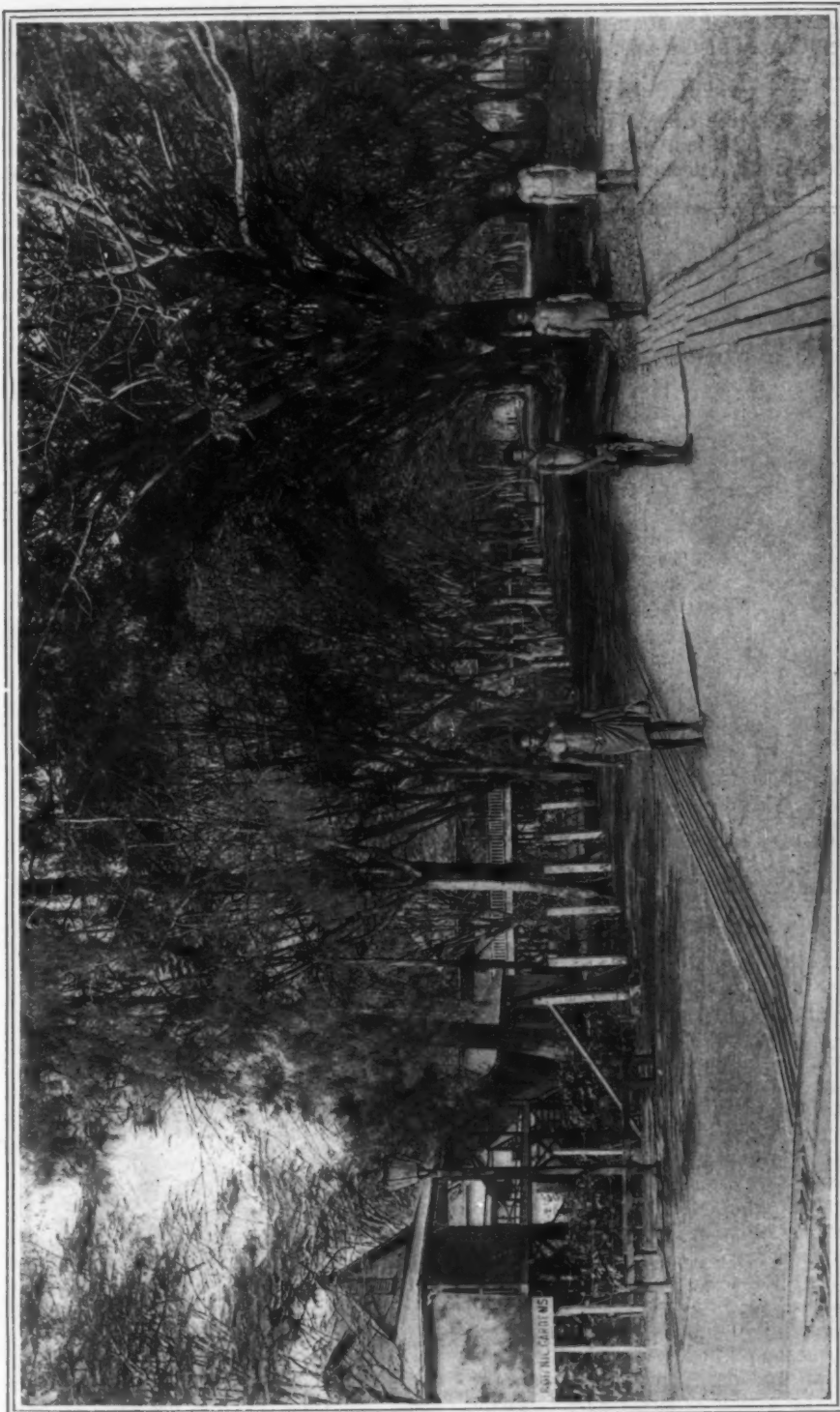
The would-be colonists were numerous, and among them were people of substance, who gave up comfortable homes in order to enjoy the ideal existence that was promised them; but from the first the enterprise suffered from extraordinary mismanagement. To this day it is a matter of wonder to all who know the story why the spot chosen for the new settlers was selected. It was the extreme southeast point of New Ireland, unsheltered, at the abrupt end of the great mountain-chain that runs right through the island. Here, upon the open beach, were dumped steam cranes, machinery for sugar-mills and sawmills. There were

piles of incubators, carriages, gorgeous harness, agricultural implements, bricks, and building material. There were crates of food and immense piles of clothing.

Money had been liberally spent, but the lack of organization brought about the most absurd, and, in the end, the most disastrous, results. Boxes of handles for axes and shovels were landed, but no axes or shovels could be found. Steam-boilers and machines of all kinds lacked some of their essential parts. There were stacks of wheelbarrows, but no wheels for them. Badly packed food was spoiled, clothing was heavy and unsuitable; in short, nothing was suitable or complete, except the materials for building a cathedral, which were perfect to the minutest detail. A

cathedral it was to have been in size and finish, a gift to the settlers from the people of France. Unfortunately, the materials were never put together, because there were no proper tools for such work, and there they lay to go to ruin.

Many of the would-be settlers never left the ship, so keen was their disappointment. Malaria attacked those who landed, and it was found that quinin had been omitted from the medical stores. The colonists scattered, many of them going to Australia. Only one of them, a mere boy, elected to continue his search for fortune in this island world; and to-day that boy is one of the wealthiest men in New Guinea, and still active and hearty. A steam-boiler and some scrap-iron, rusted and useless, is all



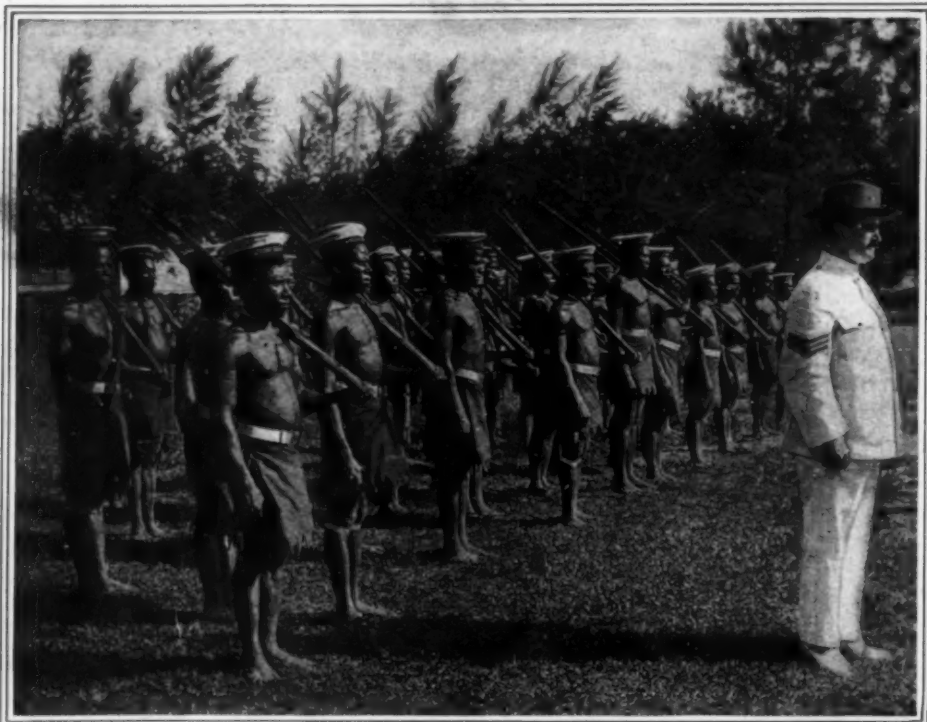
ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL STREETS OF RABAUL, THE CAPITAL OF GERMAN NEW GUINEA—RABAUL IS DESCRIBED AS AN ATTRACTIVE TROPICAL TOWN, WITH NEAT HOUSES AND SHADY, WELL-KEPT THOROUGHFARES, AND THE AUSTRALIAN AUTHORITIES HAVE GREATLY REDUCED THE FORMER PREVALENCE OF MALARIA

that tells the tale of what was to have been the Free Colony of Oceania.

WHEN THE GERMAN FLAG CAME DOWN

The story of the occupation of German New Guinea by the Australian forces is one of the most interesting of the minor

trenched, the whole foreshore was a network of mines, and the landing-party lost two officers and four men at the very instant of stepping ashore. A desperate fight ousted the Germans from their trenches, but the Australians were harassed all the way to the wireless station by native sol-



THE NATIVE SOLDIERY OF NEW GUINEA, ORGANIZED BY THE GERMANS, BUT NOW IN THE BRITISH SERVICE AND COMMANDED BY AUSTRALIAN OFFICERS

chapters in the record of this great war. In the territory, and on German war-ships in the Pacific, everything was ready for the break with England and for a sudden attack upon Australia; but the promptness and readiness of the Australian navy upset the calculations of the Kaiser's strategists. Instead of the formidable squadron of German cruisers raiding the Australian ports and blocking the trade routes of the Pacific, an Australian expedition was immediately organized and landed in New Britain to capture and silence the powerful wireless station near Herbertshöhe.

The landing of the Australian force was skilfully accomplished, and gave an opportunity for fine dash and bravery on the part of the young sailors. The Germans were everywhere prepared and strongly en-

diery hidden in the dense jungle. To this day the keenness of the fight may be judged from the thousands of bullet-holes to be seen in the great gum-trees along the road. The station was captured and destroyed, and in less than a week the Australians were virtually in command of German New Guinea.

The Australian administration of the conquered territory is practically a civil government, with just enough of military strictness to keep in check any hope the Germans might have of being troublesome. The officials in charge have the status of victorious strangers holding the country until the time shall come for a decision as to its future disposition. It is easy to imagine that their task has not been an easy one; and the undoubted success of the new

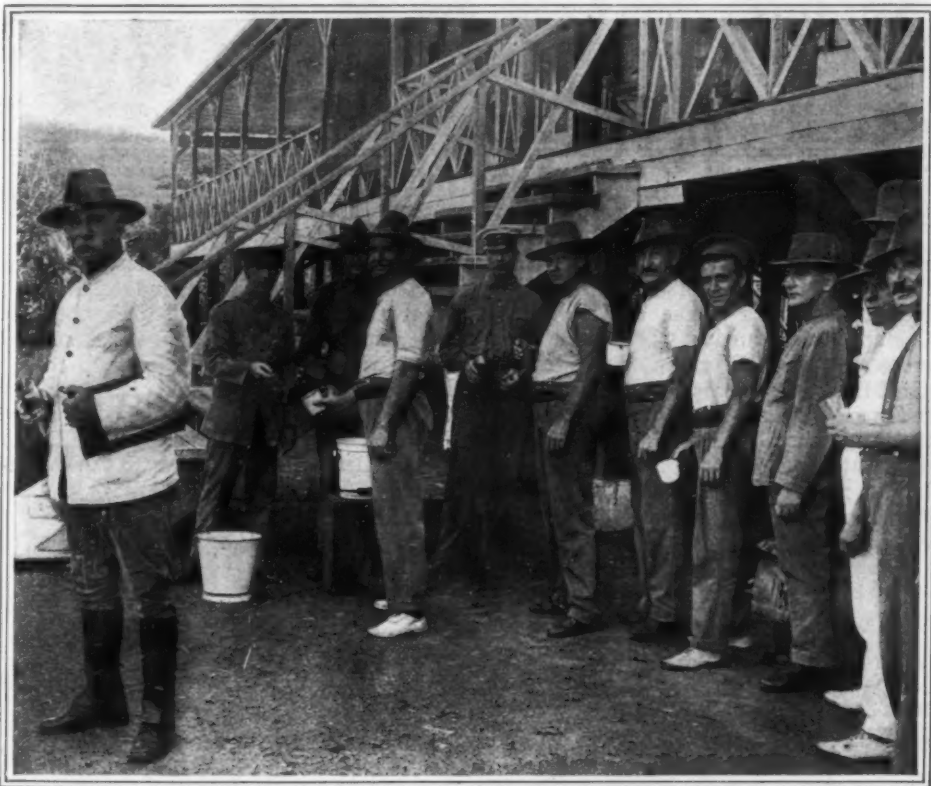
régime has been largely due to the fact that Australia sent an exceptionally capable man to stand at the head of it.

Sir Samuel Pethebridge, an Australian by birth, a naval officer of practical experience, and a former secretary of the Department of Defense at Melbourne, has done work of the highest quality, and has ably guided the administration through many difficulties. He found chaos and restored order. He has set every department in efficient operation. He has widened and improved the fine roads throughout the territory. He has sent his district officers into almost every nook and corner. He has released the native from practical enslavement. He has kept the small fleet of boats that belonged to the German government going constantly. Trade has increased a hundredfold, and the government revenues have steadily risen. The German planters and settlers have been tactfully treated, and possess every reasonable lib-

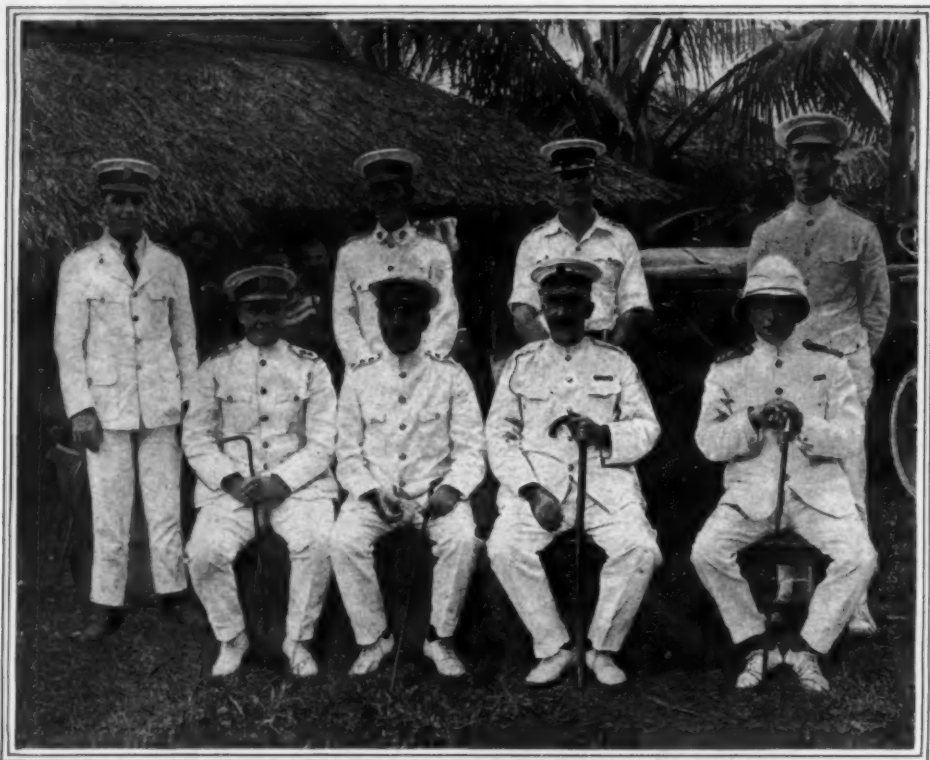
erty—a marked and characteristic contrast to the savagery of German rule in Belgium.

Of the many departments of the administration, special mention should be made of the successful adjudication by an Australian judge, Colonel Mackenzie, of the litigation of the colony. This, as has already been said, is conducted according to German-made laws—among them, for instance, a statute of lese-majesty which makes it an actionable offense to call the Kaiser an ass. The German code is carried out so strictly that even Australian officers, when they are married in Rabaul—as some have been—must first go through the civil function in court and before the judge.

Colonel Strangman, the chief medical officer of the Australian administration, has also done remarkably good work. His energy has drawn admiration from the Germans themselves, though at first they were inclined to resent the strictness with which he enforced the regulations concerning the



QUININ DRILL AT RABAU—EVERY OTHER DAY THE SOLDIERS AND EMPLOYEES OF THE AUSTRALIAN GARRISON LINE UP TO RECEIVE THEIR ALLOWANCE OF QUININ, WITH A PANNIKIN OF RUM TO WASH IT DOWN



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR SAMUEL PETHEBRIDGE, MILITARY GOVERNOR OF GERMAN NEW GUINEA, AND HIS STAFF—GENERAL PETHEBRIDGE (RECENTLY DECEASED) IS SEATED IN THE FRONT ROW, SECOND FROM THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE, WITH A CANE IN HIS LEFT HAND

sanitation of houses and the supervision of the health of native workers. Malaria has hitherto been the plague of Rabaul, but Colonel Strangman has waged such a vigorous war upon the mosquito carrying the germ that cases of the disease have grown fewer each year. The Chinese quarter of the town, which under German rule was an overcrowded and neglected hive, has been largely rebuilt on better lines, and is subjected to daily inspection by sanitary officers.

Australians are proud of the success of

their administration in the territory conquered by their soldiers and sailors, but what concerns them most is the problem of the future of this great German colony. They trust that all Americans will realize how vitally important the question is to every nation possessing interests in the Pacific, and how dangerous it would be to restore German New Guinea to the ownership of a militaristic power that would undoubtedly use it in the future, as in the past, as a base for aggressive schemes of world domination.

TROPICAL TWILIGHT

THE tropical twilight,
Half dusky and half bright,
Is like a magic flower
Born at the sunset hour,
Whose transient petals hold
Soft gray and shadowy gold.

William H. Hayne

The Night Before Christmas

BY KATHRYN JARBOE BULL

Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz

THERE were two Jeanne-Maries, one big and the other little. There had been two ever since the wee baby had been laid in the new mother's arms, five years before, and the white lips had breathed:

"Jeanne-Marie!"

But now the one was burdened with the weight and wo that come to women, and the other was shriveled and shrunken by the waste and ravage of war. Desolation, privation, even starvation, had dwarfed the fragile bones, had left only a wrinkled skin to hang upon them. And yet, in spite of all of it, the soul of the small Jeanne-Marie had not lost the celestial gaiety it had brought with it to the earth.

The child's gurgling laugh won an instant

way to the hearts of the khaki-clad men who for a time were billeted in the shattered hovel that had been her home. From the first moment there was a basis of conversation between her and the big American soldiers—consisting principally of signs, of course, with a fair sprinkling of villainously pronounced French on the part of the men, and a word or two of absurd English on the baby lips.

To Jim Bassett, only a few short months from the broad Western prairies, ever mindful of the ten-year-old boy on the rich Wyoming ranch, the puny child seemed to epitomize the agony of the war. *Jongmerry* he called her, and it was these two who first discovered that they could converse with entire mutual satisfaction. It was he who



"VOUS SAVVY SANTA CLAUS, JONGMERRY?"

interpreted for her to the other men, and she who explained his meaning to her mother and to the other forlorn mites of the almost deserted village. And it was to Jim Bassett that the big idea occurred, just a week before Christmas—the first American Christmas that France had ever seen.

For a month and more gray-coated women and white-clad nurses had stopped at the door of Jeanne-Marie's home and asked the mother if she would not go away, if she would not let them send her to some place where she could be cared for, where she and the little girl and the baby so soon to arrive would be more comfortable. Always her reply was the same—a negative shake of the head; she would stay where her man had left her, where he would come to find her. He had been wounded once, he had come back once. It had not been so long—this with a pathetic, revealing movement of the hands—and he would come again. She was grateful, but she would stay.

A light snow covered the ground, and in front of the blackened hearth, where two small bits of wood smoldered, Jim Bassett sat holding the small Jeanne-Marie. There was no warmth from the fire, but the little girl, close-cuddled in the strong arms, half covered by the khaki coat, lay content and happy.

There was a brooding look on the man's face. Only a week to Christmas! What would his little son do without him—the first Christmas he had ever been away from home?

Then the big idea came. He laughed, and Jeanne-Marie, pushing herself back from him, looked up into his face and laughed, too—a rippling, gurgling peal of merry notes.

"*Vous*"—the word was so like its English equivalent, so easy, and Jim prided himself immensely on his fluent use of it—"vous savvy Santa Claus, Jongmerry?"

The tiny black brows puckered for an instant.

"*Sainte Marie?*" she questioned. "*Saint Jean?*"

"No, none of your heathen saints in mine!" Jim returned. "Just plain old American Santa Claus!"

"Oh!" Jeanne-Marie clapped her hands. "*Le saint Américain—mais ye-es!*"

She laughed again in her pride over the English word.

"Now, listen," Jim began. "'Twas the

night before Christmas, and all through the house—"

Many of the stanzas he had forgotten, many of the lines had lost both rime and rhythm, but Jeanne-Marie's tiny palms measured the music of the words, and her laughter pealed for every emphasized word.

"Now, of course, you haven't understood a word of that lingo," Jim rounded off his recitation; "but *vous savvy* Christmas? What in Sam Hill do they call it here? Oh, *Noël!*"

"*Le Noël!*"

She breathed a happy sigh of relief. Once more they were on the ground of perfect comprehension.

"Bully!" Jim exclaimed. "Well, *Noël*—Santa Claus—comes."

He pointed up the chimney and then hammered his own chest. Several times he repeated the pantomime, but no understanding dawned in the dark eyes under the puckered brows. Suddenly a spasm of terror contracted the child's face, and she flung her tiny arms about his neck.

"Good Lord! She's thinking of shells," he groaned. "No—*nong*. Look here!" He took a lemon-drop from a pocket. "Santa Claus brings these, millions of 'em."

The number conveyed no idea to Jeanne-Marie; but, sucking the lemon-drop, she was once more happy. Jim was happy, he wanted her to be happy, and, of course, this *saint Américain* must be happy, too!

"And chocolates, millions of 'em," Jim repeated.

The gurgling laugh rang out.

"*Chocolats!*"

Here was another word in common.

"And see here," Jim went on. "*Vous* take these." He drew off one dilapidated little shoe, with its worn stocking, and dangled the latter in front of the chimney.

"Good Lord! It's too small, but I'll bring my own socks. I guess she'll get the idea all right from this. See, Jongmerry, Santa Claus!" He rammed his fist into the top of the stocking. "Millions of lemon-drops!" He pointed at her mouth. "Millions of chocolates!" He bulged the side of the stocking wide and full. "Santa Claus, *vous savvy?*"

"*Mais ye-es, ye-es!*"

At last she had grasped the idea that Jim had been so slow in conveying. *Le saint Américain* lived in the chimney, and would come—that was what Jim had meant—at the *Noël* and put the queer sour-sweet



BASSETT KNEW THE NECESSITY FOR INSTANT HELP

things and chocolates into a stocking. The legend of childhood was complete in her brain, and over the absurdity of it she laughed and laughed until even Jim was satisfied.

But the big idea had grown bigger.

"*Vous savvy doll?*" he questioned.

The pathos of it filled her eyes with quick tears. There was more that her adored Jim wanted her to understand.

"Doll," she repeated blankly.

The tall soldier picked the child up, cradled her in his strong arms as if she were a small infant, smoothed her hair, and patted her cheek. He even essayed a crooning lullaby.

"Oh, *bébé!*"

Jeanne-Marie freed herself in laughing comprehension.

"Well, *baybay*, if that's what you call

it." He put her down. "And, by Jiminy crimps, it'll be a big one, too!"

Her lips followed the curious words, but their articulation was too intricate. He left her, then, to the vision of the Santa Claus which he had evoked, not round and pudgy, fur-clad and smoke-wreathed, but tall and stalwart, and dressed all in khaki.

Straight to the hospital he went and straight to the only woman he knew in France.

"I've got to have a doll," he announced. "Gee, Miss Allen, ain't it a relief to talk good plain American after all this parley-voing we have to do?"

"A doll, Mr. Bassett?" Dorothy Allen gasped. "We nurses are asked for some queer things over here, but this is the limit. A doll, you say?"

"Yes, a doll," he answered; "or if you'd rather call it a *baybay*, as they say over here, you can. I've got to have it, and I've got to have it by Christmas eve; and, by Jiminy crimps, it's got to be a big one, too!"

For only a second the girl hesitated, and then she laughed.

"And, by Jiminy crimps," she mimicked, "I'll make you one, if it's only a rag doll like those I made for my kid sisters at home!" Sudden tears sprang into her eyes and splashed over. "It's only a week to Christmas—Christmas at home!" But here the tears were caught and stopped by the curving smile of her lips. "You shall have your doll, sure. Come to me on Christmas eve, and I'll have it ready for you."

II

It was the night before Christmas, and there was much stirring in the small village so close behind the fighting-line—stirring of sudden attack, stirring of shot and shell, stirring of the wounded and dying, stirring of succor and help; but in spite of the confusion, Jim Bassett had remembered his promise to Jeanne-Marie. His pockets filled with small sweetcakes and candies, he had gone down to her remnant of a home and, with proper ceremony, had nailed to the chimney a pair of his own big gray woolen socks.

Then, suddenly, he had heard a sound from the woman on the bed. Some ten years before, when the boy on the Wyoming ranch had been born, Bassett had driven fifty miles for a doctor. He recognized the sound, he knew the necessity for instant help.

"Come to me on Christmas eve," Dorothy Allen had said.

Straight to her he ran, but no thought of the doll was in his mind. He found her at the door of the hospital, where she had come for a moment's breath of air. She seemed made of adamant as he voiced his plea.

"Impossible!" Her white lips only shaped the word at first, and hurriedly she added: "We are overtaxed here, overcrowded. There is no one who could go, no one who could leave for a moment!"

"I am going off for an hour, Miss Allen." It was one of the surgeons who spoke, not even stopping as he passed through the door. "Report to Dr. Phillips, please."

There were dead and dying behind those walls, there was the grim fight to hold back the dark angel and yet, such a little distance away, there was life struggling to bring life into the world. To Bassett's mind there flashed the thought of motherhood on Christmas eve, of the Babe cradled in the manger.

"For Christ's sake!"

They were strange words on the lips of the rough soldier, strange words under that cold, starlit sky.

"What is it?" the surgeon asked. To Bassett's explanation he answered only: "We will go with you."

In front of the blackened hearth the small Jeanne-Marie sat, her eyes fixed in steady contemplation on the big gray socks. Around their tops ran lines of red and white and blue, the tricolor of her own country—always the colors of France, and now the colors of the flag that had come to save France. Hadn't Jim made her understand that? Hadn't he made her understand that his flag, with the big red and white stripes and all the little stars on the blue sky cloth, came to help and save?

The child moved a little closer to the hearth. *Le saint Américain* was very slow in coming.

In her absorption she did not notice that Jim had come back, had brought with him two strangers. She heard none of the commotion that attends life when it gives forth life. She may have slept a little. She was roused by a soft touch on her shoulder, by a flannel-wrapped bundle that was laid in her arms, by a gentle voice that breathed:

"Your little sister, child!" And the voice added painfully: "*Votre petite sœur!*"

Jeanne-Marie *must* have slept, for, as her



SHE SEEMED MADE OF ADAMANT AS HE VOICED HIS PLEA

half-opened eyes rested upon the wee red face on her arm, her lips repeated Jim Bassett's curious words:

"By Jeemeny creemps, a beeg one!"

Then, almost fearfully, she raised her eyes to the gray socks, to which Jim, in the restless moments of his utter uselessness, had transferred the contents of his pockets.

Round and bulging, even as Jim had said they would be, they hung before her. For Jim's sake she had tried to believe; and now it had come true! With a cry, joyous as any peal of Christmas bells, she ran toward the corner of the room where her mother lay.

"Jeanne-Marie, Jeanne-Marie, *le saint Américain—regardez donc!*"

"She means Santa Claus," Bassett was explaining to Dorothy Allen. "It was for little Jongmerry that I wanted the doll, you know, and—"

But Miss Allen was not listening. Kneeling down by the child, she asked:

"What is your name, my child?"

"*Mais Jeanne-Marie, moi*"—she touched her breast with her tiny finger—"et Jeanne-Marie là!" She pointed toward her mother. "*Jeanne-Marie la grande et Jeanne-Marie la petite!*"

Dorothy Allen's fingers closed almost convulsively upon the surgeon's arm. No

longer the quiet, subservient Red Cross nurse, but just a girl quick of comprehension, impulsive of action, she cried:

"Dr. Bird, it is for these two that the man, Paget, who was brought in a week ago, is asking—big Jeanne-Marie and little Jeanne-Marie. We told him that they were gone, that there was no one left."

"Paget?" The word was only breathed, but the sick woman tried to raise herself from the bed. "My man!"

It was a simple matter for Dr. Bird to quiet her, to make her understand that assuredly her man was there—near to her, very near indeed, in the big American hospital; that he had been wounded, but not dangerously; and that soon, as soon as might be, she could go to him or he would be brought to her.

Christmas eve was slipping into Christmas Day when the surgeon, his hour's respite having come to an end, reentered the hospital doors.

"A pretty big order old Santa Claus took that time!"

Jim Bassett spoke awkwardly. His place was not by the side of one of the surgeons of the Red Cross, but in his attempt at jesting, he was offering what acknowledgment he might.

"He knew that he had a pretty good representative in you," the surgeon answered, laying his hand for an instant on the khaki-covered shoulder. "'For Christ's sake!' That was how you asked me. Sometimes, over here, the one thing seems as much of a myth as the other, and then some-

thing happens to prove—well, what has been proved to-night. I guess we both know what that is. Good night! Thank you for letting me help, and a merry Christmas to you and yours!"

Bassett turned away. The big doors closed, and it was only he who heard the sob in his own throat. He had just remembered, for the first time in hours, the little ten-year-old lad back in Wyoming.

Down in her fragment of a home, the small Jeanne-Marie was crooning to the red bundle in her arms a never-ending tale of the *saint Américain* who lived in the chimney and did such wonderful, wonderful things. Over in her corner, big Jeanne-Marie lay and asked the good God in her heaven and all the saints in her calendar to bless and succor all Americans, even as these Americans had blessed and succored her and hers.

In the doorway, Dorothy Allen, left behind by Bassett and the surgeon, stood and cried quite freely and frankly, with no upturned, smiling lips to catch the tears—for no particular reason except just—why, just that it was Christmas day, Christmas at home, Christmas with all its joys of loving and giving—giving—

Suddenly she looked up at the stars, her eyes unveiled by tears. For, quite as the big idea had come to Jim Bassett, quite as it had been proved to Dr. Bird, so it was revealed to her that it was Christmas, too, in France—a Christmas of the love born so long ago on that day, a Christmas of the service wrought in its name.

THE UNFETTERED

WINTER, stark iconoclast,
Forges fetters firm and fast;

Seals the lips of song, and sets
Gyves on dancing rivulets;

Binds each bloom that stars the mold
With its rigid chains of cold;

Robs the sap within the tree
Of sweet leafy liberty.

But through every icy hour
There is one thing scorns its power:

Love, through your fair ministering,
Still my heart is free as spring!

Clinton Scollard

Army Newspapers

INTERESTING AND CHARACTERISTIC PRODUCTIONS THAT SHOW THE FINE SPIRIT
OF OUR SOLDIERS AS WELL AS THEIR ABUNDANT LITERARY TALENT

By Edwin Justus Mayer

A FAMOUS poet wisely observed that man cannot live without cooks. He did not add that man—civilized man, at least—cannot live without newspapers; but that the truth of this is recognized in Washington and at the headquarters of the American Expeditionary Force is seen in the establishment by the government of the *Stars and Stripes*, a newspaper published by and for the A. E. F., to record its doings, to express its emotions, and to keep it abreast of the current history of the world.

But it is not only our government which has realized the necessity of newspapers for our soldiers. Our soldiers have recognized it themselves, and the result has been that since our small army became a great one a surprising number of journals published by and for individual units and camps have come into a spirited existence. That these sheets should vary in scope is only natural; but all of them show certain typical characteristics. All of them have interesting opinions to express on Fritz, breakfast, sergeants, life in the army, and a host of other things and persons, generally including many, many girls and the inevitable only girl.

Some of the publications treat news more ambitiously than others. One of them claims to enjoy the facilities of the Assassinated Press—whatever that may be. Some fill their columns in the manner and with the material of a metropolitan daily; others confine their articles to the activities of the particular units publishing them. Of course, the most romantic of the lot are the ones published in France on the battle-line of freedom; newspapers which lead a more precarious existence than the traditional colored Republican voter in Georgia on election day, and which make their ap-

pearance as fitfully, but a good deal more cheerfully and more sure of themselves. In all of them the soul of America shines out—resolute, militant, and with a fine touch of merriment and poetry. Of such is our republic.

The *Stars and Stripes* is an eight-page paper, printing seven columns on a page—a page a trifle longer than that of the average newspaper. Its make-up denotes that its management is in the hands of professional journalists. It is a well-made up sheet; a serious sheet, and at the same time a joyful sheet. It takes the boche seriously, but not too seriously, which is as it should be.

For, after all, what supreme master of the comic spirit ever created anything more ridiculous than the goose-step, and all the sword-rattling vaporings of the Teutonic mind worked out by the incomparable German logic? Surely the Kaiser is the greatest humorist in the world, even if an unconscious one—and the *Stars and Stripes* is run by men clever enough to recognize the fact, and read by men clever enough to appreciate the truth.

Incidentally, there is no goose-stepping in the pages of the newspaper. It criticises whenever it thinks criticism justified, as, for instance, in the case of delayed mail—a grievance only too common when the expeditionary forces first reached Europe, but now happily alleviated. But on the whole the tone is one of resignation to the inevitable annoyances of camp life, and of stern joy in the face of the enemy.

WE HAVE AN ARMY OF POETS

When a certain regiment of American dough-boys departed from its billets in a little French town behind the front and marched away to the trenches in the region

of St. Mihiel, this poem was found tacked up on a billet door:

By the rifle on my back,
By my old and well-worn pack,
By the bayonets we sharpened in the billets down below,
When we're holding to a sector,
By the howling, jumping hector,
Colonel, we'll be Gott-Strafed if the Blank-teenth lets it go!

And the boches big and small,
Runties ones and boches tall,
Won't keep your boys a squatting in the ditches very long;
For we'll soon be busting through, sir,
God help Fritzie when we do, sir—
Let's get going, Colonel Blank, because we're feeling mighty strong!

The spirit of the verse is no less significant than the fact that its anonymous author should have chosen rime and meter as a vehicle for his emotions. For to judge from the *Stars and Stripes*, every man in the army, with a few inconsequential exceptions, is a poet. The paper is flooded with poetry, serious and light, and most of it surprisingly good. The proportion of verse to prose printed bears out the story, told by a recent visitor to the trenches, that men who have heretofore regarded readers of poetry as "the sort that wears a wrist-watch" are now reading poetry themselves—and wearing wrist-watches, too. War gives new evaluations to all things, and in the process there can be no doubt that the Muses have risen in popularity with the rank and file of humanity, and may soon be almost as popular as some motion-picture actresses.

Aside from the news department, the official journal of the American Expeditionary Forces boasts the usual features of a big newspaper—a sporting page, an editorial page, cartoons, and even a regular, honest-to-goodness "column," run by no less a person than F. P. A.—otherwise, Franklin Pierce Adams, whose initials won nation-wide fame when they appeared at the bottom of various "columns" in New York papers. F. P. A. is now Captain Adams, and as the officer in charge of "The Listening Post," he commands laughter weekly. Let me say at once, if I have not said it before, that the *Stars and Stripes* appears every Friday.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S GREETING

In the first number of this newspaper there appeared an interesting bit of prose

bearing the signature of a famous American general:

In this initial number of the *Stars and Stripes*, published by the men of the Overseas Command, the commander-in-chief of the American Expeditionary Forces extends his greetings through the editing staff to the readers, from the first-line trenches to the base ports.

These readers are mainly the men who have been honored by being the first contingent of Americans to fight on European soil for the honor of their country. It is an honor and privilege which makes them fortunate above the millions of their fellow citizens at home. Commensurate with their privilege in being here is the duty which is laid before them, and this duty will be performed by them as by Americans of the past, eager, determined, and unyielding to the last.

The paper, written by the men in the service, should speak the thoughts of the new American army and the American people from whom the army has been drawn. It is your paper. Good luck to it!

JOHN J. PERSHING,
Commander-in-Chief, A. E. F.

This document, which is of historical value, regardless of what the fortunes of war may or may not bring to General Pershing, is found on the same page as another article which warns the soldiers that "a tooth-yanking car is touring France." The car is equipped with everything "but the lady assistant," and is "the crowning achievement of the Red Cross." It is hopefully suggested that the car and its outfit should "first be tried out on the Germans"; but apparently the writer is not very sanguine of this, for his advice to his readers is to "jump into a ditch and lie low" if the sinister thing comes near, for "it means business."

AGAIN THE SOLDIER-POET

From the same newspaper may be quoted another sample of army verse:

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

Corset-makers all over the United States are forsaking that line of business in order to devote their factories to the turning out of gas-masks for the army.—*News item from the States.*

Heaven bless the women! They are giving up their corsets
So that we, in snowy France, may 'scape the Teuton's ire;
Sacrificing form divine so factories may more sets
Make of gas-protectors and of shields 'gainst liquid fire!

Heaven bless the women! They are losing lines each minute
So that we may hold the line from Belfort to the sea;
Giving up their whalebones so that, after we get in it,
We may whale the daylight's outer men from Germanee!

Heaven bless the women! They are wearing
middy blouses
As a sort of camouflage, the while we spite the
Hun;
Donning Mother Hubbards, too, and keeping to
the houses
While we Yanks, gas-helmeted, put Fritzie on
the run!

Heaven bless the women and their perfect thirty-
sixes!
Waists we clasped a waltzing they some other
way now drape,
Disregarding fashion so that every Yank may fix
his
Breathing-tube at "Gas-alert!" and thus pre-
serve his shape!

Heaven bless the women! They are doing with-
out dancing,
Knitting, packing, helping in a hundred thou-
sand ways;
But they help the most by this while the foe's
advancing—
Giving us the staying-power by going without
their stays!

Enough has already been printed to
show that ours is not only a fighting but
also a writing army. It is to be feared,
however, that much of this cleverness,
stored for future generations in the pages
of the *Stars and Stripes*, would literally
pass away in smoke—the smoke of ciga-
rette, pipe, or camp-fire—if it was not for
the kindness of our Allies, testified to in
this fashion by America's most American
newspaper:

The *Stars and Stripes* is printed at the plant of
the London *Daily Mail's* Continental edition in
Paris. The paper stock is supplied by La Société
Anonyme des Papeteries Darblay. Only the hearty
cooperation of these two institutions, one British,
one French, has made it possible for the A. E. F.
to have a newspaper all its own. Unity of pur-
pose among the representatives of three allied
nations has succeeded in producing the *Stars and
Stripes*, even as it will succeed in winning the war.

The *Stars and Stripes* is crowded with
good fellowship, good prose, and good verse.
It is the essence of democracy; none are so
poor that their fame is neglected in it.
Even "the infantry, the infantry, with the
dirt behind their ears," are celebrated in
its columns, in such a touching little piece
as "The Infantryman":

He gets no rides in parlor-cars,
In coaches or sedans,
And yet his work is just as big
As any other man's;
He wears no winglike badges as
The aviators do,
But yet he's Johnny-on-the-spot
Where'er we're busting through!

We are further informed that "he has
no mathematics," and lacks other knowl-
edge besides, but—

The cannoneers may blast away
And make the boche go *pronto*,
But infantry with bayonets
Will send him to Toronto,
To Halifax or Timbuktu,
And send 'em humpin' fast—
So 'tenshun, while the columns of
The infantry march past!

In "The Listening Post," amidst squibs
and contribs, F. P. A. pays his tributes to
"The Girls I Left Behind." No. 52 is—
or was—named Elsie:

When war waged its wide desolation,
Among the young ladies I kissed
On leaving our glorious nation,
Your name led the lacrimose list.

It was not, he tells her—"sticking to the
truth, as my duty"—because she had wit
or beauty, but because—

When you did tricks to the batter,
And doughnuts came out of the pan,
Dear Elsie, that there was a matter
That called for the utterance, "Oh, man!"

And so, when the hungry fellow came
to France—

I yearned for the doughnuts you'd fried me
Till—Elsie, I'm not going to stall;
The truth is, whatever betide me,
I don't miss your doughnuts at all.

For though in the future you bar me,
The doughnuts I'm getting these days
Turned out by the Salvation Army
Have yours beaten seventy ways!

The army is so full of poets that not only
has its paper been forced to print their effu-
sions in its news-columns and in "The
Listening Post," but it has had to establish
a separate department for them. As the
last selection from the *Stars and Stripes* to
be offered here, there follows a charming
little poem:

THE HILL BACK HOME

I will be the gladdest thing under the sun;
I will touch a hundred flowers and not pick one.
I will look at cliffs and clouds with quiet eyes;
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.
And when lights begin to show up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down.

The publication of the *Stars and Stripes*
is attended by no more danger than is any

enterprise carried on to-day in Paris above the level of the street. Several other papers are published under similar conditions by individual units, and will be mentioned later; but since the greater danger the greater the lure, we will first consider the *Exhaust* and the *Tripod*, periodicals that hail from the battle-zone.

JOURNALISM ON THE FIRING-LINE

The *Exhaust* is a four-page paper issued monthly by the boys of S. S. U. 523, which is colloquial for Section Sanitaire-Unie 523, one of our ambulance companies at the front. The *Exhaust* is published by the S. S. U. "wherever they may happen to be at the time," according to the first issue, dated last April. The wisdom of this announcement is apparent. No plans are laid, except that the paper will be printed.

In that same issue it was casually observed that S. S. U. 523 is probably the best unit anywhere and at any time; it hails from Princeton; its ambulances are marked with a tiger—a Princeton tiger, an emblematic mascot. How it has justified its opinion of itself has since been recorded in official despatches, for the entire company has been cited for valor—an honor usually accorded only to individuals. The Princeton tiger may be satisfied with his cubs.

Another paper that leads an exciting existence is the *Tripod*, "a seminewspaper published weekly by and for the members of the One Hundred and First Machine Gun Battalion, and troops adjacent, at Nevermindwhere, France," according to the sheet itself, which adds:

Entered at the post-office at Jenesaispas, France, as buck (second-class) mail-matter.

Circulation — (deleted by censor).

A Frenchman, Louis Schneider, has written an appreciation of the *Tripod*, of part of which this is a translation:

A new contemporary of the French journals of the trenches has come into existence—an American contemporary which appears a few kilometers from the concrete dugouts, sand-bags, and barbed-wire fences. It is, in effect, printed at Nancy, by Berger-Levrault, and this after the fifteenth bombardment of that city.

Yes, get that in your heads, Nancy has been bombarded fifteen times.

Chance has placed in my hands a copy of the *Tripod*—that is the name of the new journal. The *Tripod*? Look in the dictionary and you find the definition—"trépié, something on three legs." But don't bother your brains about that.

This *Tripod* is not the seat from which some oracular goddess pronounces her prophecies; it is simply the three-legged base of a machine gun.

This nursing sheet has a jolly tone. To be sure, young American wit differs from the older trench gaiety. But the infant *Tripod* makes you laugh heartily; it is a self-assertive kid.

After noting the fact that the paper has sixteen pages of two columns each, the writer quotes the first article appearing in it:

The *Tripod*, standing on its two fore legs and its hind leg, salutes in proper military style the officers and men of the One Hundred and First Artillery now in real service in one of those sections of France which has been most "churned up." The *Tripod* hopes to serve them as long as weather, shifting position, the censor, our pocket-book, and the enemy permit.

M. Schneider thus continues his sympathetic description of the form and spirit of the little American newspaper:

The *Tripod* asserts that it will not meddle in politics. Its only purpose is to carry to its readers here the breath of North America, and to convey to those on the other side of the Atlantic the spirit of France.

There follows a full description of the way in which the One Hundred and First Battalion celebrated its birthday. Then comes an appreciation of the first American wounded in the war, Lieutenant Vere H. Harden, who was hit by a piece of shrapnel on October 27, 1917. Are you fond of historico-philosophical dissertations? Go on reading the *Tripod*. Its correspondent in Berlin sends a long list of honors conferred, among them a medal to the commander of a German U-boat who torpedoed an American ship carrying a cargo of turkey to the troops here.

There is an intermediate grade of risk which affects the publications of other papers—a danger not as continuous as that confronting the *Tripod*, but danger withal. Two papers printed under such conditions are the *Nine Times* and *Dooin's*.

JOURNALISM IN THE BASE HOSPITALS

The former is the vehicle of expression for the members of Base Hospital No. 9, A. E. F., which unit was organized at the New York Hospital. *Dooin's* is the means of expression for the cheerful young men who compose Base Hospital No. 2, A. E. F., stationed when last heard of at Etretat; and in order to save the reader the trouble of looking up the location it may be admitted at once that Etretat is on the coast of Normandy.

Both of these curious little four-page papers are likely to cease publication at

any time that fate and the boche decide to throw a few bombs with the requisite accuracy of aim. As it is a matter of record that hospitals are not exempt from the wrath of the All-Highest, the editors have had constant reason to fear that any issue of their papers may be the last. Perhaps that is why they have seemed so determined to make each new issue the best. *Dooin's* makes its appearance weekly, the *Nine Times* semiweekly.

In discussing "Our Début," the latter promises that "it will try to be an accurate record of what is happening in Base Hospital No. 9 in the year 1918. It will attempt to try to take all the facts, good, bad, or indifferent, of our daily life, and to present them in the most interesting light, that future generations may read of them and know they are true. It will make sure that historians do not differ as to whether it was Private Rose or Sergeant Enowitz who made our first formal 'retreat' such a memorable occasion." The editorial further guarantees that the paper will not attempt "to restore any lost ideals or tell you what a noble work you are doing."

In commenting on the Christmas festivities, the *Nine Times* says that "we sang carols at the patients, but on the whole they were well treated," and mourns that one young man in the unit has "taken the veil"—become a cook. Altogether, this is a blithesome sheet.

Dooin's devotes a good deal of its space to athletics, of which the members of Base Hospital No. 2 appear to be fond. Track sports and baseball receive the greatest share of its attention. It also has time and space for the lighter vein:

The *Dooin's* would like to ask the party who discovered the hiding-place of our glue-pot and stole the brush, what was the matter with the mucilage?

Sergeant Hinds has been transferred to the pharmacy. The sarge was always a good mixer.

Think how much healthier you are going to be this winter without the steam heat!

But to get back to Paris. In that city, the home of the *Stars and Stripes*, several other army sheets are published which deserve notice. Among them are the *Plane News* and *Flights and Landings*, both devoted principally to aviation. The *Plane News* is the official American aviation newspaper, and is published "every now and then."

It must be remembered that newspapers

published for and by soldiers are not an American invention, for the French and British had a number of trench journals before we went into the war.

JOURNALISM IN THE TRAINING-CAMPS

Army newspapers "back home" are numerous, the figures fluctuating as divisions go to the front and new ones are formed. Thus the *Gas Attack*, one of the best-known of the sheets published in the cantonments, breathed its last when the Twenty-Seventh Division left Spartanburg, South Carolina, for foreign shores. Whether the paper has since made a reappearance "over there" the writer is not aware.

Trench and Camp circulates in thirty-two cantonments. It differs from other "regular" army papers in that it is not the child of any particular contingent, but of a government auxiliary—the Young Men's Christian Association. It is printed at cities near the various camps, and is usually an eight-page affair. Under its general title of *Trench and Camp* is some such second title as "Topeka State Journal edition for Camp Funston, Fort Riley, Kansas," or "the *Battle Creek Enquirer*, the Evening News edition for Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Michigan."

There is plenty of go to all the editions of *Trench and Camp*. Its various departments bear such head-lines as "The Barrack Wheeze," "Shrapnel," "Over the Top," "Hand-Grenades," "Regimental Rough-Stough," "Artillery Rumbblings," "Divisional Din," and "Cavalry Clatter." Interspersed with serious articles on "America's Part in the War," and the like, are timely witticisms like this:

HINDENBURG—"I think we were the cause of our initial success."

KAISER—"Where do you get this 'we' stuff?"

Sometimes the camp humorist breaks into verse:

Who is that man of haughty mien,
With ample chest and peanut bean,
And movement like a Ford machine?
Why, sonny, that's the sergeant!

Among the most interesting of the papers published by separate units is the *Camp Dodger*, "like its army—first in the field," the official paper of the Eighty-Eighth Division. This is printed at Camp Dodge, Iowa, and boasts that it is the "first Na-

tional Army newspaper ever published." In size its pages are more longitudinal than those of any other army publication, even longer than those of the *Stars and Stripes*, and in addition it prints eight columns a page, to the seven of the official organ of the A. E. F.

The make-up of the *Camp Dodger* is strikingly professional. The paper prints a good many pictures and has regular war and Washington correspondence. The news of the camp's life is told in detail, of course, and a "colyum"—"Gas Bombs," this one is called—poetry, a sporting page, and a theatrical department complete the list of the sheet's varieties.

The *Camp Crane News*, published in Allentown, Pennsylvania, "for the collective benefit of all soldiers of the United States Army Ambulance Service," is another of the large-sized prints which the war and the army has produced. And down in Biltmore, North Carolina, the *Ward Healer* brightens the lives of the members of United States Hospital No. 12. The *Ward Healer* is filled with the "weekly chatter" of its particular unit. It is a

compact little sheet, full of news and life and "good lines," and is edited by J. W. Greenberg, formerly associated with MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

Then there is, or recently was, *Over the Top*, the regimental organ of the Three Hundred and Sixty-Third Infantry, Camp Lewis, Washington. Indeed, the list of army newspapers is too long for even a mention of them all. Enough has already been said to give an idea of what most of them are.

The fact is that all these publications are representative of one type of man—the American type. They spring, too, from a single collective emotion, from the burning hearts of America's youth, fired by the inspiration of a great cause to be fought out under the terrible and beautiful banner which symbolizes our great republic. Merry and poetical and stern, our army newspapers are a record of the thoughts and dreams and emotions of young America and old America, the America of Lexington and Cantigny and St. Mihiel, one America in heart and spirit. Let more than the army, then, salute them!

SONG IN WINTER

MABEL at the old piano
Is a firelight vision fair,
As her exquisite soprano
Drifts across the twilight air—
Drifts and falls and lifts and lingers,
With the love-song's ecstasies,
To the magic of her fingers
On the keys.

I can hear the hill-brooks calling
With their rippling swing and sway;
I can list the thrushes thralling
With their lyrics of the May;
I can catch the golden guerdon
Where the oriole wings along—
All of these are in the burden
Of her song.

Though without the cold is bitter,
All earth seems a frozen zone,
Though the vesper star may glitter
Like a light that's lorn and lone,
Though the north wind lifts its babel,
Shouts and flouts in triumph glee,
What are these so long as Mabel
Sings to me?

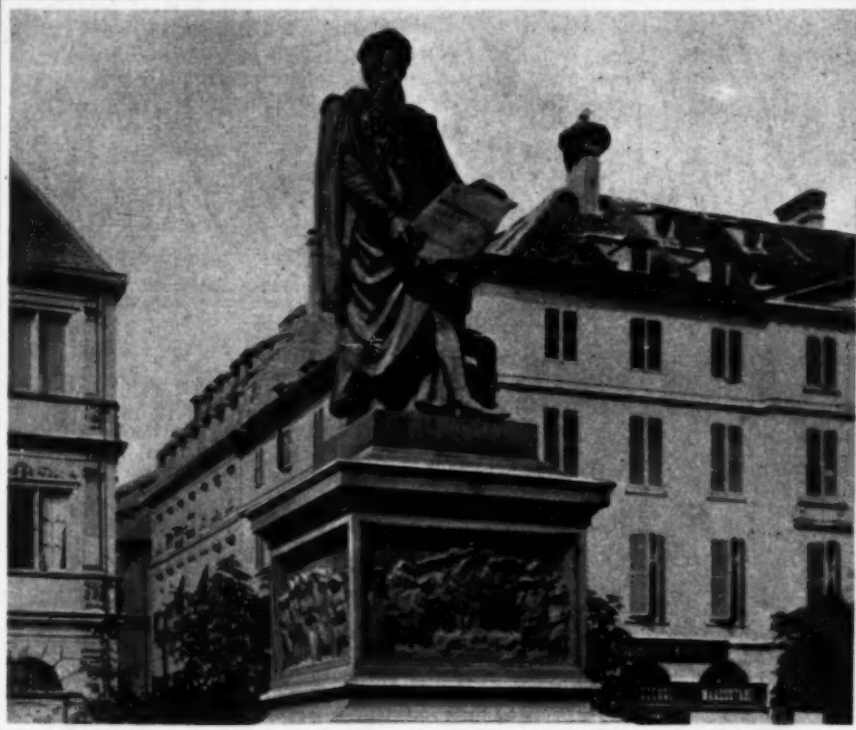
Sennott Stephens

Alsace—A Lost Province To Be Restored to France



STRASSBURG—THE KLEBERPLATZ, WITH THE CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND

Strassburg—or Strasbourg, in French—is the capital of Alsace, and though German since 1871, its monument still stands among those of the chief cities of France in the Place de la Concorde, Paris



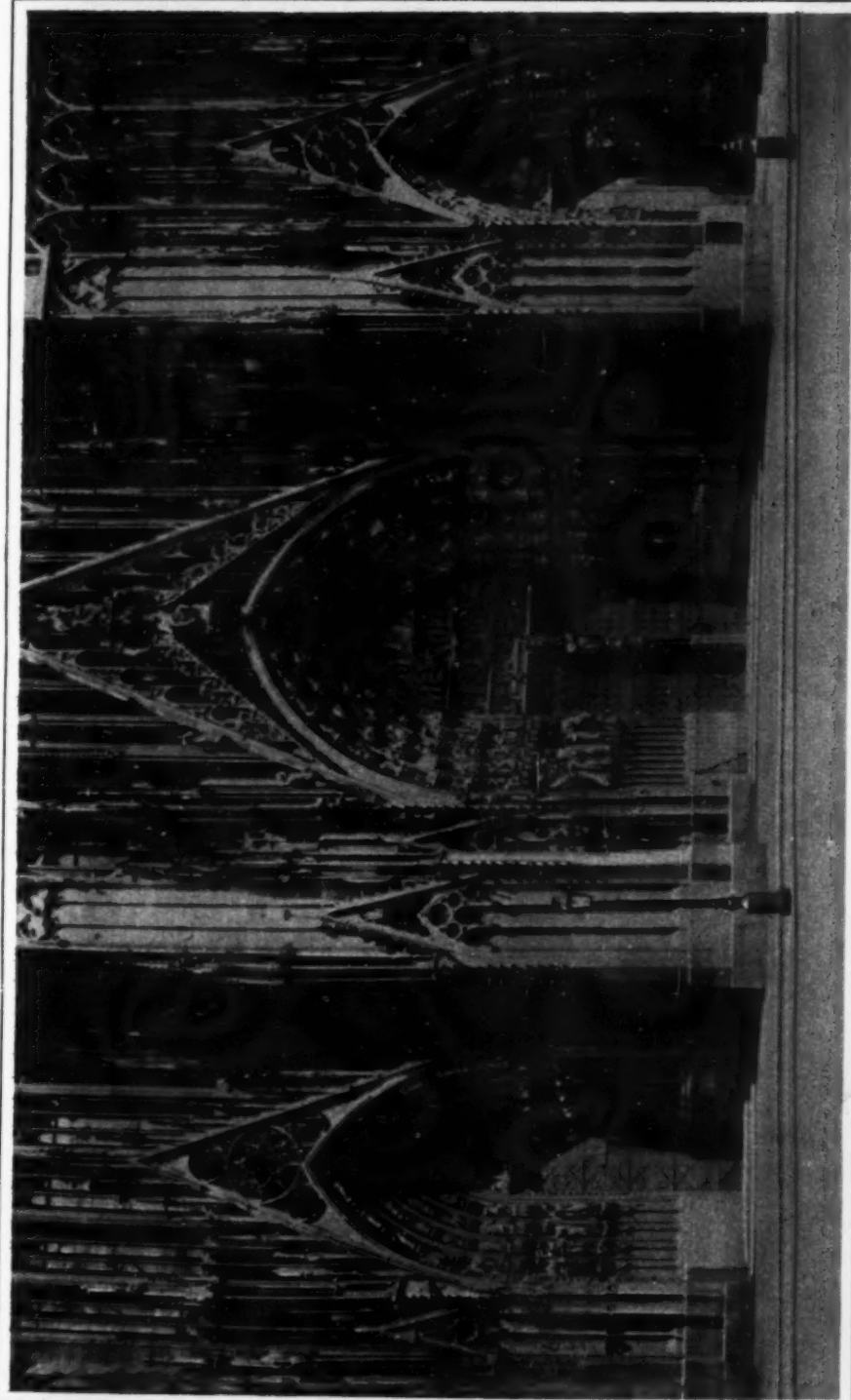
STRASSBURG—THE STATUE OF GUTENBERG

Johannes Gutenberg, chief inventor of the art of printing, spent much of his early life in Strassburg



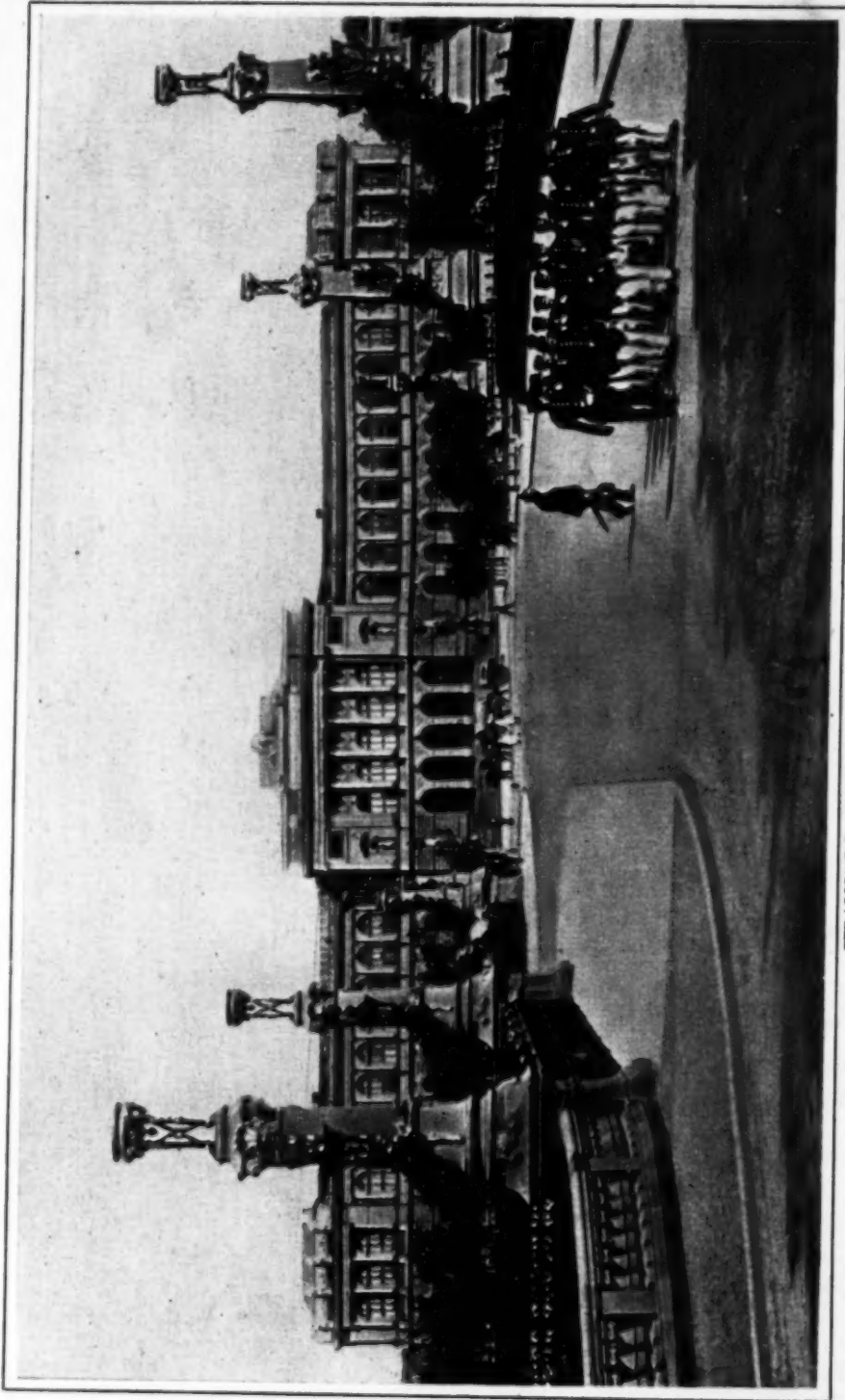
STRASSBURG—THE RAILROAD-STATION

Strassburg is an important center of the German railways, and during the war the station has repeatedly been bombed by Allied aviators

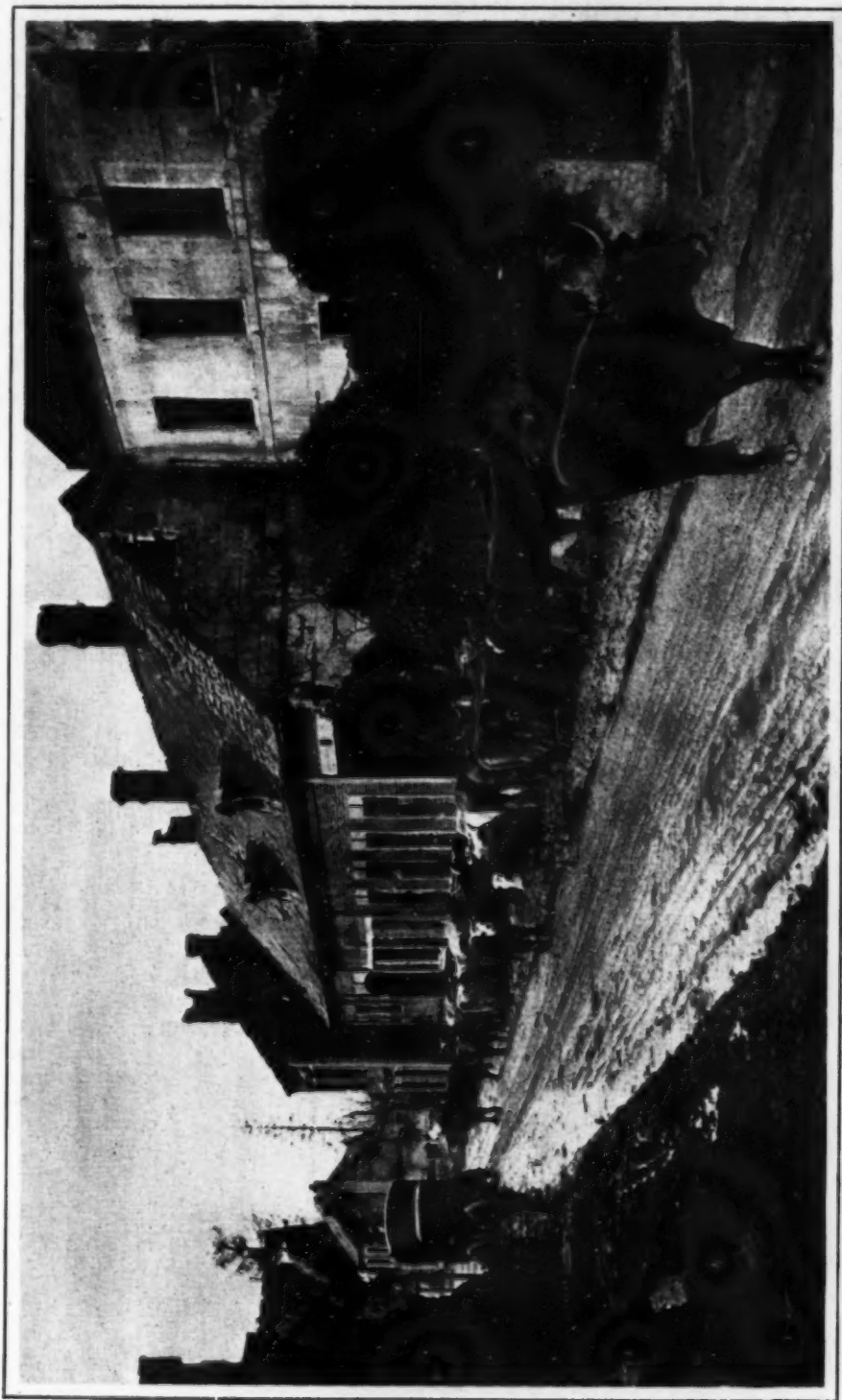


STRASSBURG—THE FAMOUS WEST PORTALS AND ROSE WINDOW OF THE CATHEDRAL

This is one of the most beautiful examples of the decorative Gothic work of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries

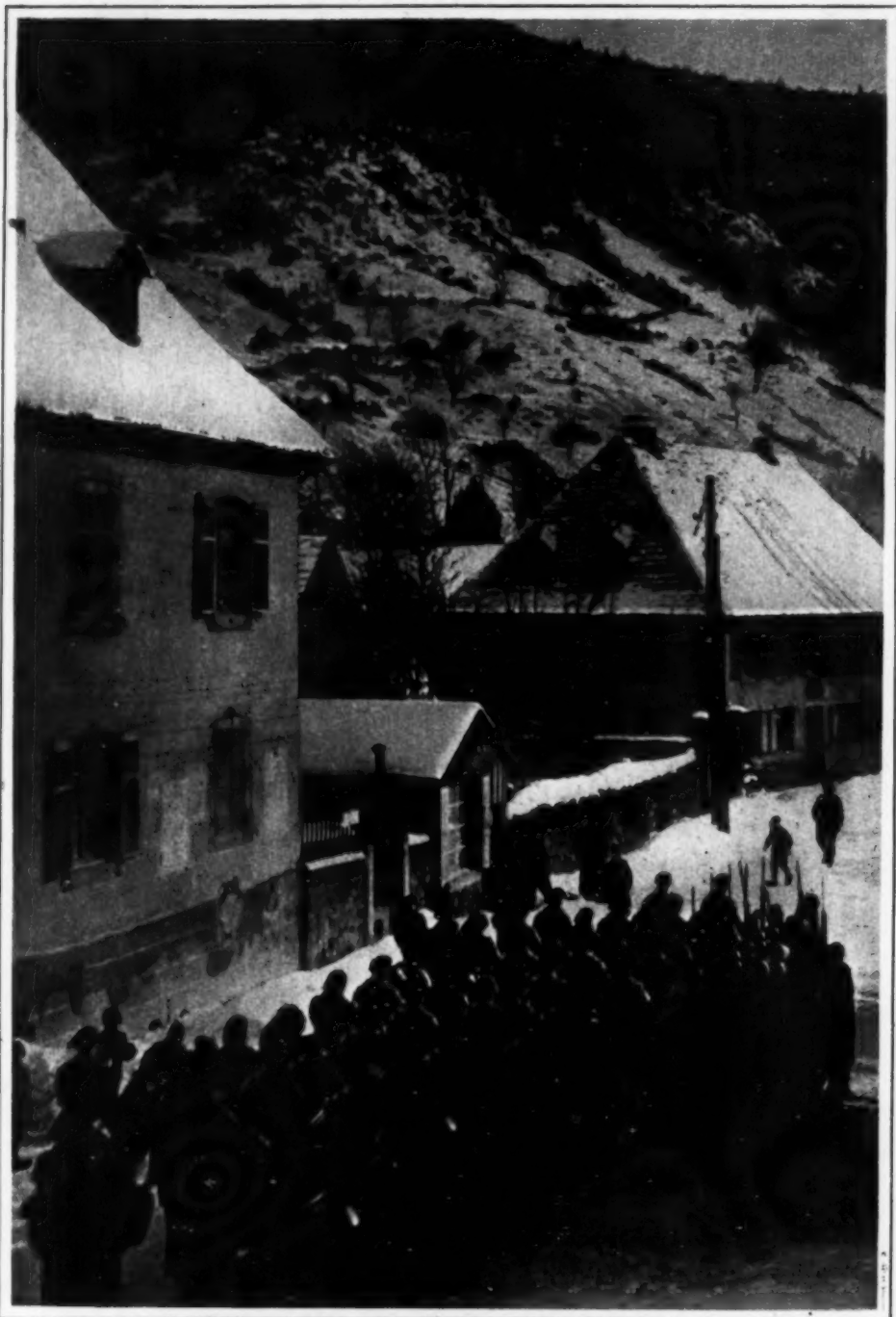


STRASSBURG—MAIN BUILDING OF THE UNIVERSITY
The University of Strassburg dates from 1621, and has flourished under both French and German rule.—In 1913 it had two thousand students and a library of a million volumes



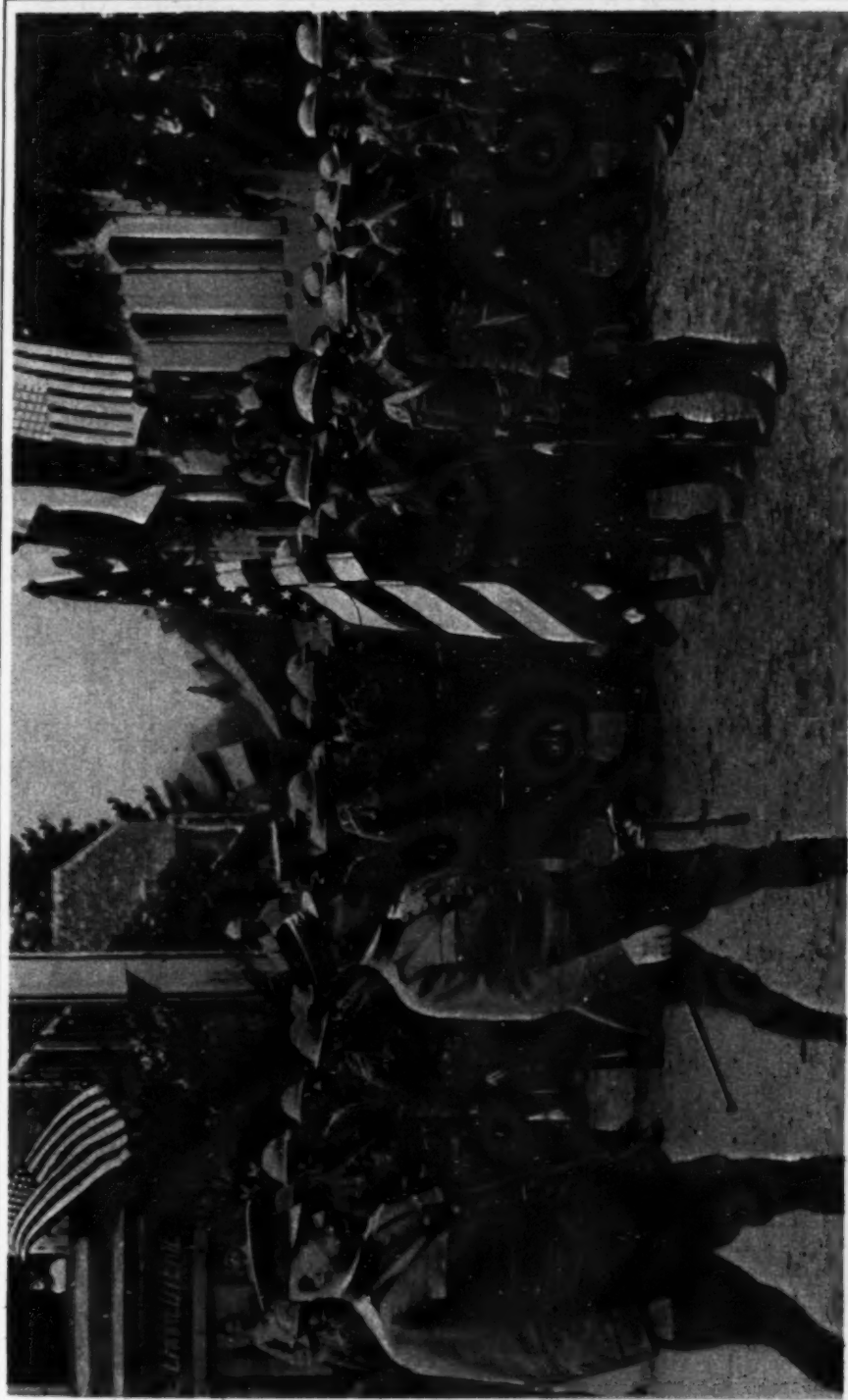
AN ALSATIAN VILLAGE NEAR THE FIGHTING-FRONT

A typical scene in the fighting-zone—Ruined houses of a village in the corner of Alsace which the French have occupied since the early days of the war



FRENCH TROOPS IN A VILLAGE AMONG THE VOSGES

The village is St. Amarin, which is at the foot of the Grosse Belchen (4,677 feet), the highest point of the Vosges Mountains



THE AMERICAN FLAG ON GERMAN SOIL IN ALSACE

This shows the reception of our troops at Masmünster—or Massevaux, in French—a small Alsatian town near Thann



THE RUINED CHURCH OF ALT THANN, ALSACE

Alt Thann (Old Thann) is near Thann, which is one of the chief towns of southern Alsace, and which has been held by the French since the early days of the war

The Mountain Woman*

BY CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

Author of "The Call of the Cumberlands," "The Battle-Cry," etc.

AARON MCGIVINS, who dwells on Shoulderblade Branch, in a remote region of the Kentucky hills, has a son and a daughter. Joe, the son, is a good-natured and rather effeminate young fellow, while his sister, on the other hand, by a curious whim of her father, has been christened Alexander and brought up like a boy.

The story opens at the time of a sudden spring flood, which threatens to wash away Aaron McGivins's winter cut of logs. The timber is saved by the help of a party of neighbors; but one of these men, Bud Sellers, starts drinking, and when McGivins reproves him he shoots the old mountaineer. The wounded man is carried home, and Alexander proclaims her intention of killing his assailant; but he makes his daughter promise to forego the idea of vengeance.

Her father being disabled, Alexander takes personal charge of rafting the timber down the river. Brent, a lumber-dealer who has contracted to buy it, goes with the rafts, and Bud Sellers, now deeply repentant, is also a member of one of the crews. The first stop is at Coal City a squalid mining town, which has no tavern except a dirty and disorderly drinking-place kept by one Dan Kelly. Alexander goes to Kelly's, where she is rescued from the insults of a ruffian named Lute Brown by a tall stranger, a giant of a man, who takes her to the landlord and gets her a room.

To all appearance her rescuer is one of the natives, but Brent recognizes him as Jack Halloway, whom he knows as a rich young man in New York. The two men talk together in Halloway's bedroom at Kelly's, and the New Yorker admits that he is deeply impressed by Alexander's beauty and unconventional personality. Brent warns him not to trifle with the mountain girl, and hints that he could turn the natives against Halloway by revealing him as a masquerading millionaire.

VII

THERE was a moment's pause, and then the big fellow continued:

"Since seeing the helpless maid, whom you seek to protect, holding back that bunch of desperadoes, it occurs to me that she can give a fairly good account of herself. Gad, it was epic!"

"Then why did you intervene?"

Halloway slowly turned his head and lifted his brows in frank amazement.

"Do you seriously ask? Did you suppose it was because I feared for her? Why, man, the blue flame in her eyes would have licked that crew without the aid of the gun. I intervened because, when opportunity knocks, I open. I had enough dramatic sense to recognize my cue for a telling entrance; and I entered!"

"Jack," inquired Brent, "how did you ever happen to know this remote life well enough to pass as a native?"

"Born here," was the laconic reply.

But the other pressed him for fuller detail, and he proceeded cheerfully.

"The Halloway millions didn't come to us on a tray borne by angels. My father

made his own pile, and much of it he made in coal and iron, here and there in the Appalachians. He trained me up in that business. Why, I even worked during school vacations as a telegraph-operator at the local railroad-station. Add this item to my versatile summary—I'm as good a key-tinkler as you would be apt to find in a day's journey!"

"At all events you are a surprising reprobate," admitted the lumberman with a yawn. "Some day, though, I'll challenge you to a sending and receiving tourney. I began in a broker's office, and I'm fairly good myself."

When Halloway had thrown himself down on his bed, and his regular breathing attested his sound sleep, Brent slipped noiselessly out into the corridor. Halloway might feel certain of the girl's ability to fend for herself, but with such a crowd as was gathered at Kelly's running its wild gamut of dissipation, the less primitive man thought it would be as well to keep an eye on her safety.

Down the hall, dimly lighted by a single smoking lamp, he saw a figure, which had

* Copyright, 1918, by Charles Neville Buck—This story began in the November number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*

been standing before Alexander's door, draw furtively back around the angle of a wall. From below-stairs still came the din of wassailing. Instead of alarm, a smile came to Brent's eyes, for he had recognized Bud Sellers, and he no longer distrusted the boy's purposes.

In Alexander's room the lamp had long been blown out, but sleep did not come at once to the eyes of the girl. She gazed at the window, where occasional flashes of lightning woke and died. She was wondering what had happened back there at the house where her father lay wounded. Of Bud Sellers she thought only as of a man whom she had promised not to kill, though against him, as an instrumentality of her grief, her resentment burned hot. She could not guess that he stood at that moment in the hallway, guarding her door, and nursing in his contrite heart an unexpressed and hopeless worship of her.

Bud, save when the liquor conquered him, was a kindly soul, and lovable as a faithful dog might be, though of that canine virtue people thought less than of his occasional rabies. He had talked with Alexander—always impersonally—a scant half-dozen times in his life; but since boyhood he had dreamed of her as a peasant may dream of exalted nobility, and he had never known any other dream.

If Alexander thought of Bud only as the author of her present anxiety, before she fell asleep her thoughts strayed to another man. The face and figure of the giant who had swung men right and left rose before her, and her worship of masculine strength and courage paid smiling tribute.

"I reckon he don't never hev ter use more'n half the strength he's got in them arms an' shoulders of hisn," she told herself.

It did not enter troublesomely into her reflections that she had also marked the infectious quality of his smile and the clear brightness of his eye with an interest that was purely feminine. As her lids finally grew heavy, she murmured to herself:

"Ef I was like other gals, I reckon I'd git sort of crazy erbout thet big feller. He's like a pine-tree standin' up amongst saplin's—but I don't reckon a body could hardly ever git him clean, even ef they soaked him in hot suds fer a week of Sundays!"

With that reflection, also fastidiously feminine, she turned on her side and slept.

It was into a room below that Lute Brown stumbled long after midnight on

most unsteady legs. Lute was not satisfied with his evening. He had been actuated in his attempted hazing of Alexander by Jase Mallows, who thought her pride should be humbled, but sought to accomplish that end vicariously, in order that the doors of future conquest might not be closed against himself. Lute's undertaking had not been a success, and he sought his bed sodden and bloodshot of eye. He was nursing grudges of varying degrees against Jase Mallows, against Alexander, against Holloway, and finally against Bud Sellers.

Kicking off his brogans and leaning to blow out the light, he stumbled and sprawled headlong, carrying the lamp down with him. For a moment he lay where he had fallen, too dazed and befuddled to rise; but presently he clambered up, his eyes wide and terrified, for his rising was mantled in flame. With incredible swiftness the flimsy coverings of his bed had burst into a crimson glare, and even his clothing was afire.

Beating out the flame that licked his shirt, Lute abandoned the rest and fled, howling like a madman. The thing that Dan Kelly feared had come to pass, and the frame building was doomed.

So frequently of late had ungodly bellowings and outcries broken the fitful rest of the house that for a brief space Lute's howls of alarm failed to carry their true significance. Some of the guests, startled out of their sleep, had the impulse rather to keep their doors tight shut than to open them. Through the tinderlike dryness of the place the flames roared up the boxed-in stairway as through a flue.

Bud Sellers heard the fugitive's yells and saw the stair-head vomiting smoke and fire. As he dashed for Alexander's room, another door opened, through which Holloway and Brent ran out, carrying their shoes and coats.

"Let me in!" shouted Bud, hammering on the panels. "The house is burnin' down, an' the steps is cut off!"

At first there was no response, but at last the door swung in. It framed Alexander, clothed in shirt and trousers, but barefooted, and holding a pistol in her hand.

At the sight of Bud Sellers her face grew pallid.

"You!" she exclaimed with white-hot anger. "My paw lays over thar with yore bullet in his breast, an' you come a runnin'!"

hyar ter me fer a way ter git out'n danger!" The three men were crowding to the door, but she stood barring it, and did not give back an inch. With deliberation she went on. "He laid a pledge on me not ter avenge him. Ef hit warn't fer thet, I'd kill ye whar ye stand!"

"Fer God's sake, Alexander!" The mountaineer's voice was shrill with excitement. "Kill me if ye like, but don't tarry. I come ter warn ye. The winder's the only way out, an' thar hain't no time ter lose!"

As if in corroboration, the first puff of brown smoke eddied through the open door. It came idly, drifting, as if it had nothing to do with haste. Holloway pushed both Sellers and Brent ahead of him, and followed them in, slamming the door behind him.

"Talk outside," he commanded sharply. "Don't waste minutes in this death-trap!"

Alexander gazed absently, as if unable to readjust her trend of thought so swiftly. Then she said, quietly enough:

"Thar's the winder. Go through hit, ef ye like."

As for herself, she turned to the task of tying up her pack of belongings with what seemed to the frenzied men insufferable deliberation.

"This is the third floor," snapped Holloway, whose head was already thrust out of the window to gage the possibilities of escape. "We'll have to tear up sheets and make a rope of them."

Brent leaped promptly to the task, but Alexander looked at the huge body that blocked the window-frame, and a smile curled her lips.

"You on a rope o' sheets!" She even laughed. "Ye mout es well entrust yourself ter a strand of flax thread!"

Through the floor licked a tongue of flame.

"Kain't you men jump, an' catch the limb of thet thar sycamore?" she added. "Hit hain't fur away. Thet's how I'm aimin' ter leave."

Holloway turned an eager gaze upon the girl, but even in the press of events he remembered the rôle he was playing.

"I reckon," he suggested, "I'd better lead off. Ef thet flyin' limb holds me, it'll hold the balance of ye."

What was genuinely in his mind was to be there to catch the girl if she missed her grip; but to forestall objection he thrust his body through the opening, measured the

distance with a brief glance, and launched himself outward.

To use this primitive fire-escape one had to catch the branch, and to hold it without slipping while one swung and groped with one's feet for another limb below. The penalty of failure would be a drop of three stories. For Holloway the feat was done without doubt or wavering; but when he turned and looked back, bracing himself to catch Alexander, he saw her withdraw into the room, out of his range of vision. He could see Brent and Bud vociferously arguing with her, and then she reappeared and lifted her pack and rifle over the sill.

As she played out the improvised line of bedding, her eyes were angry, and Holloway guessed that it was because the two men had refused to leave without waiting for her. Eventually, when the room showed red beyond the frame, she slipped through, poised herself as the man had done, and came outward as smoothly as an exhibition diver. She landed so close to Holloway that her hands clasped over his own and her breath fluttered against his cheek.

For a fraction of an instant he thought she might fail to hold her grip, and one arm swept around her, pressing her close to him. Even when he knew that she was safe he did not release her, and his veins were pounding with the exaltation of contact.

"Move back!" she commanded, panting a little, but speaking calmly. "Give me room ter stand on. Them others kain't foller whilst we're blockin' the way!"

Holloway had forgotten the others. When Bud Sellers jumped, the last of all, it was only just in time. A shower of sparks puffed out of the window, and inside there sounded a crash of collapsing timbers.

"Well, where do we go now?" inquired Brent a quarter of an hour later.

The girl turned on her heel.

"As fer me," she replied, "I'm goin' back ter my rafts of timber. I've done had a lavish of this town!"

"May we go, too?" inquired Holloway. "We hain't got no roof over us neither."

"I reckon ye kin all come save only"—she paused a moment, and went on in hardened voice—"save only the man thet sought ter slay my paw!"

Bud's head drooped. He was still sweating, for when he left the sill the place had been a furnace; but he said nothing. Instantly Alexander wheeled again and spoke impulsively.

"I've got ter crave yore pardon, Bud," she exclaimed. "Paw said he didn't hold no grudge ergin' you nohow; an' I reckon ye've done sought right hard ter make amends ter-night!"

VIII

DOWN at the boom, as the blackest hours of the night passed, Holloway and Brent sat rubber-coated on the raft, watching the red glare that was wiping out all that end of the village. The age-seasoned frame houses huddled close enough for the hot contagion to sweep them with typhoon speed, and they went up in spurts like pitch-barrels. The wind was high enough to romp ruthlessly with spark and blaze, until even an effort at fire-fighting had been abandoned. Happily, the bluster had settled to a constant gale out of the southwest, and the fire-tide rolled with it to the edge, not the core, of the town; and when it lapped at the reeking woods it hissed out in defeat.

Alexander had withdrawn to her improvised shack and wrapped herself in her blanket. Brent gazed with a sort of hypnotized intentness on the wild picture before him—an orgy of fire, wind, and water. Through the wet mountains the gale shrieked and buffeted until ancient trees, made brittle by long freezing, went down. At his back, beyond the boom, sounded the dirge of the swollen waters running out, like the wail of a maniac exhausted by his ravings. Ahead, tossing a mane of smoke and a spume of spark, revealed the demoniac spirit of fire. Brent shuddered.

Just then Holloway struck a match for his dead pipe, under the protection of his coat-lapel. In the brief flare Brent saw that the giant's eyes were agleam with a fierce light, and that his lips were wolfishly drawn back from his teeth.

"This is elemental!" Holloway burst out suddenly. "I glory in it. I've been sitting here drunker than any moonshine-guzzler back there at that tavern to-night—drunk on the wild wine of the elements—drunk from the skulls of Valhalla. Great Heavens, I love it!"

At last Brent rose and sought refuge under the insufficient roof of one of the shacks, for rain had come with the wind, and, in key with all the extravagance of the night's mood, it was a veritable cloudburst.

The city man tossed restlessly. Once, looking out across the stretch of the rafted

logs, he saw a single figure stripped to the skin in the sheeted downpour of cold rain. He saw it only when the lightning flashed with the spectral effect of beauty. It stood straight with back-flung shoulder and head upturned into the rain, like some wild high priest of storm-worship. When a flare brighter than the others limned the whole prospect for a dazzling instant, the features burst into clarity, with eyes glowing like madness and lips parted in wild exaltation.

"He'll have a chill before morning," growled Brent.

His astonishment at the hardihood of such a shower-bath would have been more severely taxed had he been able to see behind the screen walls of Alexander's shack. For if the colossal man standing there as God made him, reveling in the sluicing of icy sheets of water, was a picture for a painter's delight, the figure of the woman, sheltered from any eye, but likewise stripped to the flesh, was one almost as heroic and far lovelier. Alexander, too, was availing herself of that strong tonic which would have brought collapse to a weakling. She stood tall, beautiful, a Diana, with her wet and flowing hair loosed about her white shoulders and her bosom rising and falling to the elation of the storm-bath.

The hurricane passed in the forenoon of that day, but from gray clouds that hung in trailing wisps along the upper slopes a steady rain sobbed down. After breakfast Bud Sellers—who, after all, had not availed himself of Alexander's permission to spend the night on the raft—came aboard and diffidently approached the girl.

He wore a hangdog air, but in his eyes was that same wistfulness of unspoken worship. Brent knew that he was trying to explain to Alexander his torture of self-accusation because of the disaster born of his moment of drunken frenzy.

The girl stood looking at him, entirely oblivious to the devotion that was clearly written in his eyes. While he talked, she accorded him a hearing, but with her lips tight pressed, and with the unforgettable picture in her mind of the stricken man who might even now be dead. He might have passed, and his last moments might have been clouded with the pain of uncertainty as to the success or failure of her venture.

With that burden on her heart it was difficult to listen to apologies and explanations. She knew that Bud would have

burned his body to a crisp, if need be, in the effort to save her from a similar fate; but that only irritated her. She had not called for help. She had not needed help, and this rush of volunteers to her rescue was a denial of the principle for which she so militantly fought—the postulate that when she played a man's game she wished to be treated as a man, asking no favors.

Brent and Halloway overheard a little of what was said, for the two voices rose under the urge of Bud's earnestness and Alexander's strong feeling.

"I don't act pizen mean when I'm sober, Alexander; an' I strives not ter drink, knowin' full well thet hit plumb crazes me. Hit don't seem like no common thirst. Hit comes on me like a plague, and masters me the same as spells or fits. God, He knows I'd as lief hev raised my hand ag'in' my own daddy, ef I hed one, as ag'in' yore paw. I war frenzied!"

"I don't know what made ye do hit, but I knows what ye done, Bud," said Alexander, and her rich voice trembled under the tautness of her effort at control. "Ef a man kain't help goin' mad like a dog, an' seekin' ter slay folks, I reckon he—" It was on her tongue to say that he ought to pay the mad dog's penalty, but she checked herself and went on, with less cruelty: "I reckon he's a right dangerous sort of feller ter hev round."

"All I asks, Alexander," Bud pleaded, "air thet ye give me the chanst ter make amends. Ef I feels the cravin' masterin' me agin, I'll go ter town an' git the police ter lock me up in the jail-house an' keep me thar tell I comes back ter my senses!"

"Hit hain't a thing ye kin handily make amends fer," she reminded him; "but I've done pledged myself ter let hit go un-avenged. I know, too, thet I'm beholden ter ye fer last night. None the less"—the color paled from her cheeks and she shook her head—"none the less, until I git back home, an' know whether my paw is livin' or dead"—her words came slowly and with an effort—"I kain't say thet thar won't be black hatred in my heart ag'inst ye!"

He nodded miserably.

"No, I don't hardly reckon ye kin tutor yore feelin's no different," he acknowledged, as he turned away.

At that moment Bud had dedicated himself to a vassalage out of which he hoped to salvage no personal reward.

When she had watched him tramp up

the muddy-slope from the bank to the street, Alexander lifted her chin and tossed her head, as if to shake away some cobwebbing thought from the brain. Then she came over with an energetic step and without preamble announced:

"Mr. Brent, I don't aim ter tarry hyar no longer then the soonest time I kin git out. Let's me an' you talk business."

Brent nodded.

"Is it confidential? Do you want me to send this man away?" he inquired, with a mischievous glance at the giant, whose eyes, save when they dropped before her own, remained fixed on the girl with a devouring intentness.

Alexander shook her head.

"What fer?" she demanded. "I reckon we hain't got no need of whisperin' erbout our transactions." She paused for an instant and went on. "Paw an' you measured up thet timber back yon, didn't ye? An' ye agreed on the price too, didn't ye?"

"We settled both points. I have a memorandum, but—"

"I know what ye aim ter say," interrupted Alexander. "Ye mean ter name hit ter me thet them logs hain't all hyar, because some of 'em busted loose comin' through the gorge. What I wanted ter ask ye is thet you an' me should measure up thet raft now an' figure out what's gone, so thet I kin tell paw—"

She halted as abruptly as if a blow on the mouth had broken off her utterance, and a paroxysm of pain crossed her face. She had been struck by the ever-present dread that there might be no father to whom she could report. With a swift recovery, though, she finished.

"So thet I kin fotch tidin's back home as ter how much we git."

When these reckonings had been made, Brent inquired:

"Do you understand the terms of this contract between your father and myself?"

Her reply was guarded.

"We've done talked hit over."

"It was agreed," the buyer told her, "that I was to accept this stuff and pay for it at some point from which I could deliver it in the Bluegrass by rail or navigable water. If you like, I'm ready to pay now."

He had seen Alexander under some trying circumstances, and never with any hint of breakdown, yet just now he wondered if unexpected good tidings were not about to accomplish what bad news could not—to

carry out the dam of her own hard-schooled repression on a flood of tears. Her eyes became suddenly misty, and her lips trembled. She started to speak, then gulped and remained silent.

Gradually the color flowed back into her cheeks, as pink as the laurel-blossom's deep center, and once more she gave her head a characteristic toss, as if in contempt for her moment of weakness.

"Mr. Brent, I hain't seekin' no favors, an' I don't want nothin' but my dues. I didn't know ye stood obleeged ter pay us twell the logs went down ter the lowlands." Though her words were slowly and even tediously enunciated, they seemed to come with difficulty. "But ef I could take thet money back thar—an' tell him hit war all settled up—"

The fulness of what that meant to her gained in force because she got no further with her explanation.

"Come on, let's go to the bank," said Brent, with a brusqueness affected to veil his sympathy.

The bank at Coal City was a small box of brick, with two rooms. At the front was the space where the cashier's grating stood; at the rear was a bare chamber furnished with a small stove, a pine table, and a few hickory-witthed chairs. It was here that directors and native financiers negotiated. Into this sanctum Brent led Alexander Macedonia McGivins; and for no particular reason, save that no one had forbidden it, Halloway accompanied them.

The timber-buyer scribbled his calculations on the back of an envelope and submitted the results to the girl, who gravely nodded her satisfaction.

"Then," said Brent, with an air of relief, "there remain only two things more. I shall now draw you a check for four thousand and ninety-one dollars and fifty cents, and you will sign a receipt."

Halloway was sitting in the background, where he could indulge in all the staring he liked; and since Alexander had swum into his ken that had become a large order.

As Brent finished, the girl, who had been sitting at the table with a pen in her hand, suddenly pushed back her chair. Into her eyes came an amazed disappointment—a keen anxiety. For a moment she looked blankly at the man who was opening his check-book. She suddenly felt that she had been confronted with a financial problem that lay beyond her experience. It

was as if affairs hitherto simple, except for physical dangers, had run into a channel of subtler and therefore more alarming complication.

None of this escaped Halloway's lynx-like gaze; but to Brent, who was smoothing out the folded check, it went unobserved.

Suddenly Alexander bent forward, her cheeks coloring with embarrassment, and caught at the signer's wrist as spasmodically as if it were a death-warrant to which he meant to set his signature.

"Don't write me no check!" she exclaimed desperately. Then, covered with confusion, she added: "I don't aim ter insult ye none, but I don't know much erbout fotched-on ways. I want ter tote thet thar payment back home in real money."

Except with Brent, Halloway had never thus far broken out of character. Having assumed to be a mountain lumberman, he had consistently talked and acted as one. Now he came out of his chair as if a mighty spring had uncurled under him, and slapped an outspread hand to his forehead.

"Great Jehoshaphat!" he exclaimed.

Turning in her chair, the young woman studied him in perplexity; but Halloway's slip was brief and his recovery instant. As Brent sat there staring in speechless bewilderment at Alexander, the giant launched himself into the breach.

"Tote four thousand dollars in cash over them trails in saddle-bags!" His voice suddenly mounted into domineering vehemence. "Tote hit over wild an' laurelly mountings, with this hyar country full of drunken scalawags thet would do murder fer a ten-dollar bill! Hev ye done gone plumb bereft of reason?"

Alexander's first confusion of manner had come from the fear that her refusal of a check might seem tainted with the discourtesy of suspicion. Now, in the face of actual opposition, it stiffened into hostility. The perplexity died from her face, and her eyes blazed. For a moment she met the excited gaze of the man who towered over her, and then she spoke in a coldly scornful voice, not to him, but to Brent.

"I reckon ye war right, Mr. Brent, when ye asked me whether I wanted this man sent away. Thar hain't no need of his tarryin' hyar."

"Just a moment, Alexander," smiled Brent, who could not help enjoying his friend's discomfiture. "We'll pack him off,

if you say so, but first hear what we both have to say. He's right. With this gang of scoundrels in and about town it would be madness to carry that much money. The size of this deal will set tongues wagging. When you start out, every one will know it. You'd never get home alive!"

"I don't know nothin' about checks, an' sometimes banks bust," she obdurately insisted. "I want ter show my paw cash money. Ef he 'lows I'm man enough ter do his business, thet's enough, hain't hit?"

"A rifle-gun in the la'rel hes done overcome plenty of men afore you," asserted Halloway, with a sullen boom in his deep voice. "Ye hain't no army of men, I reckon!"

They wrestled with her in argument for the better part of an hour, but she was as immovable as the bed-rock of her mountains. Brent even raised the point, despite the withering contempt with which he knew she would greet it, that he might decline to recognize her authority to act for her father; but from a hip pocket of her trousers she produced a worn wallet, and from the wallet she extracted a properly attested power of attorney.

"I hed ter hev thet," she announced coolly, "because so many fool men 'lowed thet a woman couldn't do business."

The end of it was that Brent himself cashed his check, and counted out in specie and currency a sum large enough to become, in effect, a price on her head. When the money had been done up in heavy paper, sealed with wax by the cashier, and identified with her own signature, she consented to permit it to lie in the safe overnight, since the roads were not yet passable.

Even then she cannily inquired of the bank employee:

"I reckon ye hain't got no objection ter my countin' hit up afresh afore I sets out, hev ye?"

Later that day Lute Brown—who, it may be said in passing, had served a term in State prison for housebreaking—dropped casually into the bank and asked the cashier to "back a letter" for him, since writing was not one of his strong points. The cashier was obliging; and inasmuch as gossip was usually scarce in that community, he went on the while chatting with the president of the institution, who had just come in.

"True as text!" said the cashier, while Lute Brown waited. "She wouldn't take

no check. She was plumb resolved to have her money in cash, and she aims to hire a mule and start out soon to-morrow morning, toting it along with her."

"I'd hate to undertake it," said the president briefly.

"Me an' you both," agreed the cashier. "why, she wouldn't even hear of takin' no body-guard along with her."

Later in the day Lute Brown addressed a caucus attended by a half-dozen men, including Jase Mallows. The meeting took place behind closed doors, and, though a general accord of purpose prevailed, there was some dissension as to detail.

"We kain't skeercely shoot her out'n hand as she rides along," demurred a conscientious objector, who, however, fully indorsed the plan of lightening her financial burden. "She's a woman fer all her brashness in her callin' herself a man."

The virtuous sentiment was not popularly received. It might even have been scoffed into limbo had not Jase Mallows leaned forward, twirling his mustache, and made himself heard.

"Ye're dead right hit won't do ter kill her. I aims ter wed that gal some day, an' afore I'd see her laywayed an' killed, I'd tell this hull story ter the town marshal!" An ominous growl went up at that, but Jase continued stanchly: "Howsomever, we needn't hev no fallin' out over that. I've got a plan wharby she kin be robbed without hurtin' her, an' wharby, atter ye've done got the money, I kin 'pear ter rescue her an' tek her out'n yore hands."

As he outlined his guileful proposition, the scowls of his listeners gave way to grins of full approval and admiration.

"Who's goin' ter diskiver what route she rides?" demanded one of those annoyingly exact persons who mar all great dreams by the injection of practicalities.

Again Jase laughed.

"Thar hain't but one way she kin go. Hit 'll be days afore any other's fordable. She's got ter fare past Crab-Apple Post-Office an' through Wolfpen Gap."

That afternoon Brent went to the telegraph-office, wishing to wire his company that the timber was safe and the deal closed. While still a short distance from the railroad-station, which was also the telegrapher's office, he saw Lute Brown go into the place, and fell to wondering what business carried the man hither. So he

timed his entrance, and sauntered in just as the fellow was turning away from the operator's chair.

Brent lounged about idly, because the man at the table had opened his key and begun sending. Neither Brown nor the operator gave any indication of interest in the arrival of a third person. To neither of them did it occur that Brent was versed in the Morse code, and Brent volunteered no information on the subject. Nevertheless, he was listening, and as the dots and dashes fell into letters and the letters into words, he read, as if from a book, this message:

Woman starts out in morning with bundle by way of Crab-Apple Post-Office.—LUTE.

Brent filed his own message and passed the time of day with the operator; but when he was outside he cursed the need of slow walking as he made his way to the rafts. Alexander was not there. No one had seen her for two hours, and both pack and rifle had been removed from her shack.

When Brent found Halloway and told him his story, the big man's face first blackened to thunder-cloud darkness, then as suddenly paled into dread.

"By Heaven, Brent!" he whispered hoarsely, catching the other's arm in a grip that almost broke it. "What if she suspects us, too, and has already set out to give us the slip? She hasn't a chance to get through before these outlaws intercept her. She'd have to stop somewhere this side the gap, and go on in the morning!"

"Come on!" snorted Brent. "We've got to go to the livery-stable and see if she's hired a mule."

"If she's seeking to give us the slip, she's probably changed that plan, too, and set out on foot. It's a safe bet, though, that she didn't go without her precious money. Let's try the bank."

They went, Brent needing to strike a sort of dog-trot to hold the long, striding pace of the other.

The bank was closed for the day.

IX

"Well, what next?" inquired Brent blankly.

"We might seize Lute Brown and the telegraph-operator, and hold them as hostages," began Halloway, somewhat haltingly. "But their disappearance would prove a sort of warning, and they may not be the

leading spirits. Did you gather from that telegram where they mean to hold her up?"

"No, nor even to whom the message went. He'd begun sending when I got in."

"Of course we couldn't prove that the operator understood the message, but I know the fellow. His name is Wicks, and I think he's a bad egg."

"Where does the bank cashier live?" inquired Brent.

"Three miles out along Deephole Branch—and he has no telephone," growled the giant. Suddenly through the baffled perplexity of his eyes broke the light of a dawning idea, and he spoke with a greater certitude. "If these highbinders have used the wire once, they may do it again!" he exclaimed. "At all events, that's the point to watch at present."

"I suppose you mean I must loaf around there and eavesdrop for anything that may come over." Brent's tone was unenthusiastic. "It's logical enough, too; but if the girl has started out alone, time is precious."

Halloway had emerged from his doleful uncertainty. Plans were swiftly taking shape in his mind. "No! You've been there once. If you went back, it's just possible that a ghost of suspicion might steal into the fellow's dull mind. I'm ready to take my turn now, though. I hate the confounded inactivity! I am a supposed illiterate. I struggle over the printed page—and with me loafing in his office he would chat away over his wire undisturbed."

"And what shall I be doing?"

"There'll be enough to keep you busy, I should say. Get in touch with any of the bank employees that you can locate. Try to learn whether Alexander has actually started. Have Lute watched, and see with whom he talks. Get together a dozen men whom we can trust at a pinch. Have them ready, if necessary, to take the saddle on a moment's notice. It may come down to a race over the trail."

Brent's face fell.

"With my limited acquaintance here," he objected, "how am I to pick such men?"

"No man who looked into the doglike eyes of young Bud Sellers," asserted Halloway, "could doubt that he would give his life for that girl. He can also keep his mouth tight. Tell him the whole story, and take his orders. I'm off now to sit on my shoulder-blades in the telegraph-office."

About the post-office loitered a small crowd drawn together by the instinct for

companionship, and to that gathering-place Brent turned first in search of Bud. It proved a happy choice, and when he had, with seeming casualness, led his man into a quieter spot, he demanded:

"Bud, what has become of Alexander?"

He thought that the young mountaineer stiffened a bit, and that his face became masklike; but this may have been the jealous tendency of a hopeless passion. When Brent swiftly narrated all that he and Holloway had learned, the secretive air fell away from the young man's face, and his body trembled as if stricken with a chill, but a chill of rage and indignation which had no kinship with timorousness.

"Hit looks like hit would hev been safer an' handier fer Alexander jest ter ride on back home with the same crowd thet come down-river with her. They've all got ter make the same journey," was Bud's first comment, but after a moment he shook his head. "Howsomever, I reckon they don't aim ter hasten back so fast. They hain't been in a town fer a long spell, an' they seeks ter tarry—an' quite several of 'em air fellers I mistrusts anyhow."

"Can't you pick out enough dependable men for an immediate start, if need be?"

Bud laughed shortly.

"Did ye 'low, atter hearin' what ye jest narrated, that I'd be liable ter stand hitched fer long? I'll pick 'em out all right, an' speedily!" Into his suddenly narrowing eye shot a menacing gleam. "An' ef them fellers undertakes ter harm her, afore God, thar's goin' ter be some shovelin' of graveyard dirt, too!"

Brent sought out the bank president, who lived in town, and put his terse question as to whether Alexander had withdrawn her package of money from the safe.

"She hadn't been there again up to the time of my leaving," the banker replied; "but I came away before closing."

The telegraph-office at the railway-station was a dingy place of cobwebbed murk. It was also the express-office, and in helter-skelter disarray lay a litter of uncalled-for plowshares and such articles as go from the end of the rails into the hinterland of the mountain valleys. Except for the operator, who was also ticket-agent and general factotum, the place was empty. Only a dim light came through its smeared window-glasses from the dispirited grayness of the outer skies. The dust-covered papers

that cumbered the table, long undisturbed, spoke of an idle office and of hours unedged with interest.

As Holloway's great bulk shadowed the door, Wicks glanced up and nodded surly welcome.

"Did ye want anything?" he asked.

"No, just loafin' round," drawled the visitor, as he settled indolently into a chair, which creaked under his weight.

For a short while the two kept up a perfunctory semblance of conversation, but between these interchanges of comment lengthening intervals elapsed. Wicks sat inertly gazing at the stains on the unwashed wall, which long familiarity had made hateful to him. His expression was moody, and only occasionally did he turn to glance at his unbidden guest. Holloway's head fell forward on his chest, and soon his heavy breathing became that of a man who is napping.

Finally the other opened his key and sounded the call for Viper, a hamlet ten miles away, though in practical effect it was more distant, since the road that led to it twisted painfully over ridges and through gorges. It was on an infrequently used freight-spur, but it boasted communication with the world by wire—and it was important now because it was a town through which Alexander must pass on her way from Coal City to the mouth of Shoulderblade Branch.

The metallic voice of the telegraph-key subsided, and shortly there came the response. Holloway still sprawled inert, breathing heavily—a sleeping giant whose ears were very much awake. This was no official message paying toll, but a private conversation between operators bent on whiling away dull moments. Moreover, it was evidently the continuation of a talk previously commenced, so that to the eavesdropper it was like a continued story of which he had missed the opening chapters.

"Upward of four thousand dollars," tapped out Wicks. "That's big money, but the more men that split it the less each feller gets, so they don't want too many from Viper."

Holloway realized at once that this lantern-jawed operator had a swift and sure sending finger. When the answer came it was, in contrast, labored and ragged. It was as if two men talked, one in rapid and clear-clipped syllables—the other in a stutter.

"There might be neck-stretching, too," Viper spelled out, "if too many tongues make talk. Jess will have the boys ready at the place soon in the morning. They will wait for orders there."

"At the place!" Holloway, in his counterfeited sleep, cursed to himself. If instead of those indefinite words the point had been named, he would have gained something tangible. Now, however, he knew beyond a doubt that both operators were conspirators, and he had gleaned one comforting assurance—their plans contemplated no joining of forces until the morrow. Those at the far end were still uninstructed. If it came to a race that night, he had a better chance.

Then Viper cut off, and Wicks, with a sigh of boredom, settled back in his chair once more and gave himself over to silence.

Finally Holloway stirred out of his slumber and stretched himself.

"I reckon," he admitted shamefacedly, "I must hev fell asleep. Thet blamed fire broke up my rest last night."

With which comment he slouched, still sleepily, out of the place, rubbing his eyes with hamlike fists as he went.

At the rafts he found Bud Sellers and a round dozen men of Bud's selection. Looking them over, Holloway privately approved. There was not an eye in the number that was not hawk-clear, or a figure that was not nail-hard. All of them were fellows cut to a pattern of action; but even in their excellent average one stood out with an individualism which immediately struck the observer.

He was introduced as Jerry O'Keefe, but Holloway would not have needed the name, once he had seen the lazy, challenging twinkle in the gray-blue eyes, to spot him as a man of Irish blood. O'Keefe had to look up to meet the glance of the giant, but that was unusual for him. Into most eyes he looked down, for when he stood in his socks he measured six feet and two inches of hard-bitten sinew and man-flesh.

"Where's Brent?" asked Holloway.

Bud Sellers, whose manner had fallen into the stillness of one chafing against delay, replied tersely:

"He hain't come back yit."

Soon, though, he arrived, and by now the west was reddening toward sunset.

In a situation calling for the utmost economy of time it would have meant moments salvaged for the trio of men, who

must act as commanders of the rest, to go at once into a discussion of the results of their several investigations. Yet that was impossible, since for Holloway to tell his story to both would mean revealing his knowledge of telegraphy. So while he and Brent talked alone, Bud Sellers stood apart, and into that fertile soil of mountain suspicion there crept a vague questioning as to why full confidence was denied him.

When he had heard all, save Holloway's eavesdropping, he made his own report.

"Myself, I hain't found out much, save thet I've got the men ready, an' thet I seed Lute Brown talkin' with Jase Mallows a spell back."

It was arranged that half of the force should proceed at top speed to Crab-Apple Post-Office and mobilize there; that Holloway himself should push through to Viper and eavesdrop on the telegraph-key; and that the others should loaf about Coal City, watching the suspects and gleaning what information they could. The men of the last-named contingent were to play hounds on the heels of the plotters, and to try to follow them without being discovered.

While the three were still in council at one end of the raft, Bud came suddenly to his feet, and his jaw dropped in amazement. There, striding down the bank to the boom, with a face as freshly pink as a wild rose, was Alexander herself, with her pack on her back.

She saw the gathering of men, some with faces that were unfamiliar to her, and halted to inspect them. Into her eyes came something like a smolder, as if in resentment against unwarranted trespassing. Then, seeing Bud and Holloway and Brent, she came aboard and demanded curtly:

"What be all these men doin' hyar?"

For an instant no one responded to her question. The reaction of unexpected relief from driving anxiety left them wordless. Finally Brent laughed nervously.

"It would appear that they are here for no reason whatsoever," he said; "though a few minutes ago we thought it a matter of life and death."

Her nonplused expression was sufficiently full of interrogation to call for a fuller explanation, and Brent embarked upon a summarized recital of what they had discovered. Alexander's eyes widened into amazement, and she caught one lip between her white teeth. She stood very straight and indignant, and the men acknowledged

to themselves that she had never seemed so beautiful before, or so militant.

"So they aimed ter layway me!" she murmured incredulously.

"Yes," Halloway answered promptly, "and ye mighty nigh walked into thar deadfall. Don't ye see now how plumb reckless yore plan is? Whar was ye at, anyhow?"

The girl impatiently tossed her head.

"I fared out a leetle way ter see how the roads looked," she said. "I wanted ter mek sure that I could get a daybreak start in the morning. I hain't nobody's sugar ner salt, that I kain't stir abroad without meltin', be I?"

"We saw that your pack was gone, and we 'lowed—" began Halloway, but she interrupted him with a curt explanation.

"Thet shack war leakin' like a sieve. I didn't aim ter hev all my belongin's mildewed, so I left 'em at the store."

"This crowd kin see ye through without mishap, I reckon. We've done planned hit all out."

That contribution came from the giant, who seemed to have become general spokesman; but the young woman stood silent and absorbed, with a delicate pucker between her brows and the violet pools of her eyes cloud-riffled. At last she announced firmly:

"I'm beholden ter all of ye, but I've got ter study this matter out by myself. I'll come back hyar in a little spell an' tell ye what decision I've done reached."

"As for getting a daybreak start," Brent observed, as she turned away, "you can't get into the bank until it opens."

Once more she had overlooked the unfamiliar complications of financial usage.

Jerry O'Keefe had been lounging with the other recruits of Bud's gathering, looking riverward, until the sound of voices—he could not distinguish the words—brought him lazily around. As he stood when the first view of Alexander broke on his vision, so he remained, immovable. The low and bantering laughter of his companions, when they noticed his rapt statuesqueness, fell on deaf ears. His lips parted and his eyes held firm, as under hypnotism.

Jerry stared with a craned neck at Alexander McGivins until slowly his body came round to an easier posture. Like a wheel moving upon its axis, he seemed to revolve upon his steady and unmoving fixity of eye. Into the gray-blue irises came a lively

kindling, and, with seeming unconsciousness of those about him, he said solemnly:

"Afore God, I aims ter wed with thet gal!"

Alexander had strolled outward along a bluff, leaving the town at her back, because she wanted to think without interruption. In her home over yonder across the broken ridges her father might be lying, anxiety-ridden—or he might be already dead. An obsession of haste spurred her with the roweling of suspense, and with the companionship of her troubled thoughts she walked on and on.

When at length she turned, she had decided certain matters. In the growing dusk she met a man who smilingly accosted her and halted in her path. It was Jase Mallows. She confronted him with a high head, and, in remembrance of his swaggering impertinence, spoke imperiously.

"I don't want ter hev no speech with ye, Jase, now ner never, but I owe ye wages fer the wuck ye done on them rafts. Come ter the bank ter-morrer at openin'-time, an' I'll pay ye off."

The mountaineer's face fell into a scowl of resentment. To be rebuffed was galling enough. To be relegated to a servile status was unendurable; yet he refashioned his expression at once into a smile.

"Thar hain't no tormentin' haste, Alexander," he assured her evenly. "Any time will do—any time at all, but I'm leavin' town ter-night."

"Suit yerself," she answered with calculated curtness.

She would have gone on, but he fell into step with her and dropped his voice to so earnest a timbre that despite her dislike for him she listened.

"Alexander, hit hain't none of my business, an' I know ye're mad at me; but yore paw an' me dwells neighbors, an' I'm goin' ter forewarn ye about somethin'."

"All right." Her voice was frigid. "Go ahead. Everybody's forewarnin' me now!"

"I've done heard that this Brent party air a mighty slick customer. Don't give him no undue leeway ter fleece ye. The man Halloway thet's hangin' around him, he's a pretty desperate sort, too, by the repute folks give him. When ye settle up accounts with thet outfit, ye kain't skeerce-ly be too heedful. I'd either make 'em give me cash money, or else hev a lawyer round ter see thet everything's all right."

"My paw hes full trust in Mr. Brent an' so hev I," declared the girl indignantly.

She dismissed Jase with a glance under which his bravado wilted, and he made no further effort to walk at her side.

In the gathering dusk, the wet desolation about her seemed to creep into Alexander's heart. With so many charges of treachery and foul play floating about, of whom could she feel certain? Then the answer came. There was perhaps only one. So long as he remained sober, Bud Sellers would remain dependable. From the bank overlooking the boom she called his name.

When he leaped to respond, she led him out of hearing.

"Bud," she said tensely, "ye know how heavy-hearted with dread I be about my paw. Ye know that when I left him I wasn't no ways sure I'd ever lay eyes on his livin' face agin. I ain't sure now." Her voice threatened to break, and to control it she pitched it into a harder tone. "Ye know, too, whose fault thet air."

He answered very miserably:

"Yes, I knows full well—an' I've done been in torment ever since!"

"Ef he's still alive an' gits well," she went on, "thar won't be no grudge atween us. Ye say ye seek ter make amends. Ye know what hit means ter him whether I git thet money back safe or not."

"Yes, I knows thet, too."

Alexander laughed a little bitterly.

"I've jest been forewarned thet I kain't trust neither Brent ner Halloway. I hain't sayin' I believes hit. I reckon hit's sheer slander; but"—all unconsciously a note of pathos crept into her voice, the pathos of one who must fight alone against unseen forces—"but how am I goin' ter tell, fer dead sure, who I kin trust?"

Sellers remembered that all he knew of the robbery plot was hearsay—that his informants had excluded him from a part of their consultations. An ugly possibility took vague shape in his mind, but his answer was brief.

"Ye kin trust me twell hell freezes!"

Alexander nodded.

"Ye're the one man I ought ter hev a blood-hatred ag'inst—an' yit, so long as ye stay sober; Bud, I know right well thet what ye say air true!"

Suddenly she laid both her hands on his shoulders. Under her touch a tremor raced through his arteries, and the mountains seemed to grow unsteady.

"Ye're the only man hyar I kin plumb, teetotally depend on. When the bank opens ter-morrer, I wants ye ter be thar. I don't want ye ter go with me on the trip back home. I hain't goin' ter suffer nobody ter do that; but thar's a thing I may need ye ter do."

"Es God's lookin' down on us, ef a man kin do hit," Bud swore in an emotion-shaken voice, "hit 'll be done!"

Later that evening Alexander announced her decision, and from it she refused to depart. As soon as she could transact her business at the bank she would set out on a hired mule, with the money in her saddlebags. She would tolerate no escort, because one person could travel secretly where several could not. When she had progressed a certain distance, she would turn the mule back. The only reason for its use would be to make it appear that she was going by the route which the robbers expected her to take.

Then, depending upon a woodcraft which she trusted, she would swing out on foot, holding to the laurel thickets, and would pass, not through, but around and above Wolfpen Gap, which seemed the logical place for a hold-up. She consented that her assembled body-guard should, if they insisted, push on and mobilize at Viper, where, if suspicious circumstances warranted, they might be near enough to take emergency action. If she came through safely to Perry Center, she would be secure in the house of a kinsman, and from there on would have little to fear.

At ten o'clock the next morning Alexander came out of the bank, followed by Bud Sellers, who carried his own saddlebags over his arm, as if he, too, contemplated a journey. Brent, in order to avoid the appearance of too close a participation in her affairs, did not accompany her, nor was Halloway anywhere in evidence.

As the girl went out to the spot where her hired mule stood hitched, various observers along the ragged street noted that her rifle was strapped under her saddle-skirt, in such a way that it could not be speedily loosened. They also watched as, with no pretense of concealment, she stuffed into her saddlebags a parcel done up in heavy brown paper and made conspicuous by the bank's red sealing-wax. Then, still scornful of evasion, she mounted and rode away, as straight-shouldered and militant a figure as Joan of Arc herself.

But Sellers, looking after her from the door of the bank, was gloomy of countenance beyond his wont.

X

As the mule ambled along the mired streets of the hamlet, there were eyes following its course that masked keen interest. If certain men who had attended yesterday's caucus still loafed inactively about the sidewalks, it was not because they were indifferent to possible developments, but in obedience to a settled plan.

On the previous night a party had set forth ahead of Alexander. Its members were now stationed at appointed posts in spots so lonely and so silent that one might have passed them at a stone's throw without suspecting their presence. They had gone singly and by different ways, at the start. Others had come to cooperate from Viper, and the net was spread with the utmost possible care and completeness. For communication and signaling the voices of forest things were available—the caw of the crow in the timber, the bark of the fox in the thicket, the note of those birds that the winter had not driven southward.

Alexander's journey would not have been easy, had she ridden with no prize to safeguard, for she had to pass washouts and quicksands, treacherous fords and shelving precipices. But here was a fortune guarded only by a woman, whose recklessness was leading her into still graver peril.

"She is plumb askin' fer hit—beggin' fer hit," grinned Lute Brown, who, with a single companion, strode along a wet and tangled trail shortly after sunrise. "An' I reckon she'll get hit!"

But the three to whose earnest advice the young woman from Shoulderblade had turned a deaf ear had not been content to accept dismissal or to remain inactive. Halloway and Sellers knew how real was the danger of which she made so little, and they dared not trust to luck or rely solely upon her dauntlessness to see her through.

As for Halloway, he had left Coal City under cover of the dawn's twilight, while the white fog of a mountain morning still veiled the world. He had gone on foot, since with his tireless strength he could travel across the "roughs" at better than a mounted pace and be less cumbered. His destination was the telegraph-office at Viper. Jerry O'Keefe and a handful of others were to gather inconspicuously there

and await his instructions. Brent was to come on later, and in his command, though not in his immediate company, were to be Bud Sellers and several more.

The chief difficulty, of course, lay in the question of communication. The only plan that seemed feasible was to divide the intervening country into zones, and to arrange apparently innocent signals to designate the locality in which it might become imperative to gather and strike. Telephones were few in this region, and those that existed purely local in radius; but since mining properties were dotted over the terrane there were, here and there, scattered "talkin'-boxes."

By neither telegraph nor telephone would it be practicable to talk freely, but Halloway meant to learn what he could, and Brent was to call him up from time to time, if possible. His inquiries would be couched in questions as to purchases of timber for next season's cutting, and the germ of the reply would be suggestions of locations—which he would understand.

Alexander rode on alone, and the ways were, at first, as deserted as if they had never been fashioned for human usage. The road between Coal City and Viper wound over the hills with steep ascents and descents, and with torrential waters to be forded in the valleys. She meant to ride only about four miles before abandoning her mule for the *détour* on foot.

When she had left the town only a little way, two horsemen came up behind her. She knew neither of them, and they were immature boys with the empty and vacuous faces of almost degenerate illiteracy. They seemed to be unarmed; but since it was vital to Alexander's scheme to ride unwatched, it became important either to have them go ahead or to distance them. Accordingly, she urged her mule into a lumbering canter, and then, when a turn of the road had been reached, slowed down—only to discover with a backward glance that the other riders had galloped too and were still close in her rear. Crossing a brook, she paused to let her mule drink, and they passed her slowly, staring with unabashed fixity and hanging jaws at the unaccustomed sight of a woman riding astride in the clothing of a man. Then they went forward at a snail's pace.

Alexander could feel no degree of security until the timber masked her course. Whether by intent or by accident, these

chance fellow wayfarers had become a definite menace. Fretting at the delay, she waited for some time at the ford; but when she made the next turning, she saw them loitering with no apparent purpose in life save to pass and repass her.

She rode by them again, this time with an angry coloring of her cheeks, and shook her lazy beast into a trot. Behind her trotted the two. Eventually the girl drew rein, squarely confronting the troublesome though inoffensive-looking pair.

"Hain't I got a license ter travel the highway without bein' follered an' be-deviled?" she demanded angrily.

At first the two youths seemed too much abashed for speech. One of them, who was an almost albino blond, flushed to the roots of his pale hair.

"I reckon hit jest chanced thetaway," he stammered. "We kindly happens ter be travelin' the same direction an' goin' the same rate—thet's all."

"Well, don't let hit chanst thet way no more!" The mountain girl's eyes were flaming with a blue light like burning alcohol. "You choose yore gait an' let me choose mine. Take the road or give hit, either way."

The second lad had found his tongue by this time, and he used it truculently.

"This highroad's public property, I reckon," he announced. "A man kin ride as he sees fit."

Alexander could not afford to parley, and the suspicion was strong upon her that the twain were less guileless than their seeming. She flashed out a revolver and issued an ultimatum.

"I warns ye both now. I'm a goin' ter stand right hyar long enough ter count a hundred. If either one of ye's in sight at the end of thet time, I'm a goin' ter begin shootin'. Ef I see ye agin naggin' round me from now on, I'm goin' ter begin shootin', too—an' shootin' ter kill!"

She meant it, and after a questioning glance they knew that she meant it. With some grumbled incoherence, they went on. They even went at a gallop, and Alexander saw them no more; but perhaps even after that they saw her.

Halloway came early into the hamlet of Viper, bedraggled with travel. He knew that among the men about him there were probably several accomplices to the conspiracy which he sought to defeat. He had

been in Coal City for only a few days past, and never in Viper until now; so until some one drifted in who remembered his interference at the tavern he would not necessarily be recognized as having any connection with Alexander's affairs. Indeed, he had been seen with her so little that he might altogether escape association with her in the minds of these fellows. On the other hand, any stranger would in all probability be held under unremitting surveillance, and he must therefore proceed with extreme caution.

Jerry O'Keefe was lounging about the streets, gossiping with acquaintances; but when Halloway passed him, and brushed his shoulders, neither gave any sign of recognition. Halloway brought up at last, though with seeming aimlessness, at the telegraph-office.

There, besides the man who sat at the key, he discovered two others, both of unfamiliar mien. From the scowls which they bent on him he gathered that he was something less than welcome. Palpably the present occupants of that small room preferred to remain uninterrupted in their talk, yet they did not wish to manifest open or undue anxiety to a stranger.

"Howdy, men?" began the new arrival affably, as he stood towering over the telegraph-operator. Then, looking down at that person, he added with awkward, back-country diffidence: "Stranger, be ye the feller thet works thet thar telegraph?"

The seated man looked up and nodded.

"I promised a man by the name of Brent, back thar in Coal City, ter kindly see ef anybody along the road I come hed any timber they sought ter sell." The giant still spoke with a hulking shyness. "I hain't l'arned nothin', because I come through soon in the mornin', an' the roads was empty; but I reckon I'd better send him a message ter that effect."

Halloway noticed that, as he talked, the other men watched him narrowly, though, as he glanced in their direction, they fell at once into a semblance of carelessness. The operator grunted as he shoved forward a blank, with the instructions:

"Write out your telegram."

Halloway thrust back the paper.

"I kin write—some," he said; "but not skeercely good enough fer thet. I 'lowed I'd get ye ter do hit. Just say I haven't heard of no timber fer sale. His name's Will Brent an' mine's Jack Halloway."

As the seated man grudgingly scribbled, the newcomer lounged lazily near by; but just as the man at the key was about to begin sending his instrument fell into a frenzied activity. Holloway thought that the other loiterers, who were really no more genuinely loitering than himself, made a poor showing of indifference, and that their attitudes betrayed their impatience of waiting for whatever was coming over.

Finally the electric chatter ended. The seated man had cut in once or twice with questions. At the end he rose from his chair, not with a regularly transcribed message, but with a few hastily jotted notes on a sheet of paper in his hand. Impulse had brought him to his feet, but he stood hesitant, bethinking himself of the presence of the interloper.

Holloway broke in with a drawling inquiry pitched to a stupid inflection:

"Did ye send my message, stranger? Did they say he war there?"

The operator flung him a churlish glance and a short answer.

"Thet office was busy," he said. "They didn't hev no time ter take your talk jest now." Then, with exaggerated carelessness, he turned to one of the other loungers. "Joe, ef ye'll come inter the baggage-room, I'll see ef thet express parcel o' yourn air in thar. I think hit came afore the high water."

"I reckon," murmured Holloway disappointedly, "I'll hev ter wait a spell an' see kin I git my man later on."

He settled into his chair with a seeming of permanent intent.

Meanwhile, in the privacy of the baggage-room, the station-agent was whispering excitedly to his companion. The man in his chair beyond the door could hear no word of that hurried conference, but he had no need to do so. He had read its substance at first hand from the wire, and it had run about like this:

"She driv two of our fellows back with a pistol when they sought to follow her; but she left her mule an' turned into the timber five miles this side of Coal City."

Holloway had congratulated himself that to this extent, at least, Alexander had succeeded; but his pleasure had been short-lived, for the operator here at Viper had flashed back the interrogation: "What then?" and the other—who, Holloway figured, must be cutting in from Wolfpen Gap—rapped out the disquieting reply:

"They're combin' the timber for her. Have your boys there head her off at the ford of Chimney Fork in case she circles round the gap."

A detail which might prove important struck Holloway as he listened. He had recognized the sending from the other end, just as a man may recognize a speaking voice.

It had been years since he had himself operated a key, but, like many adept telegraphers, he could distinguish not only the dots and dashes of the code, but also the individual peculiarities of their rapping out. He would have been willing to take oath that the hand which had sent this news was the same quick, sure hand that he had watched at work yesterday. This would indicate that Wicks had either deserted his post at Coal City, or left it in charge of a relief man, and that he had come to Wolfpen to be nearer the scene of action.

Through the open door of the telegraph-office Holloway, now burning with impatience, could see Jerry O'Keefe strolling aimlessly along the sidewalk half a block away. Jerry, too, was waiting for instructions. Once he received them, he was ready to lead his own force out; and in his eye there was the light that had kindled there when he first saw Alexander.

Holloway rose, yawned, and stretched himself. As he did so, his hands almost brushed the ceiling.

"I reckon," he asserted, "I won't tarry no longer. Mebby I'll come back again."

Before he had reached the threshold, the operator and his companion stood looking on from the baggage-room door. Even unlettered Machiavellis sometimes have their flashes of inspiration, premonition, "hunch," or whatever you may choose to call it. Suddenly into the telegrapher's consciousness flashed the suspicion that in the departure of this unknown observer lurked some hidden menace. In what that danger lay he could not tell, but it was a thing that he felt and upon which he acted.

The knight of the key jerked his head and raised a hand; and before Holloway's own arms had descended from the heights to which his yawn had stretched them, he found two pistols squarely presented to his broad chest, and heard a voice order with unmistakable finality:

"Keep them hands up!"

Keeping them up, Holloway could still see across the shoulders of his captors the

distant figure of Jerry O'Keefe, but he could not communicate with the young Irishman.

As he stood, rapidly thinking, it occurred to him that his strength and agility might perhaps even yet avail him. With a lunge he might carry down the two armed figures and escape; but before undertaking the attempt he turned his head for a backward glance, and decided against it. Beside the station-agent stood the third fellow, also with a drawn and leveled weapon.

The operator spoke again, somewhat nervously. He had acted so strenuously on pure impulse, and not without a certain misgiving. Now he felt the need of some explanation.

"Boys, when that instrument ticked a while back," he mendaciously asserted, "hit was the town marshal at Coal City talkin'. He described this man an' said he was wanted thar fer settin' the hotel on fire day before yesterday. We hain't got no choice but ter hold him."

Going to the drawer of his desk, the speaker produced a pair of handcuffs, and rattled them as he explained:

"The revenue man left these hyar. Put 'em on him, Joe!"

With the two pistols still pressed close, Hallway slowly lowered his wrists and submitted to the indignity of their shackling. Had any human possibility of a break for freedom presented itself, he would have embraced it; but the three guns had the look of business, and the three faces behind them were flinty with purpose.

As the locks snapped into the grooves of the bracelets, the telegrapher commented in sardonic afterthought:

"The revenuer fergot ter leave the key. I don't know how we'll ever git them things loose agin!"

They led the prisoner back into a dark corner of the baggage-room and bestowed him there in a chair, where, with a revolver against his temple, they gagged him and lashed him by waist and legs. His hands, being sufficiently manacled, they did not bind further.

When Alexander came to a place which was rocky enough to leave no footprints she slipped from her saddle, took her rifle and saddle-bags from their fastenings, and turned into the timber. The mule, she knew, would sooner or later be recognized and returned to the stable; but she did not

want it recognized too promptly, so she led it with her into the woods and turned it loose well up on the mountainside.

From that moment she disappeared with a completeness which attested her woodcraft. It was as if she had been, and then had ceased to be.

The way she elected to go followed the crests of the ridges, since it is better, when "hiding out," to look down than to be looked down upon. She had the art of silent movement, and the sodden woods gave a quieter footing than had they been frosty and brittle under her tread. She knew that sooner or later her ruse would be discovered by the conspirators, but she asked only two hours of freedom. After that she would be as difficult to find as the rabbit that has gained the heart of the brier-patch.

Once, spying from the edge of a lofty cliff, she saw a party of horsemen ride by far below. She laughed inwardly, guessing at their purpose and object.

She came eventually to a sharp spur where that particular stretch of ridge ended in a precipitous break. That meant that for a while she must go down to lower and more perilous levels. This was the most dubious stage of her journey. With it behind her she would feel that she had won through to security.

Because she was young and strong enough to laugh at fatigue, and bold enough to find a certain joy in recklessness, her spirits began to mount. There are huntsmen who will tell you that the wily and experienced fox comes to relish the chase more keenly than the pack which courses him. Alexander went on with a smile in her eyes.

But when she had gone down into the cloistered shadows of a forest-clad hollow, her spirits fell again; and as she reached the bank of the stream that coursed along the valley something like despair tightened about her heart. Across the line of her march boiled a swirling flood. To swim it, with her burden, was impossible. Though it might lead her dangerously close to the road which she sought to avoid, she had no choice. She must follow the torrent until a crossing developed.

As a woodsman, Alexander acknowledged few peers, but this was unfamiliar country. Moreover, she was pitting her skill against one who was her equal, if not her superior, and who knew every trail and byway of

these hills. He was a youth with a vacuous, almost idiotic face, whom she had that same day encountered. He had kept out of her sight, but had never been too remote to follow or gage her course, and what he learned he relayed to others. In due time he had known, without going farther, just where she must bring up—for he knew the condition of that stream, and just where it could be crossed.

The girl came, in due course, upon a broken litter of giant boulders, which lay scattered across the course of the stream. She could make out a point where one might cross dry-shod by leaping from rock to rock. It was a place of mystery and foreboding, for each of those huge rocks, with its age-old smoothness and greenness, was a screen whose other side might harbor things only to be guessed. There one must risk an ambush, trusting to one's star; and Alexander loosened her pistol and shifted her saddle-bags to her left shoulder and her rifle to her left hand.

Then she started forward—and one by one left the boulders behind her until she came to the last. As she rounded the final shoulder of sandstone, her hand was knocked up and her pistol fell clattering.

Her ambuscaders had known a thing which she had not—that for all the roomy freedom of the woods she must come out at last by this one passage, as wine must come out through the neck of the bottle.

About her closed a group of men whose faces were masked and whose bodies were covered by the uniformity of black rubber coats. Alexander did not surrender tamely. With the strength and the desperation of a tigress she gave them battle, until the sheer force of numbers had smothered her into helplessness. Her coat was ripped and her shirt hung in tatters from one shoulder before they pinioned her and silenced her lips with a bandage.

After that they blindfolded her and carried her up and down hill, twisting beyond all chance of guessing the course, to a place where the air had the cool freshness of a spacious cavern. There they set her upright and removed the bandage.

About her was a flare of torches and the grotesque play of shadows between the grottolike walls of an abandoned coal-mine. About her, ranged in the spectral formality of masked faces and black rubber coats, of peaked hats with low-turned brims, stood the circle of her captors.

"Now, Alexander McGivins," proclaimed a deep and solemnly pitched voice, "ye stands before the dread an' awful conclave of the order of the Kuklux, the regulators of sich as defies proper an' decorous livin'. We charges ye with unwomanly shamelessness an' with the practisin' of witchcraft!"

XI

For a moment, as she turned observant eyes about the walls of the place to which she had been brought, Alexander almost hoped that the astonishing statement of the spokesman was a true one—that in store for her, instead of robbery and possible outrage, lay the judgment of the dreaded punitive clan. Such punishment might be brutally severe, but she could face it in such fashion as would vindicate her claim of playing a man's game in a man's way.

So she stood there meeting the eyes that glared at her through the slit masks with a splendid assumption of scorn and defiance. She was keyed to the mood that makes it possible for martyrs to acquit themselves, even at the stake, with a victorious disdain.

Through this section of the mountains there had never been, since Reconstruction days, any survival of the Kuklux in a true sense; but now and then, as in all wild and violent countries, sporadic "regulations" occurred, in which masked men took a faltering law into their own less faltering hands. Sometimes it was a vigilance committee operating against abuses which the law failed to check. Oftener it was a masquerade behind which moved designs of personal hatred and vengeance. Sometimes the wife-beater or the woman of loose life was punished; sometimes the stronger enemy persecuted the weaker.

While Alexander waited for the next development, her captors prolonged the silence in order that the suspense of unguessed things might sap her courage.

The entrance through which they had come showed only as a darker spot in the shadowed vagueness of a far wall of rock, but there was a squareness about it which suggested a mine-tunnel. The walls themselves were streaked with black seams of coal and pierced with passages that led in unknown directions.

The place was lighted with lanterns and pine torches. Between the spot where they had stationed their prisoner and the dark figures that stood as silent accusers and

judges ran a trickling rivulet. At that detail Alexander smiled, for she knew that it was part and parcel of the absurdity contained in the allegation of witchcraft. The black art is powerless, by mountain tradition, to cross running water.

A bat fluttered zigzag about the place, brushing her cheek, but Alexander was not the sort of woman to be frightened by a bat.

When the calculated silence had held for perhaps five full minutes, the standing men meanwhile remaining as motionless as if they were themselves carved from coal, Alexander spoke.

"Why don't ye say somethin'?" she demanded. "I've got friends thet 'll be s'archin' these hills fer me right vigorous ef I don't git ter Viper in good time!"

It was a bold and provocative speech, but it failed to tempt the silent men out of the pose they had assumed. They knew the effect of protracted silence and impending danger in sapping even an assertive courage, and for five more minutes they stood wordless and motionless. Only their shadows moved under the torchlight, wavering fitfully from small to large, from light to dark, like draperies in a wind.

Finally the man at the center, who appeared to exercise a sort of command, moved a step forward and raised both hands. The others lifted high their right arms, and in a sepulchral voice the spokesman demanded:

"Does ye all solemnly sw'ar, by the dreadful oath ye've done tuck, with yore lives forfeit fer disloyalty or disobedience, ter try this wench on the charge of outragin' decorum an' practisin' the foul spells of witchcraft? Does ye all sw'ar ter deal with her in full an' unmitigated jestic despite thet she sarves Satan with a comely face an' a comely body? Does ye all sw'ar hit?"

The raised hands, with a unanimous and solemn gesture, fell over the hearts of the questioned and then came aloft once more. In a unison out of which no separate voice emerged sounded the reply:

"We does!"

Alexander laughed, but it must be confessed that that was pure bravado. She knew that on the backwaters of many creeks were cabins where simple folk invoked charms against witchcraft, and did so with genuine dread. She knew that many others, less candid, laughed at the old superstitions, yet acknowledged them in

their hearts. In her case the witchcraft charge was no doubt a subterfuge, but it was a jest which might bear bitterly serious results.

"Alexander McGivins," began the spokesman afresh, "we charges ye with these weighty matters—thet ye glories in callin' yoreself a he-woman, refusin' ter accept God's mandate, an' castin' mortification on yore sex by holdin' on ter shameless notions. We charges ye with settin' the example of unwomanly behavior before the eyes of young gals, an' we aims ter make a sample of ye. We furthermore charges ye with practisin' witchcraft, with castin' spells, an' performin' devil's work." He wheeled and demanded suddenly: "Number Thirteen, I calls on ye ter step forward an' testify. How does witches gain thar black powers?"

The answering voice was plainly disguised, and it came with the lugubrious quality of calculated awesomeness.

"By compact with Satan."

"Number Thirteen, how is sichlike compacts made?"

"Thar's ways an' ways. A body kin go up ter a mountintop fer nine nights an' shoot through a kerchief at the moon, cusin' the Almighty each separate time, an' ownin' Satan fer master."

"Number Thirteen, what powers does Satan give these hyar sarvents of hisn'?"

"They gains the baleful power ter kill folks with witch-balls, rolled tight out'n the hair of a cow or a varmint. By runnin' a hand over a rifle-gun they kin make hit shoot crooked. They kin spell a houn'-dog so thet he back-tracks 'stid of trailin' for'ards. They kin bring on all manner of pestilence, an' make cows go dry an' hosses fling their riders. They kin—"

"Thet's enough, Number Thirteen," announced the spokesman. "Thet's a lavish of evil. How kin they be hindered from this devilry?"

"Thar's means of liftin' spells, but nothin' save death hitself cures witches."

"Number Thirteen, how does ye go about hit, ter slay a witch?"

"By shootin' with a silver bullet 'run out'n a mold thet's done been rubbed with willow-sprigs."

"Number Thirteen, in the event of need, hev ye got sich a bullet hyar?"

"Each one of us hes got one."

Once more the apparent head of the clan turned to the girl.

"Woman, air ye guilty or not guilty?"

"I reckon," suggested Alexander coolly, "ye'd better ask Number Thirteen. He 'pears ter know 'most everything!"

But the spokesman declined to be lured by frivolous taunt from his vantage-ground of solemnity. He turned his head and gravely inquired:

"Number Thirteen, how does ye determine the guilt of a witch?"

"Ef a preacher comes nigh, she kain't help turnin' her back."

"I reckon we hain't skeercely got no preacher handy ter test her with," interrupted the master of ceremonies dryly.

"Ef she stays hyar twell midnight," the other went on, "a sperit in the guise of a black cat 'll appear ter do her biddin'."

On the ground lay the saddle-bags and the rifle, as yet unmolested. Before they had loosened the bandage from her eyes, Alexander had been subjected to the needless indignity of bound wrists, and now she was entirely helpless. Her coat hung on her, tattered during the struggle. Her flannel shirt had been rent until it sagged from her shoulder, leaving bare the white curves of its flesh.

The circle had fallen silent again. It remained silent for a long time, perhaps half an hour; then the man who had acted as chief inquisitor drew aside the fellow whom Alexander knew only as Number Thirteen, and, apart, they conferred in lowered voices.

In the manner of these two the captive recognized indications of anxiety. Palpably some detail of their plans had gone awry, and that miscarriage, whatever its nature, was troubling their peace of mind. Had she understood more fully, it would likewise have troubled her.

The conventional and successful course of highway robbery runs in the channel of a swift accomplishment and a rapid getaway; yet this crew, leaving the saddle-bags uninvestigated at their feet, were solemnly playing out their farce at the expense of valuable time—time which should have stood for miles put between themselves and pursuit.

Was the difficulty that of disposing of her? If so, she stood face to face with a stark and grim extremity. Murder and concealment of a lifeless body would be easy enough in such a place. These men were desperadoes, and if dire enough need

pressed them they probably would not balk overlong at the idea of killing a woman.

Yet the leader, studiously maintaining his Kuklux masquerade, parleyed with his underlings and consulted a heavy nickel-cased watch. His gesture showed impatience. The men in the silent circle stirred uneasily, and from time to time low growls broke from their lips. Obviously they were awaiting something which, though overdue, had not materialized.

The half-hour became an hour, then doubled itself to a full two hours, in oppressive silence.

"What be ye a waitin' fer?" Alexander demanded in a taunting voice.

This time the speaker snarled his answer back at her angrily, without any consistent attempt at holding the ritualistic impressiveness of manner.

"Mebby we're waitin' fer midnight—twell the black cat comes!"

Alexander could not guess that all these malefactors were on tenter-hooks of misgiving because the arrangement entered into as a concession to the vanity of Jase Malloys had failed—the fictitious rescue which was to reestablish him in the eyes of the girl, and to give them the chance to practise highway robbery, still stopping short of murder. The whole scheme had been cut to that pattern, and it was now too late to evolve a new strategy.

The trial was to have seemed genuine. It was to have been followed by a fictitious battle, in which the alleged regulators were to have been put to flight by the victorious entry of Jase himself, with his underlings. The girl, snatched from the jaws of death by his valor, would thenceforth rest under such obligations as could be recompensed only by her favor—but in the mêlée her money would disappear.

Jase had not come, and the captive whom he was to take off their hands must either be done to death or liberated with a wagging tongue.

Eventually the masked chief of the highwaymen led two of his followers aside. He recognized that, having compacted with Jase, they could not ignore him. In a whisper he ventured the suggestion:

"Mebby Jase has done come ter grief. Mebby we'd better kill the gal, atter all, an' git away; but if we does, we've got ter git Jase afore he has time ter blab an' hang us all!"

(To be continued in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

The Odd Measure

The Old Major's
Farewell to His
Soldier Grandson

*A True Story
of the War Camp
Community
Service*

THE major's grandson was under age, but he enlisted. The major had fought under Stonewall Jackson himself, and he would not keep the boy back, though each was all the other had in the way of kith and kin. Only the old Confederate soldier himself, and, it may be, the portraits of Jackson and Lee on the wall of his old parlor, knew how hard it was, and how the major clung to his one comfort—he would see his boy, perhaps for a long visit, before the regiment went to France. More the major did not hope, for he was an old man, and frail. He might not be alive when the troops returned.

But the boy's camp was distant from the little Southern town where the major lived, and in an unexpectedly short time word came that the regiment was going overseas in a hurry. There might be no more than time for the major to go to the boy's cantonment and see him for a day.

The major went straight there, but he had received the news too late. His grandson's regiment, they told him, was even now entraining. He hurried to the station on the chance of seeing the last of his boy, but the guards would not let him through. The officers were busy and could not be interrupted. Every one was sorry, but the wheels of military routine could not be held up for this one little human mischance, an old man asking for a last look at all he had in the world, the boy he had given to his country. It was war—the major knew war. He was turning away hopelessly.

But in this war the government is seeing to the little human mischances. As the major moved away, squaring his tired shoulders, a man with a red circle on his arm came up and asked if he could help him. The major did not think that any one could help him, but he told the man his story.

"Wait here till I do a little telephoning," the man said.

Back in a moment from the telephone, he passed through the guards to the colonel commanding, taking the major with him. It took only a moment more to explain the circumstances. The colonel, himself a Southerner, saluted the veteran and gave a quick order. The major's straining eyes saw a figure in khaki drop out of the ranks waiting on the platform, and his boy ran down the line to him—his for the hour before the train went away. When it was all over the major wanted to thank his helper, but by this time he had hurried off on another errand.

"It was the War Camp Community Service man," a guard told him. "They do that sort of thing all the time."

The government is seeing to it in this war that the human things are not forgotten. Besides the splendid work that the other branches under the Fosdick Commission are doing within the camps, there are innumerable things outside, connecting the camps with the communities, that require a special organization to look after them. The Recreation Association of America, with its groundwork of knowledge of work with people, was chosen for the task under the name of the War Camp Community Service. Its branches, and its sign of the red circle, are in every cantonment town. Its Travelers' Aid girls look after bewildered mothers and sweethearts who find themselves twenty miles from camp and ignorant of any way to get there. Its clubs and canteens see that the soldiers have decent, reasonable places to go in their off-time. In affiliation with local churches and clubs it finds friends in the towns for the soldiers. It sees that the Boy Scouts distribute information of its work to the soldiers at the stations. It keeps a firm hand on profiteering where soldiers are concerned. In Washington it has even arranged a corps of women who attend to the soldiers' mending, leaving their off-time really free.

It is officially authorized to do the kind, human, necessary things that soldiers and their kin need; to bring to the soldiers all the hospitality and comfort and friendliness of the towns, and to keep the towns the best possible places for the soldiers. Its activities range from securing appropriations to build roads where soldiers need them to finding a home and bridesmaid for a little war bride's wedding, far from her own home. It gives the girls and the soldiers the opportunity to see each other in the right way. It is a big factor in keeping our army contented and efficient.

* * * * *

If George III
Had Married
Lady Sarah
Lennox

*Could She Have
Prevented the
"Shameful War"
with America?*

FOR nearly a century and a half it has been popularly believed in this country—a belief zealously fostered by the German professorial element among us—that all Britain stood behind George III and his Hessian hirelings in making war upon our forefathers, and we are still a little bewildered when historic proof is put before us that such was by no means the case. Indeed, it appears that the best among England's statesmen and thinkers utterly condemned, from start to finish, the American policy of their alien sovereign, his alien mother, and his alien queen. Any one who doubts this may be referred to the full treatment of the subject in the four volumes of Sir George Trevelyan's "American Revolution."

A picturesque side-light comes from the letters of a clever woman who was part of the history of that day, and who, herself an English aristocrat, warmly sympathized with the rebellious colonists. This was Lady Sarah Lennox, a daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, and a cousin of Major-General Henry Lee—the "Light Horse Harry" who fought under Washington and became the father of Robert E. Lee. In one of her letters Lady Sarah wrote of her "Cousin Lee" and King George III that they were "both vain and obstinate, but the king has a bad cause and Mr. Lee a good one."

At one time—in 1762, to be precise, when Lady Sarah was a girl of seventeen, and so surpassingly beautiful that the chroniclers of the time called her "lovelier than any Magdalen painted by Correggio"—she barely escaped becoming the king's consort. George, a susceptible young man of twenty-four, saw her making hay upon the lawns of Holland House, and instantly fell heels over head in love with her. At that time there was no Royal Marriage Act, and no legal reason why Lady Sarah should not become Queen of England, like Anne Boleyn. Her father favored George's suit, as did all the Lennox family, while the girl herself was said to be quite ready to accept the royal crown, though her heart's fancy had gone out to Lord Newbottle. The adverse influence of the king's mother prevailed, however; a German princess was brought to England and given to George in marriage.

Lady Sarah herself married the same year, not Newbottle, but the famous sporting baronet, Sir Thomas Bunbury. Later she became the wife of Colonel the Hon. George Napier and the mother of two famous men—Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror and governor of Scinde, in India, and Sir William Napier, whom Justin McCarthy calls "the best military historian since Julius Caesar."

Old age brought total blindness to Lady Sarah, but she bore her affliction with great patience, and when she died, in her eighty-second year, the reputation she left behind was that of a very remarkable and fascinating woman.

Her letters contain many passages of interest to Americans. She could say sharp things, as for instance—

The Bostonians, being chiefly Presbyterians, and from the north of Ireland, are daily proved to be very, very bad people, being quarrelsome, discontented, hypocritical, enthusiastical, lying people.

This sweeping judgment of the New England colonists, however, does not prevent her from declaring the war a "horrible thing," and adding:

I can thank God very sincerely I am not queen, for I should have quarreled with his majesty long before this, and my head would have been off, probably. But if I had loved and liked him, and not had interest enough to prevent this war, I should certainly go mad to think a person I loved was the cause of such a shameful war!

Ah, the little "ifs" of history!

* * * * *

Sixty Years of Atlantic Telegraphy

*We Owe Much
to the Wires
That Link the
Hemispheres*

IN these days, when our morning newspaper prints whole pages of despatches cabied overnight from Europe, it is hard to realize that the first telegraphic message was sent across the ocean only sixty years ago, and that regular communication did not begin until eight years later.

The earliest Atlantic cable was completed in August, 1858, but proved defective. It carried a few messages—about five thousand words in all—between the island of Valentia, on the Irish coast, and Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland, and then, owing to imperfect insulation, it ceased to operate. Its owners had spent nearly three million dollars, and not until 1864 could the necessary funds be raised for another attempt.

By this time a new factor had come on the scene; a mighty steamship had been built and called the Great Eastern. She was eighty-three feet wide and almost seven hundred feet long—a wonder of the sea and of the world at that time. She was designed by Brunel and built on the Thames, and her gross tonnage was 18,915. Twenty-seven hundred miles of cable were loaded on her, and she set out for the south coast of Ireland with the hopes of two hemispheres in her voyage.

On July 23, 1865, the Great Eastern steamed from Valentia, but she had gone only eighty-four miles when it was discovered that the cable, laid in the sea, was defective. Yard by yard, for ten miles, it had to be hauled in until the weak spot was discovered and repaired. For four days she steamed on without mishap, but at six hundred miles from the coast another flaw was discovered, and the cable was hauled in again.

After this, four hundred miles more of the line was paid out. Once more, in mid-ocean, where the water was fifteen thousand feet deep, the electricians declared something wrong, and the cable was again pulled in. Yard by yard it came from its bed in the sea, a rope of wire one and one-tenth inches thick, from a depth of almost three miles. The strain was too great, and the cable snapped and dropped back into the sea.

Such an accident had been foreseen and prepared for. A grapnel fastened to a chain six hundred feet long was thrown overboard, and twenty-five other lengths of six hundred feet were added before sea-bottom was touched. All day and night the good ship steered back and forth seeking the lost treasure, when at last the watchers were rewarded with a "bite." There was a sudden pull on the chain, and they began to haul in. Fortune frowned on them again, for the chain broke and eight thousand feet of it went to join the cable in its oozy bed.

Three times were other grapnels dropped, and three times the chain proved too weak for its load, until at length, having no more chain aboard, the Great Eastern was forced to turn homeward and report failure. Next year, however, the same ship, with her commander and her experts, set out again with another cable, the western end of which was landed at Heart's Content Harbor, Newfoundland, on July 27, 1866, after a voyage of fourteen days.

In September of that same year the old broken cable was picked up and spliced to a new wire, which was also successfully brought to land. The ocean telegraph has ever since been in constant operation, although none of these pioneer cables lasted very long. The wire laid in 1866 broke down after six years' service, and in 1877 the patched cable of 1865 also failed; but meanwhile three or four other lines had been laid, and there was no interruption of communication. To-day more than a dozen wires are busily

engaged in carrying the momentous messages that flash back and forth between Europe and America.

* * * * *

A Friend in Need for Our Flying Men

*The Treasure and
Trinket Fund, and
Its Work for
Aviators*

A TYPICAL New York messenger-boy stalked into the quarters of the Treasure and Trinket Fund, where donations of gold and silver were being unpacked and sorted. He was cynical and blasé beyond his years, but his narrow eyes darted about the burglar-proof room and lingered covetously upon a boxful of watches. The busy workers were all women, and presently one appealed to the observant youth, whose first name was Jakey.

"Would you be willing to move this box across the room?"

Jakey became entirely oblivious, and chewed gum.

"We are working for the aviators—you'll be doing them a good turn."

Jakey's armor dropped with a crash, and the box was hustled into place.

"Ain't there any more?" he inquired.

He moved another heavy case of old plated ware, which left him breathless but smiling.

Then, as he turned to go, a tip was placed in his naturally receptive palm. An instant's hesitation at the doorway, and back came Jakey.

"Say," he stammered, "y-youse kin give this to the aviators!"

Jakey exemplifies how the world loves an aviator, and how all America turns a sympathetic and admiring face skyward, where the "eyes of the army and navy" are guarding their brothers on land and sea. Those who wish to do more than admire can express their gratitude in a practical way through the medium of the Treasure and Trinket Fund, whose object is "to meet the needs of the air service, the welfare of dependents in the case of disaster, and the long list of the flier's wants in so far as possible."

For some time the chief work of the fund was to provide men going overseas with the costly fur-lined flying-suits that airmen need, together with gloves, boots, goggles, and other necessities. To-day, though the government furnishes his flying equipment, there is still need for heavy expenditure by the young lieutenant as soon as he wins that rank. While a cadet, his pay—thirty-three dollars a month—may have been used for life insurance, assistance to relatives, or a patriotic plunge in Liberty bonds. His commission entitles him to an increase, but that does not begin till the following month, and accompanying the commission are his overseas orders. His finances have not covered half his needs, he knows nobody in the East from whom to borrow, and—he starts for France that evening!

"I'm up against it," he grimly remarks, preparing to embark on a stormy ocean in summery clothing brought from California.

Then some comrade mentions the Treasure and Trinket Fund—a life-line in a sea of trouble; and he boards the transport owning a complete outfit of knitted wear, a leather trench-coat, helmet, gloves, goggles, and a "penn roll." This last includes a portable cot, with mattress, blankets, and waterproof cover, very comforting on the voyage and, the grateful boys write, "in France, where the nights are cold."

Since as many as two hundred aviators have been similarly fitted out in the space of a week, it is no wonder that the committee has spent seventy-two thousand dollars, raised within the year, and needs more money for its work. Any one who cares to contribute is invited to send articles of gold, silver, or platinum—anything from a baby-pin to a coffin-plate—to the headquarters of the fund at 259 Fifth Avenue, New York. Gifts are melted at the United States Assay Office, or, if salable for more than their metal worth, are sold in a shop maintained by the committee. From all over the world cherished family heirlooms have come as sacrifices to the cause of helping the airmen.

The committee is planning to extend its work to include caring for wounded aviators returned from France.

Light Verse

THE BUS-CONDUCTOR

WE'RE happy in the omnibus—
A jolly little crowd of us;
We're going to dine—we four—up-town;
It will be late when we come down.
The seats begin to fill, and though
It is a night of soft, slow snow,
Some youngsters clamor up the stair,
And sit on top to drink the air.

The bus-conductor comes, in time,
And holds his hand out for our dime;
He calls the streets, and rings the bell,
And does his various duties well.
The avenue, aflame with stars,
Is crowded with swift motor-cars;
And at a corner now and then
We stop, and rush along again.

The bus-conductor looks at us;
His eyes are young and mischievous;
Yet there's a lurking sadness, too,
Within those depths of Irish blue.
He seems to say: "Your young, wild feet
Can dance off here at any street;
Yes, you can leave, and dine and sup,
While I must ring each new fare up.

"I'm like an engine on a track;
I first go down, and then come back.
I'm part of this old omnibus,
And, Jove, it gets monotonous!"

Ah, here's our street! . . . We dined till ten,
And danced till midnight. Home again,
Within the cozy bus—and there
The same conductor took our fare!

Charles Hanson Towne

A CHRISTMAS CATCH

POLLY'S pert, and Polly's pretty,
Polly's all that I desire,
Being winning, wise, and witty,
With her cheeks like autumn brier,
Or the kindled holly-berry that the frost has
touched with fire.

Ne'er a cloud of melancholy
Drifts across her brow of snow;
Ever sunny, ever jolly,

That's the Polly that I know,
And I would that I might lure her underneath
the mistletoe!

It was surely worth while trying,
Even if the mark I missed;
I should hate to see her crying
If I happened to insist,
Yet I somehow think that Polly wouldn't balk
at being kissed!

Clinton Scollard

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER

"MY arm is hanging in a sling;
A bullet broke it—yes, sir;
And though Fritz got me in the wing,
It could be worse, I guess, sir!"
The wounded soldier spoke, and showed
His shrapnel helmet dented
With bullet-marks, to which he owed
His life, so he commented.

"What drives me wild," continued he,
"Is that my pals are fighting
The battle of democracy
While my old arm is righting.
But, after all, this wing of mine
Can work while I am sitting,
For as the days and weeks decline
Its bones are slowly knitting.

"And though my knitting days seem long,
I'll soon be fit and ready;
They say a break is twice as strong
When it knits true and steady.
So, if this arm of mine will be
Increased in strength and fettle,
I'm glad 'twas wounded, so that we
Will gain that much in mettle!"

T. Benjamin Faucett

WHEN YOU HIT THE TRAIL FOR HOME

WHEN the sergeant's acting crazy,
And all you do is wrong,
And it seems you're always sat on
When you try to get along;
When the company sergeant-major
Would like to pick a bone—
You smile to think that some day
You'll hit the trail for home!

When the grub ain't what it might be,
Or there's something in the stew,
And it seems the boys who made it
Must be trying something new;
When the taste is kind of flattened,
And all you get is bone—
You smile to think that some day
You'll hit the trail for home!

When Fritz is getting nasty,
And demonstrates his passion
With the crack and din of shell-fire
Till you think it's quite the fashion;
When the rockets and the star shells,
In the night are weirdly shown—
You smile to think that some day
You'll hit the trail for home!

When the scrap is getting warmer,
And you've got 'em on the run,
But some crazy German jabs you
With the tickler on his gun;
When things get rather misty,
And you can't suppress a moan—
You smile to think that some day
You'll hit the trail for home!

When the sister's lost her temper
And will not let you smoke,
And you do not feel exactly
As if you want to joke;
When of lying in the hospital
Grouchy and tired you've grown—
You smile to think that jolly soon
You'll hit the trail for home!

William G. Galliford

THE KICKER

ALL through his life he beefs away;
He kicks with every breath;
We've just one hope—that some fine day
He'll kick himself to death!

Clifford Vincent

MISFIT PARTS

PERHAPS the greatest poet never wrote a
single line;
Perhaps the greatest sculptor never modeled a
design.
We're apt to miss our callings in this vale of
wrath and tears,
And certain men are Senators who should be
driving steers.
The dreamer's pounding rivets, the mechanic's
writing verse;
The aviator's brought to earth and made to drive
a hearse;
The judge is in the smithy and the smith is on
the bench;
The scholar works as chauffeur, and the chauff-
eur's teaching French.

And so it goes, while friction grows throughout
the big machine;
We often wonder what is wrong, and blame the
gasoline.
We tinker, fuss, and lubricate. We'd truly be
surprised
To see how smoothly all would run if parts were
standardized.
Too much perfection, though, would spoil the
fun we have to-day
In guessing at just what is wrong and tinkering
away;
And how to place the parts aright what mortal
man could tell?
Let's oil her up and start again—we're doing
pretty well!

Walter G. Doty

LETTERS FROM SOLDIERS

"AM well and strong. If more I told,
The censor would be sure to scold!"

"At last in France! If I said more,
I know the censor would get sore!"

"Hello! Good-by! If more I wrote,
The censor would destroy my note!"

Harold Seton

AT THE MOVIES

I LOVE a motion-picture show,
And almost every night
To see some favorite I go
With absolute delight.
But hark to what I now impart,
And with me sigh "Alas!"
No sooner does a story start
Than some one wants to pass!

Once more I settle in my seat,
Once more I view the screen;
I note the heroine so sweet,
The villain full of spleen.
But people who come late, I hold,
Are an annoying class;
No sooner does the plot unfold
Than some one wants to pass!

'Tis then I glare in sullen rage,
And mutter 'neath my breath;
I'm almost ready to engage
In combat to the death.
Small wonder I am cross and glum,
With sneers for "fool" and "ass";
No sooner does the climax come
Than some one wants to pass!

Harold Seton

AFTER THE INFLUENZA

MOST people, when they're feeling ill,
Should wear a card for all to see:
"Dear every one, I love you still;
For Heaven's sake don't talk to me!"

Allene Gates

War Fires and Fire-Fighting

THE GOVERNMENT'S FIRE-PREVENTION CAMPAIGN, AND THE URGENT NEED OF
REDUCING A LOSS WHICH IS A HEAVY TAX ON THE UNITED
STATES EITHER IN WAR OR IN PEACE

By L. C. Everard

EVERY American reads with genuine pleasure the official report, "Numerous fires broke out in the places bombarded"—provided, of course, the places happen to be behind the enemy's lines. A fire has always meant different things to different people. To the small boy it means a great spectacle preceded by the wonderful excitement of hearing the fire-bells, joining in the rush toward the fire, and thrilling to the sound of the siren and the cry, "There goes the chief!" To the man who owns

the house it may mean ruin; to those trapped in it, death.

Now we have a kind of fire in which a whole nation rejoices—nay, a score of nations; for every great fire within the German lines means a saving of our soldiers' lives, perhaps a shortening of the war. On the other hand, "Munitions-Plant Destroyed," "Baltimore Terminal Afire," "Grain Elevator Burns," and the like, are very disagreeable substitutes for the victory head-lines in expectation of which we have



A SAMPLE OF THE DEVASTATION WROUGHT BY THE FIRE AT THE GILLESPIE SHELL-LOADING PLANT AT MORGAN, NEW JERSEY, IN OCTOBER LAST—THE FIRE CAUSED A SERIES OF GREAT EXPLOSIONS WHICH BROKE MANY WINDOWS IN NEW YORK, TWENTY-FIVE MILES AWAY

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been taking up the newspapers. These have meant a longer war, a heavier death-roll, more suffering for us and our Allies.

The fires that are most depressing to the man in the street are those which occur where fighting-materials are made. It is easy to imagine the loss of a great battle because of the destruction by fire of guns, shells, high explosives, and the machinery for making them. A series of conflagrations in munitions-plants would soon be felt on the battle-field. It would not have needed many disasters like the recent fire at Morgan, New Jersey, or that at Black Tom Island, where two hundred tons of TNT and fifty tons of picric acid exploded, or that at Halifax, where about three thousand tons of high explosives went up, to embarrass the Allied battle plans.

Accordingly, wherever ammunition and ordnance are manufactured or handled, extraordinary efforts are made to prevent fire. The large plants not only have armed guards to prevent the sneaking Teuton spy from touching a match to the powder, but they maintain regular fire-brigades to put out quickly any blaze that may start.

In one plant a force of twenty-six inspectors and firemen is employed. At the head of it is a man who was formerly a city fire chief, and he has under him five officers of experience in leading fire-fighting organizations. There is a regular fire-alarm system, and two motor fire-trucks carrying hose, chemical extinguishers, life-lines, and similar apparatus. High-pressure mains supply water. Inside the buildings there are many other safeguards, such as automatic sprinklers, hand extinguishers, and hose.

One may well ask what is the use of all this when powder, dynamite, or TNT once starts. The answer is that if the explosive is in one big chunk, there isn't much use, but if it is separated into small lots preparedness may mean the difference between a trifling loss and a terrible catastrophe.

Moreover, the fire doesn't usually start in the explosive. The Halifax disaster started with the firing of some volatile oil from tanks on the deck of the steamer *Mont Blanc*. The tanks were broken open by a collision with another vessel, the *Imo*, and the oil is thought to have come in contact with hot pipes. The fire burned for some time before it reached the explosives. Had there been means of quenching it during the first fifteen minutes after the collision, there would have been no explosion.

So it often is with fires and explosions in munitions-factories. In one case a blaze was started in a factory doing machine-work on shells by the counterweight of an oil-furnace door falling upon an exposed oil-pipe and breaking it, so that the oil escaped and became ignited. The breaking of a crucible and the pouring out of hot metal on the floor; moisture in a shell undergoing heat treatment in a bath of molten lead causing a steam explosion, which scatters hot lead about; woodwork placed too close to receptacles for hot metal—these are typical causes of munitions fires. Such fires may destroy munitions-plants, but they are due to accidents that have no special relation to the manufacture of munitions.

The dangerous part of the manufacture of shells is making the primers. The fulminates used for this purpose are ignited by the slightest shock or by heat. Fulminate of mercury is so dangerous that it is handled under water, and the primers made with it are dried carefully after being loaded. "Even the dust swept up in fulminate works has a tendency to explode spontaneously," says one authority.

The fulminate compounds are mixed in small buildings surrounded by embankments. Rubber receptacles are used. In the best plants the mixing is done by automatic machines set in motion by electric switches placed at a comparatively safe distance. Only a few pounds of fulminate is kept in each mixing building at a time.

Powder is much safer than fulminate to handle, and it is not unusual to find two thousand pounds of powder in open cans in a munitions-factory storeroom. Black powder, though highly inflammable, does not explode unless confined and set off by heat. Smokeless powder is still less dangerous, for it does not flash, like black powder, and burns more slowly. In the handling of powder, however, as well as with fulminates, extraordinary care is taken, and the number of fires and explosions directly due to the nature of the explosive is comparatively small. In properly guarded plants rubber shoes or overshoes are worn, no matches are allowed, the floors have a seamless covering without nails, automatic sprinklers are provided, and many other precautions are taken.

UNPAID AGENTS OF THE ENEMY

German spies do not furnish the only reason for the multiplication of safeguards



RUINS OF PIERS AND BUILDINGS ON BLACK TOM ISLAND, IN NEW YORK HARBOR, AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF MUNITIONS THERE ON JULY 30, 1916

in American munitions-plants. Another and a very significant one is the extraordinary carelessness of the ordinary American, which is infinitely more destructive than the paid agents of the Kaiser. Most fires are caused by carelessness of one kind or another. Sometimes the carelessness is the natural accompaniment of too great haste; sometimes it is just carelessness.

A man operating the drying-oven in a Canadian shell-factory, which was in a hurry to reach the daily production it had contracted for, in his eagerness failed to allow enough time for the elimination of the gases. He opened the door too soon, and the factory was put out of business. In another factory making shells the oil bath for heat treatment was used too continuously, became too hot, and flashed.

At Port Newark, New Jersey, a foreman built a fire of pine and oak chips in two pieces of two-foot pipe, for drying sand. The pipe was laid on a wooden wharf near a fifty-gallon tank of gasoline. Not far away were several barrels of oil, and moored to the wharf was a barge containing six hundred barrels more. The result was a terrific conflagration, which did four hundred thousand dollars' damage to the newly

established Army Quartermaster's Depot. At this yard there was an outside military guard to keep spies from setting fire, but there was no guard against gross carelessness on the inside.

It is easy to blame a disastrous fire on German plotting, and there is serious danger that we shall get into the habit of letting it go at that, instead of trying to check our own habitual carelessness. We are used to big fire losses. Every year for many years more than two hundred million dollars' worth of property has been fed to the flames. We haven't minded it much—as a nation we were too rich to care; but we can't afford such extravagance now.

We can no longer afford to put a loaf of bread in the garbage-can because it's a day old and we prefer our bread hot from the oven. The Food Administration has made it impossible for the worst-informed of us to fail to realize the desirability of husbanding our resources. We all know we've got to save; but when a munitions-plant burns, we are too likely to get mad at imaginary German spies and forget that each of us has been guilty of recklessness with matches, cigarettes, furnace fires, and the like, which would have sufficed to burn

ten munitions-plants, and that Americans who work in these plants and live about them are of the same naturally reckless breed.

Attorney-General Gregory said recently:

"Notwithstanding persistent reports to the contrary, it is a fact that during the

"A single fire may cancel the activity of hundreds of farmers"—so the general manager of the National Board of Fire Underwriters expressed his view of the seriousness of fire in grain-fields and storehouses. Ten million dollars' worth of grain, at present prices, is destroyed every year. Many kinds



THE SMOKE OF A GREAT FIRE IN A JERSEY CITY WAREHOUSE, EARLY IN 1918, ROLLING ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER AND OVERSHADOWING THE LOWER PART OF NEW YORK

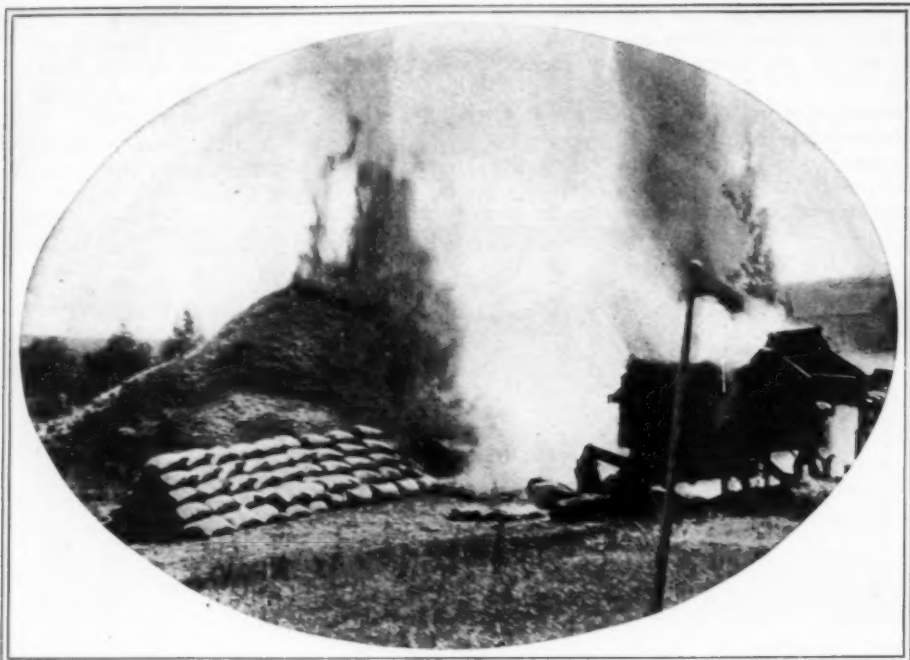
past year fires of an incendiary origin have been few in number."

BURNED FOOD WILL NOT WIN THE WAR

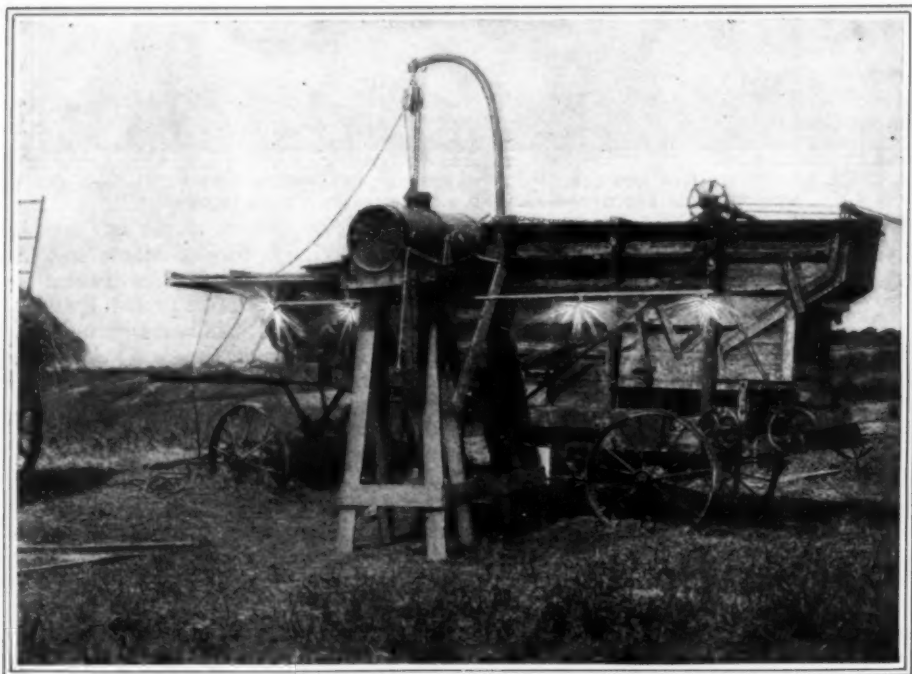
Fires needn't be in munitions-plants to bring scarcity to us, possible suffering to our Allies, and certain hindrance to our war plans. A grain-field may burn just as it is ready for harvest; a forest fire may destroy timber ready to be cut for ships or airplanes; fire in a colliery or oil-field may cut down our already insufficient fuel supply. In one State alone the value of the grain burned every year amounts to a quarter of a million dollars. This loss may be caused by carelessness with matches or smokes, or by failure to equip farm tractors with spark-arresters or to protect their hot exhaust and manifold pipes.

of food supplies besides grain are lost in similar ways. The destruction of meat is specially felt, because of its present scarcity and high price; and it is being burned not only in storage but on the hoof. A fire in the Kansas City stock-yards, late in 1917, destroyed about eleven thousand cattle and three thousand hogs, worth about three-quarters of a million dollars. On the same day a flour-mill in Indianapolis was burned, with a loss of three hundred thousand dollars. In the first nine months of our participation in the war, every great industry essential to its prosecution was affected by destructive fires.

Dock facilities and even ocean shipping have gone into the furnace. Great fires on the Baltimore and Brooklyn water-fronts were giant indexes pointing to hundreds of



A DUST EXPLOSION IN A THRESHING-MACHINE ON A WESTERN FARM—SERIOUS LOSSES OF GRAIN ARE CAUSED BY EXPLOSIONS AND FIRES OF THIS SORT



A THRESHING-MACHINE WITH AN AUTOMATIC EXTINGUISHER, A DEVICE EVOLVED BY THE BUREAU OF CHEMISTRY, DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, TO PREVENT FIRES CAUSED BY DUST EXPLOSIONS

smaller blazes. Our ports are especially favored geographically in that ocean-going shipping can be moored alongside wharves jutting directly out from the shore. This makes construction cheap, but it also makes it extremely inflammable, in most cases. Wooden sheds shaped like horizontal flues, built on wooden piling and crammed with combustibles, are a constant invitation to the fire fiend. Watchfulness and preparedness are all that keep our ports from being swept away in disastrous conflagrations.

It is obvious that at a time when every pound of meat or flour or sugar or cotton has a bearing on the winning of the war, not only must great fires be prevented, but we must do our best to eliminate the thousands of small blazes that eat up so much of our substance. Accordingly, the National Board of Fire Underwriters is making a great effort to head off the fires before they start.

The building of the army cantonments was a big opportunity for the fire fiend. It was a better one, however, for the National Board of Fire Underwriters. Here was a chance to show what could be done in the way of reducing the fire danger by proper building and inspection, and the Board offered to the War Department the services of some of its specially trained engineers. These men helped to make the cantonments models of precautionary planning. They gave them fire-resistive roofing, safe heating-apparatus, pipes well protected and properly placed, approved electric installation, and broad fire-lines between the various sections of the camps. In addition to the precaution of careful and expert planning, the camps are provided with buckets and hand extinguishers, and even with fire departments equipped with motor-driven apparatus in charge of competent firemen.

All these precautions leave little opening for the fire fiend to interfere with our plans for training and safeguarding the dough-boys. There is, however, a still better precaution than any of these—good house-keeping. The camps are kept swept and cleaned and polished, and military neatness is supplemented by expert inspection by the fire-fighting force.

The board has offered the assistance of its inspectors and engineers to grain-elevators, cotton-gins, and other industries either specially important in the present emergency or specially liable to fire. Cotton belongs in both categories, for it is abso-

lutely necessary for explosives, clothing, and tents, and is very easily fired. Not less than five million dollars' worth of cotton is burned each year. The underwriters have enlisted the cooperation of Governors of States producing grain and cotton or containing great terminal warehouses. They have also supplied the government with plans for safeguarding city water-supplies and docks, and have extended the intensive campaign for fire-prevention to coal-mines, sawmills, and other industries.

UNCLE SAM IS ON THE FIRE-LINE

The United States government has put its stamp of approval on the campaign of the fire-prevention associations. For use on the cover of the pamphlet "Safeguarding Industry," issued by the National Board of Fire Underwriters, President Wilson issued the following statement:

Preventable fire is more than a private misfortune; it is a public dereliction. At a time like this, of emergency and manifest necessity for the conservation of national resources, it is more than ever a matter of deep and pressing consequence that every means should be taken to prevent this evil.

More than a hundred thousand copies of this pamphlet were distributed to American manufacturers; and to those manufacturers who could use fire-prevention posters the board sent a supply free of charge. With each booklet was a form which the manufacturer could use as a guide in inspecting his own plant, so as to find and correct fire hazards.

Various government bureaus have taken a hand in the campaign to arouse national interest in fire-prevention. The Bureau of Education has issued an attractive and interesting booklet on "Safeguarding the Home Against Fire" for distribution among the school-children of the country. The Bureau of Standards is working on the development of fire-resisting materials.

The Food Administration is specially concerned with the danger of fire to grain-fields and elevators, and Mr. Hoover followed the lead of the President in giving his approval to a pamphlet, "Safeguarding Grain," which the National Board of Fire Underwriters sent to more than thirty thousand grain-elevator men.

Disastrous dust explosions and fires have led to the establishment of a special unit in the Department of Agriculture, whose business it is to help mill-owners and



THE BURNING OF THE WASHBURN WIRE COMPANY'S FACTORY IN NEW YORK, IN 1917, WHICH CAUSED HEAVY LOSS AND MUCH DELAY IN GOVERNMENT WORK

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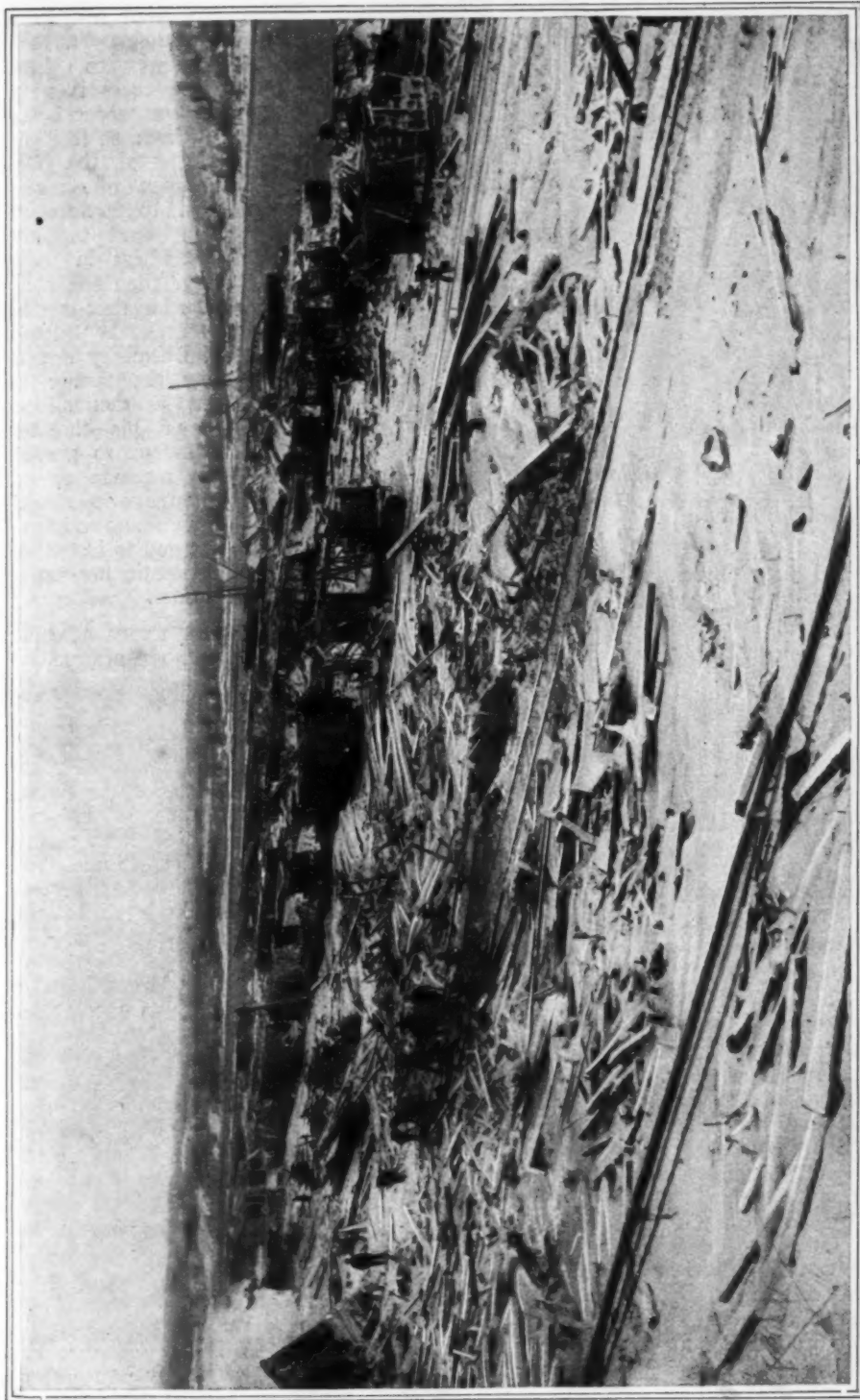
threshermen put a stop to these food losses. Dust explosions occur not only in flour-mills and elevators, but in all plants which create a dust out of inflammable material, such as starch-factories, spice-mills, furniture-factories, fertilizer-factories, and even threshing-machines in the open.

The mixture of inflammable dust with oxygen is highly explosive. Two ounces of flour-dust in a box containing two cubic feet of air will explode with sufficient force to lift a man standing on the cover. In 1916 and 1917 explosions caused the destruction of four of the largest grain and cereal plants in the United States and Canada, with a loss of six million dollars in property and the lives of twenty-four people. The grain destroyed in just one of these fires would have supplied the bread ration for two hundred thousand troops for a year.

During the same period a dust explosion in a sugar-factory killed twelve people and destroyed a million dollars' worth of property, mostly foodstuffs. Something had to be done to check such losses; so D. J. Price, who had been working on coal-dust ex-

plosions in the Bureau of Mines, was put in charge of a new section of the Bureau of Chemistry called Grain Dust Explosion Investigations, and an extensive campaign was begun immediately, in cooperation with the Food Administration.

The campaign is directed chiefly toward arousing the loyalty of the workmen, so that each one will make it a point of honor not to jeopardize by carelessness or ignorance the plant in which he works. Bureau representatives hold meetings at the mills and explain to the owners and employees the precautions that should be taken. A meeting, however, is impersonal; so a way has been found to reach each man individually. At the meeting pledge cards are passed around, and each employee is asked to pledge himself "personally to observe preventive measures." A mailing list is made up, a card of acknowledgment from the Food Administrator and the Secretary of Agriculture is sent, and this is followed up by attractive literature. In this way each man is made to feel that he has an important duty and responsibility. The response has surpassed all expectations, as



A TYPICAL SCENE IN HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF DECEMBER 6, 1917, WHEN THE IGNITION OF THREE THOUSAND TONS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES ON THE STEAMSHIP MONT BLANC KILLED A THOUSAND PEOPLE AND LAID TWO SQUARE MILES OF THE CITY IN RUINS



THE BURNING OF A BROOKLYN ELEVATOR CONTAINING NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND BUSHELS OF WHEAT READY FOR SHIPMENT, IN OCTOBER, 1917—THE FIRE, CAUSED BY A DUST EXPLOSION, DID TWO MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF DAMAGE

has been the case in many other fields where the patriotism of the American workingman has been called upon.

Special work is carried on among the farmers in the endeavor to save grain from being lost by dust explosions in threshing-machines. The importance of this is indicated by the fact that during the first three years of the world war fires in threshing-machines destroyed a million and a half dollars' worth of grain in the Pacific Northwest alone.

Many a farmer's stock of grain, thresher and all, has gone up in smoke after one of these explosions, and the work of months

has been lost in a twinkling. The explosions are worst when there is smut on the wheat being threshed, so that the efforts of the Department of Agriculture to eradicate smut tend to save the wheat in more ways than one. To guard against thresher fires, the Bureau of Chemistry is getting the farmer to put a suction-fan over his thresher cylinders, to ground the machine so as to prevent sparks from static electricity, and to install an automatic fire-extinguisher.

THE FIGHT AGAINST FOREST FIRES

Fire-fighting has always been in the forefront of the various conservation activities of the Forest Service. In anticipation of the necessity of fighting numerous fires, both large and small, in the timber of the national forests, the Forest Service has a regular mobilization plan for the speedy concentration

of men, food, and equipment on the fire-lines. During the dry season of last summer in the West, the fire danger was the worst since 1910, and President Wilson placed one million dollars of his special emergency fund at the disposal of the Forest Service to fight fires that threatened to destroy valuable timber supplies and other property.

So many of its men have gone overseas that the Forest Service has been hard pressed to keep its fire-fighting force up to the standard, and has begun to use women as fire lookouts. That the women chosen for such places are competent is evident

from the following quotation from the *Forest Service Bulletin*:

Miss Bessie Fox, the first woman fire lookout in District No. 2, is on duty at the Bear Mountain Station of the Harney Forest. Miss Fox is employed on a per diem basis, and will be on duty during the danger period only. In case of rain she will return to her home, which is close by. Miss Fox has grown up in the hills, and has a liberal education in the out-of-doors. She can ride and pack, knows how to take care of herself and her horse, and is familiar with the country under control from the lookout. Although she may not be able to wield an ax or shovel with as much force as a man, her knowledge of the mountains is sufficient to enable her to reach a fire and direct the fighting.

Even with the assistance of the women, however, it is hard to "man" all the posts in the fire-fighting army. Greater efforts than ever, therefore, have been put upon the educational campaign which the service carries on every year to impress upon users of the forests the necessity of care with fire. The foundation on which the appeal to the public is based is the argument that the forests belong to the people, and that the man who through carelessness sets fire

to the timber destroys his own and his neighbor's property. These facts should be recognized by every loyal citizen, especially at the present time, when our every resource is needed to win the war.

The lumberman in the woods, the workman in the munitions-factory, the operator in the motion-picture booth, are either hedged round with safeguards or constantly reminded by posters to be careful about fire. If, in spite of it all, carelessness lights many thousands of fires in these places every year, what can be expected in the homes of the people?

THE FIRE DANGER IN OUR HOMES

Here there are usually neither safeguards nor posters. The furnace is only a few feet below wooden rafters and flooring, and coal and various other inflammables are piled about. Father smokes his pipe or cigar after supper, looks helplessly about him for a place to knock out the ashes or deposit the butt without getting out of his easy-chair, and then drops it indifferently on the floor and puts his foot on it—or doesn't put



SCENE IN THE KANSAS CITY STOCK-YARDS, AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF OCTOBER, 1917, WHICH DESTROYED ABOUT ELEVEN THOUSAND CATTLE AND THREE THOUSAND HOGS

his foot on it. When it comes time to fix the furnace fire for the night, he goes down into the cellar with a tallow candle, or lights two or three matches trying to make connections with the cellar gas-jet. To get to the jet he has to reach as far as he can over a pile of boxes.

Then there's a box of parlor-matches by the gas-range in the kitchen, and the small boys of the house like to make an imitation of firecrackers by grinding the match-heads under their heels on the sidewalk. If some are dropped behind the stove in the hurry of getting away when mother's step is heard, nobody cares, and the boys forget them; so they lie there—potential conflagrations—waiting their chance like German submarines, and just as dangerous to life and property.

Perhaps there's a lace curtain in the house. A lace curtain makes a fine start for a fire. In Chicago, in a single year, there were twelve lace-curtain fires, costing six thousand dollars, in the month of March, and for the rest of the year five similar fires a month. The spring is the open season for lace-curtain fires, especially March. In the winter the windows are closed, but in March the gas-jet is lighted, the window is opened slightly, and the March wind does the rest.

The careless smoker is worse than the lace curtain and the gas-jet. He is a regular walking incendiary bomb; and we can't shoot shrapnel at him, as they do at those who ride in Zeppelins. Our only weapon is persuasion. We use our most earnest words, and the careless smoker says:

"Fine! I agree with you!"

Then he tosses his lighted cigarette at the fireplace, misses it half a foot, and goes away. He walks about the home, the office, or the factory leaving a trail of fire behind him. Last April a carelessly dropped cigarette-butt caused an explosion of dust in a warehouse and the destruction of two million dollars' worth of property. A two-million-dollar cigarette!

The lighted cigarette, the dirty chimney, the open-flame light, the rubbish pile, and many another conspirator born of carelessness or inertia combine to destroy our substance. Every week in the year we average three theaters, three public halls, twelve churches, ten schools, two hospitals, two asylums, two colleges, three department-stores, two jails, twenty-six hotels, about one hundred and fifty apartment-buildings,

and nearly sixteen hundred dwelling-houses burned. No wonder our professional fire departments are so proficient and so well developed; they get plenty of practise!

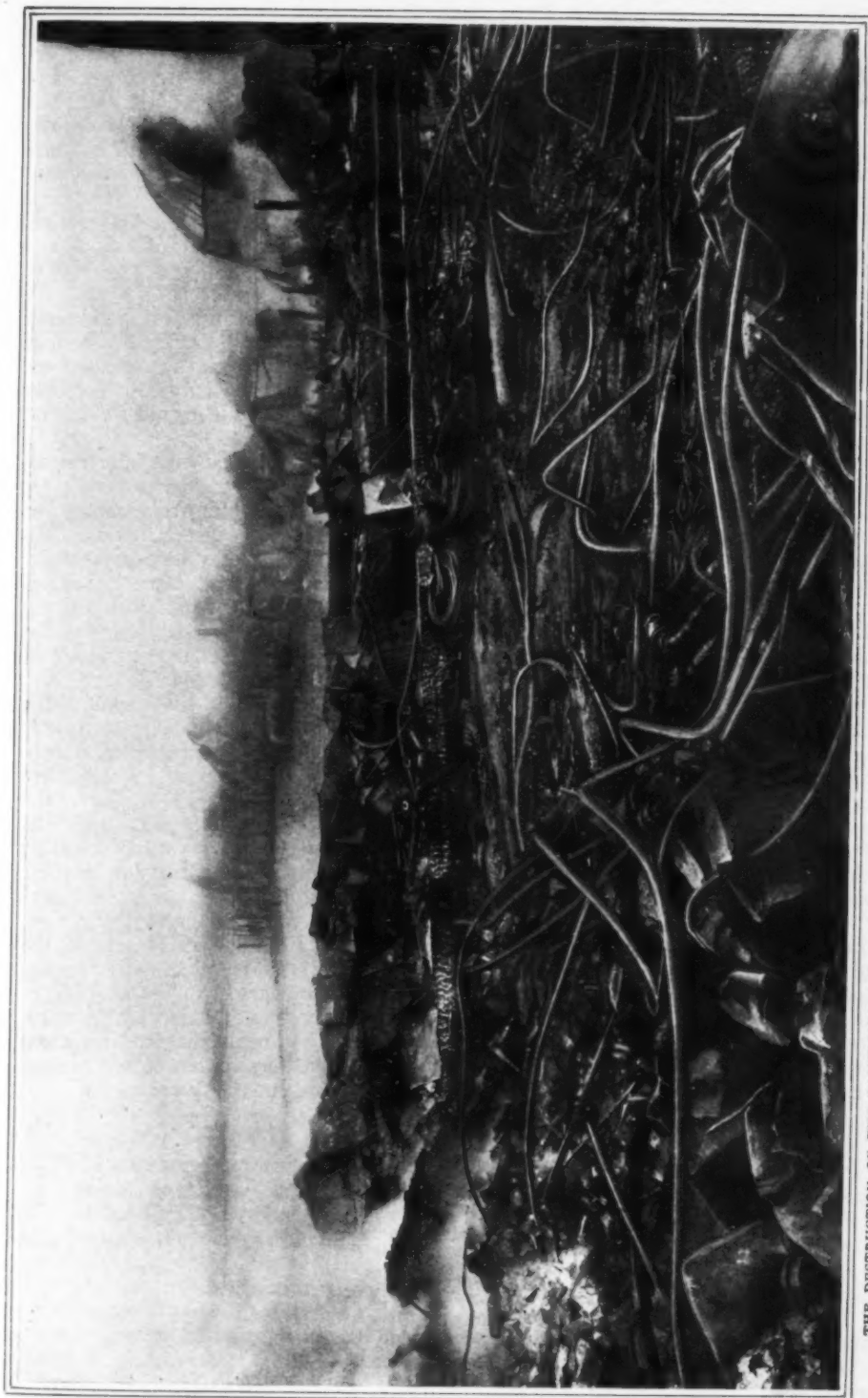
In the past we have put our attention on fire-fighting rather than fire-prevention. Few people realize that when a great conflagration has once got full headway, nothing that man can do will stop it. Such a fire as that at Baltimore or San Francisco has to burn out, or strike some natural obstacle, or be thrown back by a change of wind, before there is any hope of extinguishing it.

In every city and every community we need a fire-prevention bureau as well as a fire-fighting force. It took the Triangle fire to stir New York to establish such an institution there, and the bureau immediately showed its value by effecting a marked reduction in the number of fires. This was done by jailing careless smokers, removing dangerous rubbish, inspecting schools and sprinkler systems, seeing that doors opened the right way, and urging upon the people the necessity of care with fire. It ought not to be necessary to have a Triangle fire in every community to make people take so logical a step.

Where the fire-fighting and fire-prevention forces can be consolidated—as is the case on the National Forests, where the forest ranger is guard, fireman, and fire-prevention propagandist all in one—the organization is much simplified. Our city fire departments usually do a good deal of fire-prevention work, but the conditions are so complex, and the facilities at their command so restricted, that their activities seldom go beyond certain inspections and the guarding of theaters and the like. The education of the people must be left to other agencies. The National Fire Protection Association and similar organizations are spreading the gospel in a general way over the country; but the great need is local agencies to keep the citizens of each community informed of ways of preventing and combating fire, and to point out how general principles may be applied to the peculiar problems of the locality.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

There is one kind of fire, in particular, toward which the public needs to have its attitude changed. Fire always has a mysterious quality. When it is caused by spontaneous combustion, it takes on an element



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO FREIGHT TERMINAL AT LOCUST POINT, BALTIMORE, IN OCTOBER, 1917—THIS WAS ONE OF THE MOST COSTLY FIRES OF THE WAR PERIOD, DOING THREE AND ONE-HALF MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF DAMAGE

of the supernatural in the mind of the ordinary person. He is likely to regard it as something which cannot be guarded against, and which must be accepted as an act of Providence. Usually it is simply another case of sheer carelessness or, more likely, ignorance.

A church burned down one night, and the only explanation that could be thought of was "spontaneous combustion." The ladies who had worked hard to clean and polish up the pews thought it specially tough luck; but an investigation disclosed the fact that they had used oiled rags, and had closed them up tight in a closet when they were through. Now oiled rags in a tightly closed space are as much an invention of the fire fiend as lace curtains near a gas-jet.

The explanation of spontaneous combustion is that when oxygen is united with another substance, heat is produced. As oxygen is plentiful everywhere, oxidation is producing heat all the time. When easily inflammable material is crowded into so small a space that the heat of oxidation can't escape, the heat accumulates until a fire starts. Moisture hastens the oxidation, and so does oil, especially linseed oil; so sawdust, coal dust, hay, cotton-bales, piles of fish-scrap for fertilizer, oily rags, lamp-black, and many other materials need only a little moisture from oil or water to start a fire in the middle of the pile.

Every one knows the phenomenon of heat in manure-piles. Heat can be started the same way in a pile of oily rags or rubbish. Spontaneous combustion can therefore be prevented by keeping the moisture out of the piles of inflammable material, or by opening them up so that the heat can escape.

Fires from oily waste and sweepings of various kinds often start in machine-shops. In a number of cases munitions-plants have

been set afire in this way. A pile of oily brass or steel filings and other waste accumulates in an unregarded corner, and gradually grows hotter and hotter until one day, without any warning, it bursts into flame. If the moment of the flame-burst happens to be at night, the whole plant may go up in smoke.

The best safeguard against this danger is good housekeeping.

FIRE-PREVENTION BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING

The factory-owner and the housekeeper who keep their premises neat, clean, and in order receive many rewards not put down in the books. The rubbish pile is not only fuel for a ruinous fire; it may actually start the fire itself.

Good housekeeping is especially important in flour-mills and grain-warehouses, for to the ordinary dangers from rubbish is added the danger of dust explosions. In October, 1917, a dust explosion set off by a spark either from friction or static electricity destroyed a great quantity of grain on the Brooklyn water-front intended for shipment to Europe, the damage amounting to more than a million dollars.

Blower systems are used to collect the dust in the flour-mills; but they can't get it all. Sweeping rafters and floor gets only the larger dust; the fine particles, which are the most dangerous, are missed. Lately the miller has borrowed an implement of the housewife, and is using vacuum cleaners of the regular household variety to keep his premises clean.

In the home, in the factory, on the wharf, on shipboard, from sunrise to sunrise, the war-time necessity is good housekeeping. The clean plate is a symbol not only of economy in use but of a new era in which old, careless, untidy, haphazard, dangerous ways shall give way to care in the present and forethought for the future.

MORNING AND EVENING

FAIR morning flaunts a gaudy robe
With many a crimson fold,
But evening wears a simple frock
Of moon-spun gold.

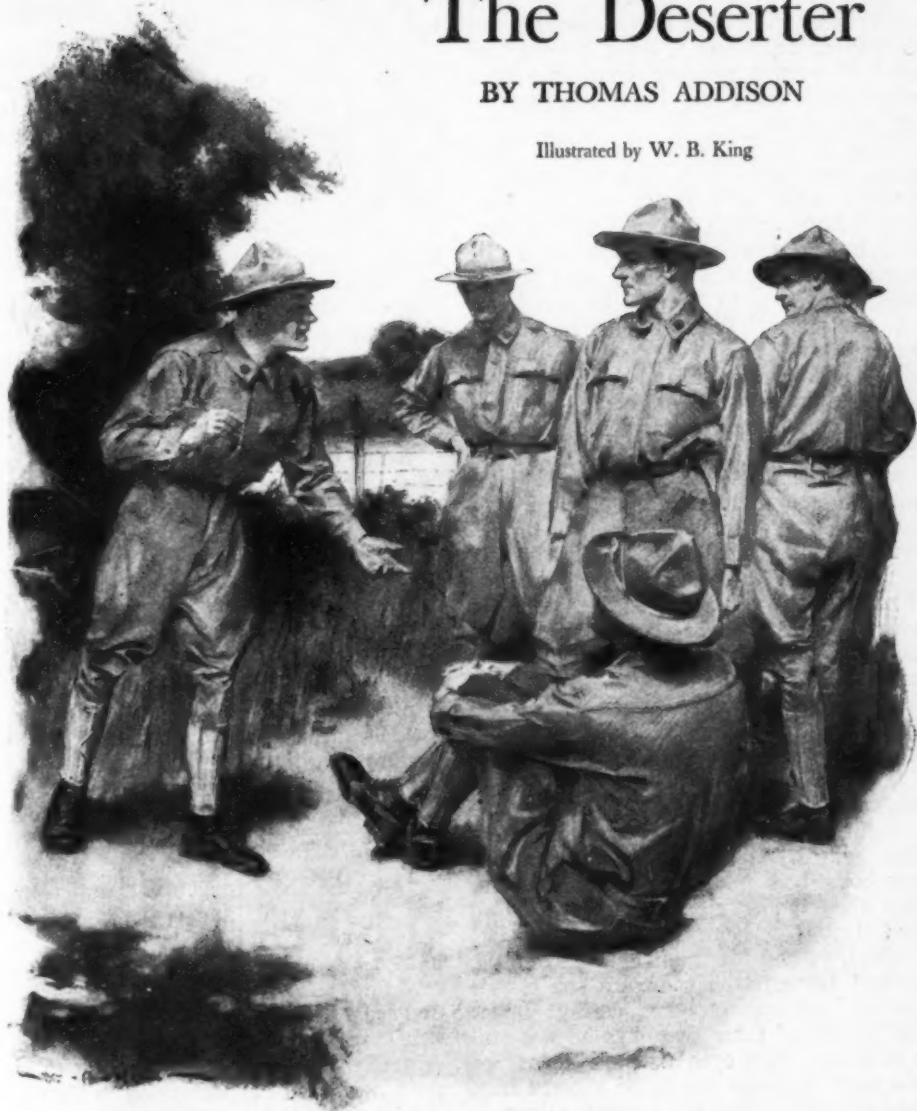
The skylark pipes his matin song
For men the whole world through;
But in the dusk the nightingale
Implores for you!

Earl V. Eastwood

The Deserter

BY THOMAS ADDISON

Illustrated by W. B. King



"YOU'VE GOT MORE COMING TO YOU AFTER THEY'VE RESTED YOU UP A BIT"

TEN coaches filled with drafted men rolled in on the camp siding, and jolted to a stop. The westering sun beat down on the track until the air shimmered and ached with the blistering heat. Off to the left, in the distance, was an outpost of scrubby pines. Off to the right, at a much greater distance, rose the noble crowns of a regiment of live-oaks deployed along what looked like a silver lane, as one caught scattered glimpses of it from the

train, though it was really a majestic river whose broad waters were voyaging on to join the neighboring sea.

In between these outposts, in what once was a plague-spot of malarial swamp, lay the camp—drained, dried, and healthful—an orderly, wonderful city of wood and canvas raised overnight, it might be said, at the wave of Columbia's potent wand.

The drafted men crowded the car windows, looking out at this new world into

which they were to be inducted. On some of the faces a keen and lively eagerness was portrayed; on others, a quiet interest; on most of them a resigned acceptance of a situation in which they could find no present allurements.

Judd Cooper, however, was in a class apart from these—in a class to himself, it seemed. Long and lanky, with a lean, tanned face in which was set a pair of somber, brown eyes, he glowered upon the scene as if it were a witches' land he had been transported to through the ages of an afflictive dream. With tight lips he had sat for two days, coming ever down, down from his beloved mountains, and reaching at last these far-flung wastes of blinding sand.

The days he had endured somehow, for from his window there were things to see, foreign though they were to all his thoughts and upbringing. But the night, when, with these others, caught like himself in the ineluctable net of a puissant agency, he was shut in from this strange world outside that attracted and yet repelled; shut in with only his reflux thoughts of cloud-capped summits, and cool, wooded aisles, and the crystal lake dropped like a jewel from the skies into the cup between two mighty peaks where his father's cabin stood—the night! He had suffered then.

The drafted men detrained. Tolerant non-commissioned officers led them off in convenient detachments toward the detention-camp over by the river. Two weeks, somebody had said, they would have to stay there under medical scrutiny. Two weeks!

Judd, with his mountaineer's stride, stalked through the company streets, his jaw set, his eyes brooding darkly. After the torture of these two days he was still a prisoner. Not even the poor liberty of the camp at large was to be allowed him. And after that, France! Across the limitless seas!

Judd knew now something of the feeling of the trapped wild animal in his forest ranges; and with it came suddenly the hot, fierce, desperate desire to escape—to get away, to hide, to bury himself in remote fastnesses where no will save his own should bid him come or go. In the enlightening flash of the moment, standing, as it were, on the outside of his mind and looking in, he discovered that all along this desire had been with him, dull, smoldering, spreading slowly, until now, fanned by the imminence

of an irrevocably lost personal freedom, it had burst into a devouring flame.

Judd's head went up like a buck deer's at the scent of the hounds, and his eyes, cleared of the mists of despair, quested cautiously about him; but he strode on with his fellows, and said not a word.

And so finally they came to the detention-camp. It was under wire, acres and acres of it, tree-studded, and swept by river breezes. Serried rows of yellow tents stood on either side of a rough square at the entrance. Military police, billies in hand, were stationed here. Others patrolled the reaches of the camp, with an eye watchful to disorders among the two thousand raw recruits thrown thus violently into strange companionship.

Judd's detachment was herded up to an officer seated at a table under a tree. After certain perscrutations which Judd did not try to understand, he found himself assigned with six others to a tent in Section H. It was at the southerly end of the camp, on the river side, and here they were left for the time to their own devices.

A veteran rookie of twelve days' standing sauntered up to them with a neighborly grin.

"Hey, fellers, how d'ye like it?" he desired to know.

"Tell you better when we've tried the chow," replied a boy with lively blue eyes. He was from the city, and unabashed of men.

"Oh, the chow is all right, and plenty. Eat all you want, and come again," said the veteran. "I'll be outer this in a couple o' days. No T. B., nerves lovely, and took my three shots like a little man," he bragged.

"Three shots—what's that?" asked a drafted man, valiantly endeavoring to suppress a quiver of apprehension in his voice.

The rookie delayed his answer the while he looked the group over with a speculative air. It was evident that the solution of the cryptic words was vested solely in himself, and he would draw spiritual profit from the Heaven-sent opportunity thus revealed to him. He spoke:

"It's against the rules to talk about it to them that hasn't been through it, but you fellers somehow seem sort o' different from the rest—not so bleeding raw—and so I'm going to risk it and tell it to you."

His gaze fastened on Judd, who was standing off a little from the others.

"Closer, pal. I ain't figuring to shout this to all the camp." He indulged in an impressive pause, and went on: "They'll let you run around in here pretty much as you please this evening; but to-morrow! Well, they'll begin on you with the dentist. After you come out of the gas, and are through counting what teeth you got left, they take you over to the shiropydist. Corn-doctor, they call him back home. Maybe he'll pull a toe out by the roots, if he's in a rush, and he most generally is; but that's nothing to him—nobody kicks but the patient.

"The C. D. passes you on to another artist, who pokes around in your eyes to see if you're hiding anything from him there that's contraband of war. When he's satisfied there ain't, he sets your lamps in straight again, and they lead you to a sampler. We call him that 'cause he takes samples of your blood and whatever else you got inside you he happens to think of at the time. Then they tote what's left of you to the guy who gives you the finishing touch for that day—the first shot. For *that day*, understand! You got more coming to you after they've rested you up a bit."

The kind expositor of these mysteries surveyed his audience critically. He was not just sure of the city boy, but he had the others with him, he could see—Judd, in particular. The young mountaineer's brown eyes were dilated with an expression of astonished indignation and revolt; but the rookie read it as dismay and trepidation. Much inspired by the impression he had made, he molded his features into lines of fraternal compassion and pursued his theme.

"You fellers have seen one of them squirt-guns they use on bugs, in bed or bush. Well, this here thing they shoot you with is like that. It's for typhoid, to keep you from getting it. Inockerlation, they call it. The guy puts about a quart of germs in the gun, jams the nozzle in your arm a couple o' inches, squirts you full of germs, and turns you loose. It's not so awful bad, the first shot; like feeding you maple sirup to the way you feel after the second one.

"Well, they let you rest up a week, maybe, then they pump another pailful of wigglers in you. This time they don't turn you loose by yourself, like before. Somebody trails along with you. Under observation,

they call it. You see, you're likely any minute to get to cutting up—go clean nutty. If you happen across Jim Burrows when you get out o' this, ask him what he did when he got his second. It took three men to hold him, and then he broke away and bit the handle off a cast-iron stew-pan like it was a stick of chewing-gum. Of course, everybody don't go as wild as Jim did, but—hey there, pal! I ain't only beginning. Wait! I got a lot more you ought to know!"

But Judd did not turn. He stumbled blindly ahead until he was brought up by the barbed fence in the rear of Section H.

The boy had taken the rookie's statements at their face value. He had allowed, perhaps, for some small latitude in the mode of setting them forth, but the facts remained, bare and threatening. Under guise of martial authority he was to be manhandled, and in his mountain creed his body was a thing wholly sacred to himself. His soul rose in rebellion at the ordeal. He would not endure it. Rather let them shoot him down like a dog in trying to escape!

Then, as before, his eyes cleared of passion and became wary sentinels of his brain. A hundred yards distant the broad bosom of the river showed, through thick, clustering trees. Let him gain the intimate shelter of the trees unnoticed, and the teachings of his woodcraft must go for naught if he could not slip safely away in the friendly flood.

But the wire fence, high and taut, with scarcely a foot of space between strands, barred his way to liberty. He secretly scanned it, and his heart jumped in his breast. He had noted a hollow worn by recent rains that had gone unattended—a slight depression only, but deep enough to let him slip under the lowest wire.

Judd lounged away from the spot.

"When it comes dark," he muttered to himself. "Soon as it comes dark!"

II

AN old man sat with his back against the boat-house door of a private pier that ran a long way out into the river to escape the shallow inshore waters. The house stood perhaps twenty feet from the terminal string-piece of the pier. Viewed from no great distance, in the gray Panama suit he chanced to wear that night, the man seemed to melt into the drab of the painted pine

and become a part of it. His head was bared to the gentle breeze, and his eyes caressed the star-flecked mirror of the mighty stream as they might have caressed a dear, familiar face from which he had been long absent, and to which he had at last returned.

His gaze followed the channel range-lights northward to where, far distant, the city's myriad lamps twinkled like a field of amorous fireflies. Then, slowly, it traced back along the dim sweep of the hither shore until it lingered on the electric-spangled spaces of the great military cantonment near at hand. It was a revolutionary newcomer to the peaceful scene, proclaiming with trumpet tongue the all-encompassing perils of the time.

The old man's head drooped, and his lips moved inaudibly; but almost in the same moment his manner changed. It became alert, and his eyes searched the neighboring water. A sound had come to him from out there—not the chance splash of a sportive fish, but the regular, recurrent swish that a swimmer makes with the breast-stroke.

Then he descried the swimmer. He was still several rods away, and making in for the pier-end. His head at first sight seemed curiously misformed; it was like a warped black blotch on the silvered water. But the watcher presently solved the enigma—the swimmer carried his clothing rolled up

and strapped to his shoulders. And he was coming from the direction of the camp.

The old man's mind conceived a picture finished, as it seemed, in a single instant, and presented to him in vivid detail. Swift upon it came resolve.

He held his place, motionless and dumb. He could hear the labored breathing of the aquatic adventurer as he neared the pier, could hear the drip from his arm as he reached for the tide-ladder, the heavier drip as he drew himself up on the lowermost rung.

The old man did not stir so much as a finger. Only the trickle from the naked form on the ladder below, and the soft lapping of the waves against the pilings, disturbed the silence.

After a little a head rose above the string-piece, and an arm was pushed forward. It deposited a bundle on the boards. With the act a stifled cry was wrenched from the swimmer's lips, and he remained, his arm still extended, stark and staring. His eyes had spied out the shadowy figure at the boat-house.

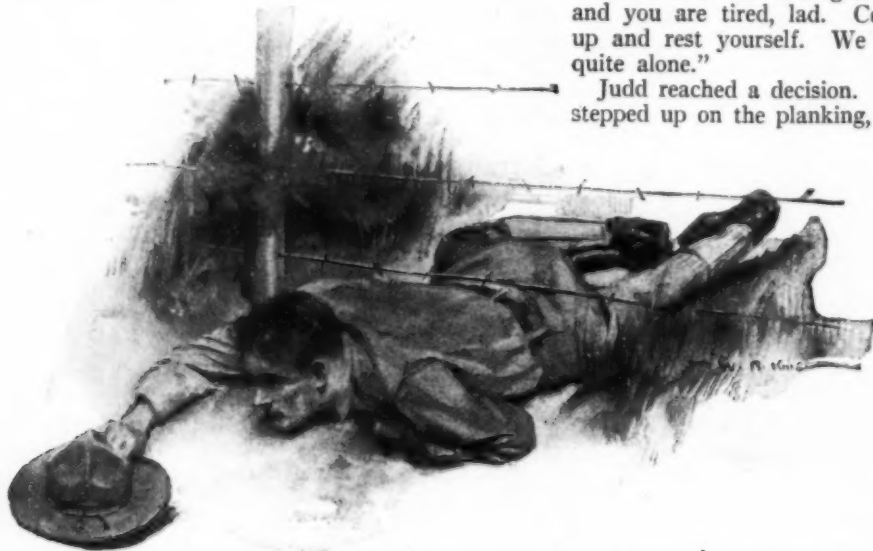
"Come up, boy," said a kindly voice. "There is no one here but me."

Judd's rigid muscles relaxed. In the first paralyzing rush of fear his impulse was to flee; but he was almost exhausted. Besides, if this man should raise an alarm—

As he held to the ladder, irresolute, again came the friendly voice.

"You have had a long swim, and you are tired, lad. Come up and rest yourself. We are quite alone."

Judd reached a decision. He stepped up on the planking, his



A SLIGHT DEPRESSION ONLY, BUT DEEP ENOUGH TO LET HIM SLIP UNDER THE LOWEST WIRE

young body showing white as milk in the star radiance all about.

"Mebbe I kin trust yer, stranger," he said gravely. "I'll hev to, I reckon, seein' as I'm clean beat out."

"Were you thinking of making the other shore when you started to swim? The river is two and three-quarter miles wide along here."

"Yes, suh," the young man replied. "I tried, an' seen it warn't in me. There war somethin' a pullin' ag'in' me, 'peared like. I had to give it up."

"That was the tide. It's on the ebb. You did wonderfully well, as it was. A fine, lusty swimmer you are, my boy!"

The praise sent a small glow coursing through Judd's veins. Unconsciously he thrust out his chest. The old man rose to his feet and drew open the door of the boat-house.

"You can dress in here," he invited. "Your clothes will dry sooner on you than off."

Judd recovered his bundle, but hesitated to accept the offer. A shaft of suspicion pierced him. What if the man should lock him in there? The other seemed to read his thought.

"My name, boy, is Joseph Haynes. I am sixty-seven years old, and I have never yet betrayed a trust. It isn't likely that I'll begin with you."

In the mountains a confidence advanced demands a return. Judd knew no other way than to meet this one; but he remained standing stiffly where he was. What he must say might alter the other's attitude toward him.

"I'm Judd Cooper, suh. They fetched me to thet place to-day"—he pointed up the river to the camp—"an' to-night I broke away. Thet's what I war a doin' in the water. I'm going back home—to North Ca'lina—to the Smokies."

The old man nodded at him.

"Yes, I thought it was something of the kind." He came forward and peered into the deserter's face. "I like an honest man, Judd Cooper. Shall we shake hands? Good! Now go in and put your clothes on, and I'll see what I can do for you. We will talk it over. I've helped boys in trouble before this. Leave the door open. You can see better."

After Judd had gone in, he seated himself on the string-piece and looked out contemplatively over the river.

"The Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina—I know them," he murmured. "Just a homesick mountain boy, a bewildered, homesick boy!"

III

JUDD issued from the boat-house in his wet, clinging clothes. He strode over to the old man and stood before him silently.

"Sit down, son," said Joseph Haynes. "So you wish to go back to your mountains? You don't like this low-lying country? I think I can understand that well enough, Judd."

"I didn't want to come," burst out the boy from the bitterness of his soul. "I don't want to go acrost thet sea to fight the Germans. I hain't never seen a German, as I know on. 'Tain't," he put forth in sudden challenge, "thet I'm afeared to fight, mister—'tain't thet. No, suh! Let 'em come over here, an' they'll find me willin' an' ready, ef they want a fuss; but I don't feel no call to go acrost thet sea—acrost thet big water away from over here!"

He swallowed, and stopped abruptly.

"You speak of 'over here,' Judd. What does it mean to you—'over here'?"

The old man's tone was mildly urgent.

"Home, suh—thet's what I mean."

"Just North Carolina?"

Judd deliberated a moment.

"No, suh. I reckon—I reckon I mean America, suh."

"Your country, and mine!" The old man absently stroked his chin. A smile lurked in his eyes. "So," he added, "after coming all this way from the Smokies, you concluded to return?"

"Yes, suh."

"Why didn't you try it before, son—on the road?"

"It didn't come to me all at once; it growed," explained Judd briefly.

He did not care to recount his experience at the camp. Somehow it did not loom so large now.

His companion received the explanation without comment. It was some time before he spoke.

"There's a point in all this that you've overlooked, my boy, or perhaps are not aware of," he said then. "You would go back home with a price on your head—the reward the government offers for the capture of a deserter from the service. Do you think you could stand up under that, Judd, and hold your head up among men again?"



"DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT THIS WAR WITH
GERMANY MEANS TO US AND TO
THE WORLD?"

"Ther'd be a reward out fer me like—
like fer a killer?"

The intelligence came as a shock to the
boy. In the urge to escape he had not con-
sidered the consequences.

"No, not like that, Judd; but as a son
who failed his mother in her hour of need—
who hid away from her instead of answer-
ing to her call."

A quick inhalation was the only response.
Joseph Haynes, his old, wise eyes fixed
upon the river as if they would draw in-

spiration from the flow of its eternal
waters, went on:

"Perhaps you've never thought of it in
that way, Judd—that our country is the
great mother of us all; of you, of me, of
the thousand thousands of men and wo-
men and little children who, because of her
protecting arms, dwell in peace and se-
curity in the cities and towns you passed
through on your way here. I, down here by
the sea, you, back there up in your moun-
tains, have gone and come as we pleased in
unquestioned freedom all these years be-
cause of her watchful care. It's rather

wonderful to think of, Judd, isn't it? It makes one catch his breath."

Judd stirred a little where he sat. His head came forward, as in forest depths when some unexpected call of bird or beast surprised his ears; but he did not speak.

"The sons of a mother such as that," proceeded the old man softly, "owe her loyalty and love and obedience at all times, but never so much as when her safety is threatened by a merciless enemy who would, and will if he can, enslave her and her children for years to come. Then she needs the help of all her sons, each according to his powers; needs them, Judd, to battle for her honor, which means their own honor—yours, mine, every one of us who dwells in the shelter of her arms."

He waited a little. As Judd did not speak, he reached out and laid a paternal hand on the young man's knee.

"Do you understand what this war with Germany means to us and to the world, lad? Have you followed it in the papers?"

Judd broke his silence.

"No, suh. I ain't never had no book-l'arin' 'cept one leetle spell down to Sugar Knob. Ther' don't seem to be no call fer it on a corn-patch in the mountings. Nothin' to put it to, like."

He made the statement without embarrassment, as one postulates a self-evident truth. Joseph Haynes's hand patted the knee it rested on. Sympathy, encouragement, a gentle guidance were expressed in it.

"I suppose it does seem that way," he agreed. "And yet in these days without book-learning a man is a little like a horse with only three legs—he can't get very far in a race." He laughed down in his throat—a pleasant sound. "You'd hate to have a bet on him, wouldn't you, Judd—such a horse?"

"I shore would," said Judd frankly; but there was no laughter in his voice.

"They have a fine school in the camp, and a fine lot of young fellows go to it," observed Joseph Haynes musingly. "No three-legged race for those youngsters! They are out to win!"

He roused suddenly. From far away came the faint, palpitant notes of a bugle. "Tattoo!" it heralded. If Judd's absence had not already been discovered, it would be now.

"Boy," said the old man earnestly, "I am going to tell you about this war, and

why we are in it; why our mother country calls to her sons to rally to her aid."

Very simply he told the story. It was dramatic in its tense, sheer brevity. Judd was on his feet before it was finished. His hands were clenched at his sides, his stoic calm all shattered, gone.

"So that's why we's a fightin'!" he cried aloud. "I ain't never hearded this afore. Nobuddy ain't ever told it to me. In the mountings we don't hear nothin', we don't see nothin', we don't know nothin'. We—we's jes' like the dumb critters of the woods!"

Again over the water floated the bugle-notes—"taps" now. Some one was coming down the pier, though unnoticed by Judd, who was intent upon that far-off call. The old man rose from the string-piece.

"They are going to bed in camp, lad," he remarked, and paused, expectancy glowing in his face.

Judd Cooper, his eyes on the lessened lights up the shore, spoke out in a strong, clear voice:

"Mister, I'm pow'ful glad to hev met yer! You've l'arnt me things. An' now, suh, I'll be a goin' back the way I come, I reckon." He smiled grimly. "I ain't sech a yaller dawg I cain't snap at the fox that's aimin' to git into my chicken-coop!"

Joseph Haynes let his arm fall affectionately about the boy's shoulders. The low, pleased sound rippled in his throat.

"Son," he said, "I knew you did not come of any coward breed. I knew you had only to understand, and you would go back. But, Judd, not exactly as you came—in a boat this time, my daughter's launch. I'm visiting with her, Judd, resting for a little so that I may go on with my small part in the war."

Judd swung around. A man was approaching, and he saluted respectfully as he came up.

"Governor, Mrs. Stockton was growing uneasy about you, and I volunteered—"

"I'm glad of it, Afton," interrupted the other with a genial laugh. "I wanted some one to help me with the launch. This young friend of mine and I have business with Colonel Porter, at the camp. You have come in the nick of time to take us."

And so the Governor of the State, who was yet a simple, fatherly old man, returned a patriot soldier to the service in place of the deserter who in ignorance had fled from it.



JEANNE EAGELS, LEADING WOMAN IN THE PLAY AT THE BELASCO, "DADDIES"

From her latest photograph by Abbe, New York

THE STAGE

THE NEW PLAYS OF THE SEASON ARE SHOWING A HEAVIER PERCENTAGE OF FAILURE THAN USUAL, OWING LARGELY TO THE PLAYWRIGHTS' EAGERNESS TO UTILIZE THE WAR

By Matthew White, Jr.

"WHAT do you hear about it? I don't care to go to one of these new shows and take a chance."

The foregoing came to my ears one bright September Saturday afternoon just before matinée time. Two girls had come up be-

hind me, theater-bound, and had evidently been discussing the plays of the new season. Evidently they had consulted some well-informed authority as to the merits of the piece they were on their way to see. With the present high cost of living, and the con-

stantly recurring war-time demands on the purse-strings, it wouldn't do to "take a chance" on the mere say of a newspaper advertisement.

For instance, just about that time a two-column-wide announcement in the Sunday newspapers apprized the public that a play produced the previous Monday was a "whale of a hit" which its manager had "firmly planted" on a certain cross street in the "roaring" Forties. And yet the life of the thing in New York was just three weeks. And do you recall my remark-

ing in the October MUNSEY that I should be curious to note the career of "A Very Good Young Man," which the critics were inclined to praise? Well, it proved good enough to remain on view only five weeks.

To what guidance, then, shall the prudent matinée-girl trust, if she cannot rely on either the advertisements or the reviews? The advice of some friend who has seen it. Naturally this takes time, unless there is that mysterious sensing of a success in the air the next morning after an opening, as in the case of "Friendly Enemies," "Light-



RUTH MILLER, PRIMA DONNA SOPRANO WITH THE AMERICAN SINGERS

From a copyrighted photograph by Mishkin, New York



LAURA HOPE CREWS AND CYRIL MAUDE IN A SCENE FROM THE PLEASING COMEDY,
"THE SAVING GRACE"

From a photograph by White, New York

nin'," "Three Faces East," and a few others. It is the difficulty of gaging these currents of public opinion that makes theatrical producing a gamble which puts the stock-market to the blush.

On the Monday after the Tuesday on which Avery Hopwood's "Double Exposure" was produced, I met one of the Selwyns on Broadway.

"Edgar," I said, "I want to congratulate you on Avery's latest."

"It closes Saturday night," was the reply that astonished me; for the notices had not been bad, and the audience had given every evidence of delight.

"But the people won't come," said Selwyn, in response to my protest.

It may have been that they would ultimately have done so, had he been willing to wait for the mouth-to-ear indorsement to get abroad. Again, perhaps they wouldn't, and more good money would have gone after bad.

Certain plays have the luck to be produced at the psychological moment. It has been said that "The Lion and the Mouse" would not have scored the sensational hit it achieved had it not been presented just when the public interest had been aroused by revelations of the high-

handed methods of certain financial powers. I have also heard it stated that "Three Faces East" would have been in the storehouse by October had it been produced three weeks later than it was—which would have made it the tenth or eleventh war play, instead of the fourth.

Other pieces are foredoomed to failure no matter when presented. Take "Jonathan Makes a Wish," briefly alluded to last month as a speedy biter of the dust. If Stuart Walker, who wrote it, had not had the measles when he was six, the public might have been spared this affliction, and Mr. Walker—who was in this case both author and producer—would have saved part of the money he picked up with "Seventeen." It seems that some kind friend had given the boy a toy theater with which to eke out his convalescence, and it was this souvenir of his childhood that Mr. Walker elected to dramatize.

Similarly, Tom Wise's keen personal interest in his topic may have been the real reason for his failure to get away with his play on Barnum. Both he and Stuart Walker were thinking of the appeal to themselves, not to the public at large.

That is where Belasco wins out so consistently. He appears to have no pet theories—at any rate, so far as topics are concerned. Think of the far cry from "Marie-Odile" to "The Boomerang," from the latter to "Daddies," and from any or all of them to "Tiger Rose." Belasco gives people what he believes they want and doesn't try to make them come around to his own ideas.

Several managers seem to think that the New York public wants operetta this year. After "Fiddlers Three" and "The Maid of the Mountains," both distinctly out of the musical-comedy class, the Society of American Singers began a season of light opera at the Park Theater. In the first week they presented three works—"Mignon," "The Daughter of the Regiment," and "Carmen," opening, oddly enough, with a prima donna—Maggie Teyte—who is not American, but English. She studied under Jean de Reszke, in Paris, where she sang at the Opéra Comique when only nineteen. Her *Mignon* was very well received and she was assisted by a



BERTHA KALICH, WHO RETURNS FROM PICTURES TO THE STAGE IN "THE RIDDLE WOMAN"

From a photograph by White, New York



WILDA BENNETT AND DONALD BRIAN IN A SCENE FROM THE ROLLICKING MUSICAL-COMEDY HIT,
"THE GIRL BEHIND THE GUN"

From a photograph by White, New York

competent cast, in which Ruth Miller, as *Filina*, was no mean second.

There's no doubt about Miss Miller's Americanism. She was born at Portland, Oregon, and educated at Seattle up to seventeen, when she went to Paris to study under the far-famed Sbriglia. Just before the world war began she sang in Spain, but two years later she returned to the United

States, where she presently found an opportunity to sing for Gatti-Casazza. He engaged her for the Metropolitan, at which she made her debut as *Musetta* in "La Bohème," in November, 1917. She also sang *Micaela* in "Carmen" on the boards of what has come to be the world's foremost opera-house.

"Carmen" was the third offering at the



MRS. SIDNEY DREW, A FILM FAVORITE WHO IS STARRING WITH HER HUSBAND IN THE
SPOKEN COMEDY SUCCESS, "KEEP HER SMILING"

From her latest photograph by Campbell, New York



CONSTANCE COLLIER, IN THE ALL-STAR CAST PRESENTING OSCAR WILDE'S "AN IDEAL HUSBAND"

From a photograph by Beidler, New York

Park, the title-rôle falling to Marguerite Sylva, who did it for Hammerstein when his opera flourished at the Manhattan. The *Don José* was Riccardo Martin, who sang the rôle a few seasons back at the Metropolitan. "Carmen" was given in French by the American Singers, and received the best notices of any of the three offerings made in the initial week, the second being Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment," with Bianca Saroya as the prima donna and David Bispham for *Sergeant Sulpice*. Miss Saroya sang opposite John Charles Thomas in last year's revival of "The Highwayman," and disclosed a good voice as *Marie*.

Bispham awoke tremendous enthusiasm by linking Napoleon's period with the present and singing the "Marseillaise" at the opening of the second act. The *Tony* was Craig Campbell, who is as much of an American as being born in Winnipeg, over the Canadian border, will let him be. He began his musical career in church choirs,

then drew pictures for a living, and finally gained the stage *via* musical comedy. He was in "The Love Cure," with Trentini in "The Firefly," and was heard last winter in the brief career of "Over the Top" on a city roof. He has a good voice and presence, and helped to make "The Daughter of the Regiment" the most enjoyable of the three operas I heard the American Singers give.

In a chat with Mr. Hinshaw, the promoter, I reminded him of the big job he had to popularize opera in the vernacular. The Castle Square is the only organization that has ever yet made a go of it in New York. When Savage switched his company to the Metropolitan under a more ambitious title, disaster ensued, and the same fate waited on the Aborns' attempt at the Century. Possibly the American Singers, clinging more or less closely to light opera, will turn the trick. I certainly hope they will.

They might better their chance of doing



EMMETT CORRIGAN AND VIOLET HEMING IN A SCENE FROM THE MYSTERY SENSATION,
"THREE FACES EAST"

From a photograph by White, New York



MARY SERVROSS, LEADING WOMAN IN "WATCH YOUR NEIGHBOR," ONE OF THE NUMEROUS
WAR PLAYS OF THE NEW SEASON

From a copyrighted photograph by Strauss-Pryton, Kansas City



HELEN HAYES, PENROD'S SISTER IN THE PLAY FROM THE BOOTH TARKINGTON STORIES,
"PENROD"

From a photograph by Campbell, New York

so by cutting down the interminable intermissions which on some evenings have taxed the patience of their audiences. Mr. Hinshaw should remind his singers that they are no Carusos or Farrars, privileged to make reception-halls of their dressing-rooms between the acts.

CYRIL MAUDE'S NEW PLAY

That next morning's sensing of success in the air followed the first performance of

"The Saving Grace." It was in 1913 that Cyril Maude, after one or two unlucky experiments, fell back on the last card in the pack he had brought to America to play, and turned up trumps with his old man, *Grumpy*. After an entire year in Manhattan he took the piece on tour, returning to Broadway in the autumn of 1916 with "The Basker"—on which, however, the public declined to smile.

"Can it be," Mr. Maude asked himself



MARION KERBY, HELEN MACKELLAR, AND LORRAINE FROST IN A SCENE FROM THE NOVELTY SUCCESS, "THE UNKNOWN PURPLE"

From a photograph by White, New York

in dismay, "that they will only want me hereafter as an octogenarian?"

To be sure, he had once played James A. Herne's part in "Shore Acres" at his London theater, and he had also done the *Earl of Pawtucket* there; so if any man had a right to feel that he was versatile, it was Maude. No new vehicle in which he had confidence was forthcoming, so he accepted an offer to play "Grumpy" in Australia, where it proved highly popular. Meanwhile Charles Hawtreys had done "The Saving Grace" in London, and Maude decided he wanted the American rights. Now that this comedy of character by Haddon Chambers has had its New York showing, it looks as if "Grumpy" memories had been effectually squelched.

In the new piece Mr. Maude is required to look his own age—fifty-six. There are only seven characters, and no startling happenings. In short, one could not well have chanced upon a stronger contrast to the actor-made "Grumpy," in which stolen jewelry figured so largely.

The scene of "The Saving Grace"—humor is the redeeming quality alluded to in the title—is laid in a village near London, just after the breaking out of the war. Maude's part is that of a retired army officer, who is in disgrace because he has eloped with his colonel's wife—a character played with rare deftness by Laura Hope Crews. They are at the end of their resources, and are planning to recoup through the marriage of Mrs. Corbett's

niece to a rich young fellow with a proud and haughty mother. The latter stirs up trouble, but is defeated when the niece finds out that she loves the light-weight individual whom she has agreed with her uncle to accept for pecuniary reasons.

This is all there is to the plot, but so charmingly is the whole thing played by every one in the cast, down to the two servants, that rarely have I seen so well-satisfied an audience as that which watched the piece on its second night at the Empire, where I think it is destined to remain for the rest of the season. The war figures in the outcome, but is so far in the background during most of the action that I do not enumerate "The Saving Grace" among the war plays.

It is good to find so excellent an artist as Laura Hope Crews once more in a success, after her misadventure last season with "Romance and Arabella" and her subsequent excursion into vaudeville. It may be recalled that Miss Crews was leading woman with John Drew when his misfire with "Much Ado About Nothing" caused him to revive Haddon Chambers's "Tyranny of Tears," to which that author's latest work has been likened for its deftness.

Miss Crews is a native of California, but received her training with the twice-a-day grind of the old Murray Hill stock in New York. She created *Polly* with Henry Miller in "The Great Divide," and in 1914 was leading woman with Leo Ditrichstein in "The Phantom Lover."

The niece in "The Saving Grace" is Cathleen Nesbitt, who made such a pleasing impression in G. K. Chesterton's only play, "Magic," something like two years ago. She came over from England to do the typist, *Mabel Dredge*, in "Quinneys," back in 1915. In the following spring she was the only woman in Galsworthy's "Justice," and six months later she served as the playwright in the short-lived "Hush" at the Little Theater.

Of the two servants, one falls to Annie Hughes, who is one of the most capable actresses for all sorts of parts that England has ever sent us, and who, earlier in the autumn, was the old woman in "The Blue Pearl." The other is William Devereaux, likewise British-born, and a playwright as well as an actor, having written "Henry of Navarre" for Fred Terry. His first venture in the writing line, "Robin Hood," was produced by the late Lewis Waller, and re-

ceived the honor of a command performance at Windsor Castle for King Edward VII. In 1915 Devereaux was the convict with George Nash in the jewel play, "Three of Hearts."

A FINE NEW THEATER

It seems almost incredible that in these war times New York should have another new theater added to the multitude between its rivers; but the Selwyn has been long in building, and it opened its doors on the 2nd of October with a play and star both so attractive, to say nothing of the house itself, that it is not likely to lack for audiences even in this betheated town. Jane Cowl, again collaborating with Jane Murfin, of Detroit, has turned out a comedy, "Information, Please," which is a vast improvement on their "Daybreak" of bitter memories. While wholly different, it is no mean successor to their charming war play, "Lilac Time."

Managers are always appealing to playwrights to speed up their action. It would be a good idea to send all aspiring dramatists to see "Information, Please," as a model in this respect. A faster-moving piece of work I have seldom witnessed. Miss Cowl is more than once left literally breathless, and the authors think nothing of switching their entire cast from London to New York in ten days' time; but I enjoyed it all, and so did the audience.

Lady Betty is just the sort of vacillating woman of wealth and position of which there are so many on both sides of the Atlantic—or were before the war—and her tantrums are so inextricably tangled up with sharp-pointed witticisms that laughs from the front are constantly punctuating the tears on the stage. Miss Cowl's work is admirable throughout. It is no detraction from this well-deserved commendation to say that she has given herself the fat part; but she hasn't hesitated to surround herself with extremely able associates.

Blanche Yurka, who was the long-suffering wife and mother in "Daybreak," gets her reward with a strongly contrasted and showy part in "Information, Please." Orme Caldara, who has been Miss Cowl's leading man since "Within the Law," is the Irish M. P.—not meaning military police this time, but member of Parliament—from whom *Lady Betty* elopes in order to make him care more for her. Henry Stephenson, the general of "Inside the Lines," wins

plaudits for his admirable impersonation of a conscienceless but good-natured Englishman of title.

The Selwyn Theater ranks with the Henry Miller as tasteful to a degree, and the programs are a joy, in keeping with the panels on either side of the proscenium. There is even a novelty in connection with the drop-curtain, a touch of war that chimes in handsomely with the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner," now opening practically all our houses. This, by the way, so far as I have heard, is best played by the orchestra at the New Amsterdam, under the direction of Charles Previn.

BLOOD WILL TELL

I find among my theatrical archives the following cutting from a newspaper of 1896:

Jack Barrymore, a son of Maurice Barrymore, is a student at Georgetown University. He is a youngster of about fourteen years, in his first long trousers. His brother Lionel is in Georgia Cayvan's support, and his sister Ethel is with Uncle John Drew.

Blood will tell, you see. All three Barrymores, children of Maurice Barrymore and Georgia Drew, inheriting talent from both sides of the house, have gone far in twenty-two years, and the youngest, John, has just added another leaf to the laurels that adorn his brow. This by his performance of *Fédya* in Tolstoy's last play, "The Living Corpse," which Arthur Hopkins elected to

produce here under the less gruesome but not so fitting title, "Redemption." I looked forward to an evening of boredom, but I came away with the feeling that this was a performance I was glad not to have missed. The art of the theater in New York owes a debt to Mr. Hopkins for having given the first English presentation of a play of such pure intellectual appeal; and the manner in which it was done left little to be desired.

Barrymore's acting of the husband, willing to leave his wife and philander with a gipsy girl, but not willing to lie or deceive, is a remarkable study of temperament. His handling of the light and shade is wonderfully clever, and his suicide, with the leap as the bullet strikes home, is a thing long to be remembered.

The season before last John Barrymore scored, with his brother Lionel, in the name-part of "Peter Ibbetson." Before that he was the convict in Galsworthy's "Justice," the choice of which part for him was no doubt suggested by the cleverness with which he had handled the reformed crook in "Kick In." He had signed up for the latter after doing well in the absolutely different atmosphere of "Anatol."

"Redemption" is played in two acts and ten scenes, the latter designed by Robert Edmond Jones with his well-known good taste and simplicity. The gipsy music is well looked after.

A DAUGHTER OF FRANCE

Oh, *mademoiselle*, the day is up
With the blithe blackbird and the buttercup;
Why do you droop in the doorway gloom,
You with a face like a wild rose bloom?
But she only heard the distant roar
Of sullen cannon thundering war.

Oh, *mademoiselle*, the orchards call
For the dancing lilt of your light footfall;
Why do you weep in the light of spring,
You with a heart that was made to sing?
But she only watched the desperate line
Of far-off bayonets glint and shine.

Oh, *mademoiselle*, the moon is high,
Like a leaf of gold in a dim blue sky;
Why do you stare so hard above,
You with the eyes that a king might love?
But she bitterly dreamed in the dark doorway
Of a soldier dead on the field that day.

Virginia Biddle

John Brombacher's Hired Man

BY JAMES H. KENNEDY

Illustrated by E. M. Ashe

WHEN Morrison Laird reached a level space on the rise of the long hill leading up from the railroad-station, he seated himself upon a boulder by the roadside, to ease his arm from the dead weight of his satchel, and to seek the mental rest that he found in wooded valleys and hills under the moonlight.

A little house was perched on the hillside, a few rods above him. A light from one of its windows seemed to shine as a guidance of welcome to some belated wayfarer on his homeward way.

Twice, while he sat there, Laird saw a small figure, dimly outlined, steal from a covert of bushes near the house and lean for a moment on the gate, looking up the road toward the village on the hill. Each time the watcher looked for a moment, and then returned to shelter. On a third visit the figure turned back instantly and hurried into the house.

A man was coming slowly down the road—a tall, stoop-shouldered, oldish man, whose feet dragged heavily, and whose gait was uncertain even on the beaten clay of the highway. He turned in at the gate of the little house. As he lifted the latch Laird could hear a threatening mutter of hard-edged words, the bite of which was easily understood.

Morrison Laird, burdened as he was by his own problems, had forgotten the man, had forgotten the furtive figure and its silent vigil, had even forgotten that the house was near, when he was brought to his feet by a hoarse shout, a crash, and a cry for help. He saw a woman dash from the doorway, screaming as she ran; and behind her, in furious pursuit, was the man who had come lurching down the road.

Before Laird could emerge from the tree-

shadows, a girl, with the speed of light, came around the corner of the house. A club was in her hand. It swung in the air and, with a blow as sure as it was swift, came crashing against the man's head. Down he went into the grass. Before he could regain his feet Laird was upon him, and had him by the collar. With firm but gentle persuasion he raised the man to his feet.

"Who—who hit me? You—you!"

The fellow turned savagely and aimed a blow at Laird, whose grip tightened. There was a struggle, and the half-drunken man lunged in fierce blows that were easily evaded. The two women clung to each other.

"Don't hurt him!" screamed the older of the two as the men went to the ground.

The younger woman stood in silence.

"There's no need to hurt him," said Laird as he rose to his feet, adjusted his disarranged necktie and recovered his hat from the grass. "I guess the fight is out of him for to-night." He leaned over and took the other man by the arm. "Come on and let me show you the way to bed."

The man had slowly regained his feet, and in a dazed way was feeling the back of his head.

"You murderer!" he suddenly yelled as he looked at his reddened fingers. "You interfering butcher!" He saw the club. "You hit me with that!" He again felt his head and looked at the club. "You slugged me with that, you robber! I'll have the law on you, you bloody Hun, if it's the last thing I ever do!"

"Well, suppose I did hit you?" answered Laird; and as if to rub the salt of insult into the wounds of assault he began to laugh. "Suppose I did? It's for your own good. Come on, now, like a good fellow;

let's go to the wash-block, and we'll soon have you as clean and sweet as a baby in a kindergarten."

He took the other by the arm; and the older man, out of whom all the fight had oozed, went with him unhesitatingly, gingerly feeling his own head as they went. In a minute or so Laird returned to the women by the gate.

"I think you can go into the house now with no fear of a further display of—of eccentricities."

The older woman, with her loosened gray hair thrown wildly over her shoulders, and with the tears flooding her face, walked up to the young man and held out her hands.

"May your dear mother be glad of you, my boy!" she said. "You have given me a help, sir, that I shall never forget. He's that rough when the drink's in him that there's no telling what he might have done. You were quick with the blow, sir, and you saved us; but don't think him as bad a man as this looks. It's not often—"

"It's often enough!" interjected the girl in a low, hard voice.

As she spoke, Laird turned and looked at her—or, rather, looked into a pair of great black eyes that seemed to be burning across the dead waste of a colorless face. She started to speak again, but Laird shook his head at her.

"It is seldom that I have had the pleasure of striking a man in a cause as good as this," he began hurriedly; "but when I do, Mrs.—"

"Mrs. Armitage, sir."

"But if I do—to save a woman from injury—I believe in putting it straight to the mark. It was a good blow—justified and full of courage, even if I do say it; a blow that did its work so well that any one might be proud of it. Please go into the house, Mrs. Armitage, and, after you have safely interned our patient in his bed, give him a swingeing dose of thoroughwort tea. It's good for the liver, and the taste will prevent his troubling himself about anything else."

As Mrs. Armitage hurried into the house, Laird turned to the girl.

"Give me your hand," he said.

He held out his warm and steady hand, and she laid hers within it. The coldness of her fingers, and their trembling, went to his heart.

"You poor child! You poor little girl!" he said. "Listen to me. I forbid you to tell, either to-night or afterward, who de-

serves the credit for giving that helpful tap to our repentant and well-chastened friend at the wash-block. Not a word about it! If he believes I did it, it will probably advance me in his estimation when he discovers my special line of business. If he suspected that it was a tribute of motherly defense from his daughter—"

"Stepdaughter, sir."

"If he believes that his stepdaughter was the bolt of winged lightning that shot from around the house, he's the sort that would lay up a grudge and take it out of her the next time he was—eccentric. I forbid you to tell even your mother the facts about our little battle of the dooryard."

"Yes, sir."

"Permit me a word of introduction. I am the Rev. Morrison Laird, sent by the good bishop to practise for a time on the patience of that portion of his flock that has its fold in Lordstown. You promise, child?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you will keep silent?"

"If you think it's for the best; but I don't like to have you carry the blame."

"Then we'll shake hands on it. And your name is—"

"Ruth McLaren—my father's name, Mr. Laird."

"Good night, Ruth McLaren."

"Good night, Mr. Laird. May I thank you—"

But he was marching toward his satchel by the boulder and made no answer.

As he trudged slowly up the moonlit road toward the village on the hill, he took no note of the little figure by the gate. The little figure was still by the gate as he passed out of sight. Then she turned, picked up the club, and, carrying it into the thicket at the side of the house, threw it as far as her strength would permit.

II

BEFORE the close of the first week of his pastoral duties in the village of Lordstown, the Rev. Morrison Laird discovered—somewhat to his dismay—that he had achieved a reputation that did not often attach to one of his cloth. For loquacious Dan Armitage had carried to the top of the hill a map of his recent experience in crisscrossed court-plaster on the back of his head. The impression that Armitage left with his relays of hearers on the street corners was one of a desperate and long-continued battle

in the front yard, with an occasional foray into the highway.

"I'm minded," confessed old Dan, "to sit on a back bench of his church come Sunday, to see if he can slug you sinners as hard on your weak places as he did me on the skull!"

Dan's promise to himself was kept. During the morning service he sat watchfully and critically in an inconspicuous pew near the church door. He carried away with him an impression of approval in some things, adulterated with doubt in others.

"Sure, Martha, I agree with you on that. He's full easy with the flow of words, and not after starving himself in the way of talk," he said to his wife and Ruth on their homeward walk down the hill. "It was but such doses of Gospel milk as sat easy on us when we were kids, but such milk as turns sour when there's war-thunder in the air. I was minded, when he rocked himself to sleep on the fight overseas, that he was afraid of stepping on some one's toes!"

"He was obeying orders," interrupted Ruth McLaren. "He's had them straight from the factory office." She walked for a

moment in silence, and then added bitterly: "It's but one more name added to John Brombacher's list of hired men!"

III

RUTH McLAREN's comment upon the lengthened pay-roll of John Brombacher was spoken by the card. There was much she knew in a business way of the two hundred and more men employed in John Brombacher's chair-factory, which lay on a spur of the railroad behind the town. Much, too, she had come to know of those other hired men of his who were in no way



"DON'T HURT HIM!" SCREAMED THE OLDER WOMAN

connected with the factory, who were not upon the official pay-roll, and whose compensation came in less direct ways.

She was John Brombacher's personal bookkeeper and stenographer. For five and a half days of the week she cornered herself in a small den off her employer's private office—that inner office where centered the covered channels through which he kept himself in touch with certain activities, the intent and purpose of which would have been an unpalatable surprise if revealed to his fellow citizens of Lordstown.

Many were the checks which Ruth McLaren drew, of which no record was made on the books of the concern. Many the letters she wrote, of which no copies were preserved. And through no purpose or desire of hers, she learned much of the missions upon which many of the callers at the inner office had been sent—men who certainly were not in the market for chairs.

A loyalty that was part of her kept her silent as to these things; and her personal needs ran parallel with her duty. Her liveliness was earned in this little factory den. Her stepfather was an assistant foreman in the works. The house that sheltered her mother and herself belonged to John Brombacher, the richest and most powerful man in the town.

So she made out checks as she was directed; she wrote letters as dictated; she overheard many a talk that she could not avoid hearing; and she did violence to her allegiance to her country that she might not be disloyal to her employer and herself.

IV

At an early hour of the forenoon Morrison Laird left the hotel, to which he had betaken himself on his arrival in Lordstown the night before, and slowly walked toward John Brombacher's chair-factory, on the northerly edge of the town. As he approached the factory there came to him again the admonition of the Rev. Anson Crafts, his Lordstown predecessor.

"Lordstown is a comfortable place for a comfortable sort of minister," Crafts had said. "It's quite decent for a town of its size; the salary is fair, and there's no trouble about collecting it; the chairman of the board will see to that. But you'll have to obey orders, Morrison; the chairman of the board will see to that, too. If you wish to cast your lines in pleasant places, don't get too rabid about things across the water. Step lightly when you venture upon war themes. Preach peace on earth and goodwill to men, Kaisers included. Failing in this, you'll find a hard road to travel!"

Ruth McLaren's typewriter was singing a lively song of business activity when the door of John Brombacher's private office was opened. John Brombacher was heard to rise from his desk-chair, and his voice, carrying its richest note of pleased hospitality, was heard to say:

"So it's dear Brother Laird at last! I am more than glad to see you, and to feel

that you are now one of us for good. Sit down, Brother Laird, and tell me how they have treated you since you arrived."

There was the miss of but one click of the typewriter in the little den—but one key was slurred, as Ruth McLaren heard the caller's name, and the nervous hum of the machine went hurriedly on—perhaps a little more nervous than before.

The last of her morning letters transcribed, Ruth turned to her accounts, but the enforced silence of the room thrust upon her all that was said beyond the threshold of her open door.

John Brombacher's arms were open wide in welcome; his heart was open wide in brotherly sympathy; his pocketbook was open wide for those good works that appeal so powerfully to the heart of a young minister: for home charities, for foreign missions, for the cause of temperance; for all commendable movements in Lordstown and its immediate sphere of responsibility. But in the larger affairs of a distant and turbulent world, Brother Laird would undoubtedly agree that Lordstown was not called upon to take a part.

"Our duty is at home with our own affairs," John Brombacher said. "They require from us all that we can afford to give in personal service or financial support. Our great mission, our chief duty, is to preach the Gospel as it has been bequeathed to us—peace on earth, good-will to men—thou shalt not kill!"

The advice that he gave—for it was but advice, of course—exuded a benign pacifism. As Ruth too well knew, John Brombacher's method was to mask an order by asking a favor; and courage of a high order would have been demanded of a young minister in his first charge to have evaded or ignored that request. When Morrison Laird bade good-by to this rich and dominant chairman of his church board, the girl in the next room forecast unerringly the sort of sermon she would hear from her rear pew on the Sunday next.

V

Two weeks of tavern fare and service, and of the unhedged proximity to all forms of village life that a village tavern imposes, led the Rev. Morrison Laird to cast about for a habitation where he could find quiet, a place for study, and the personal isolation that his soul just now craved. He was pondering this matter of a fixed abode on

the afternoon chosen for a call upon Mrs. Dan Armitage in the little house on the lift of the long hill.

Mrs. Armitage was unprepared, in a social sense, for a call from the new minister; but the little old woman and her guest were soon seated on the wide front porch, where there was unrolled before his surprised vision a view that would have won the eye of the most prosaic observer. The sight plunged straight down the steep hillside, across a valley slashed midway by a thread of river, and up again to far hills that melted into the infinity of blue sky on the world's edge.

"Almost as from the battlements of heaven!" said Laird, as of one thinking aloud. "What a cradle of rest for a soul-tired man!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Armitage, "I come out here for a bit of it when I'm tired or getting down to the end of my courage. The professor from Cleveland who spent a month with us last summer took a dozen photographs of it—to hearten him up, he said, against the long days that must pass before he could come again."

"A relative?"

"No, a boarder; we usually take one in the summer," Mrs. Armitage replied. "We give him this big front room, and there's never been one of them that didn't say he'd try to get back some time."

"And is there another one due?" asked Laird.

"Nobody, as yet; but there was a letter yesterday from another Cleveland university man, who asked my terms."

Laird sat for a moment in silence, and then rose and held out his hand.

"Sit down to-night," he said, "and write this unfortunate Western Reserver that he has hung in the air too long, and the chance has slipped from him. Instead of some poky old fossil from Cleveland, why not open the door to a lonesome fellow here at home? Only name the terms, make the room ready, and let him know when to order his trunk and a box of books from the railroad-station. May I come to-morrow? You know, Mrs. Armitage, that you are one of the first friends I made in Lordstown—and I'm just mean enough to take advantage of it!"

Laird spoke with the boyish smile that was one of the best assets of his ministry.

When Ruth McLaren was confronted with the fact that the new minister was to

become a member of the household, her first impulse was one of resentment and resistance; but as she recalled the warm grasp of his hand, and the way in which he had shifted blame from her small shoulders to his own broad ones, she voiced no open opposition. As for old Dan, he met the announcement as he met most things when the excitement of stimulated expression was not upon him. He shook his head, which meant negation. He scratched his head, which meant indecision. He winked at Ruth, which meant surrender.

VI

AS 1916, that year of weary waiting, of the slowly kindling wrath of the American people, passed on from the glow of summer to the crisp days of autumn, there washed into Lordstown a side-wave of the mighty flood in which the nation was being carried onward. Two flaming words were flung into the air—patriotism and preparedness.

And with his back toward them, Morrison Laird preached peace and good-will to men; preached that thou shalt love thy neighbor, though he strew the waters with thy dead; that thou shalt not kill, though brute force be filling the world with slaughter. As he mildly taught these things from week to week, he found his way more and more beset by difficulties; for the faces of his people were turned from his little rushlight to the pulsing flame on the horizon. But John Brombacher stood by him, encouraged him in persistent pacifism, fed more money to the church charities, and ably held his hired man in hand.

VII

IN the mid afternoon of an early autumn Sunday, Morrison Laird sat on the porch that had been his place for work and rest for three months or more. It had been a hard day for him. His dwindled congregation had been inert and cold. There was an air of aloofness on the part of many who, in the beginning of his pastorate, had seemed warm and close—as if they had ceased to listen to him, and were listening, instead, to the echo of great things from afar. He was gripped by the fear that he had failed in the work for which he had felt himself so highly commissioned and so sacredly ordained.

"I should be of more use as a wood-chopper on the old farm than I am here," was the conclusion of his bitter thought.

The door opened, and Ruth McLaren walked slowly across the porch and leaned against a vine-covered pillar. He reached forward and pushed a chair toward her.

"Sit down," he said. "You may well feel a little fatigued after that long sermon of this morning—but perhaps you didn't hear it?"

"I heard it," she answered.

He threw up his arms with a tragic air.

"Dissent and disapprobation in three crisp words!"

"It was a beautiful sermon," Ruth said after a thoughtful pause. "This is a beautiful leaf fluttering on the vine, but it gets nowhere, and it aids nobody—not even itself."

"I am surprised that you come to church."

"It's the Scottish blood that sends me, perhaps. Mr. Laird, I suppose there are a great many people—mostly women—who go to their minister for advice?"

"If the minister is young and green in the business—or merely a shaken leaf—they don't get much of value, I am afraid," Laird answered.

"Still, one might even come to a young minister, green at the business, if she had nowhere else to go—if she were desperately in need of guidance, as I am."

"If I can help you, Ruth—" he said, earnestly and kindly as he turned his chair toward her. "What can I do?"

"You can tell me whether I am right or wrong; whether, knowing so much of what is going on, I should keep silent. I am compelled to earn my daily bread, but, at the same time, I want to keep my self-respect. I am keeping silent about so many things—oh, Mr. Laird, all that is going on in that office, where you come so often for long talks! Oh, if—"

"Go ahead, please," Laird interrupted gently. "Feel free to tell all that you wish me to know. Rest assured that I will repeat it to no one, and most especially not to your employer."

Without hesitation Ruth told him of her suspicions, of her doubts, of her fears—her suspicions that disloyalty was on foot; her doubts as to how far she must aid in concealing these things; her fears of evil to the country she loved. She told him of the letters she had written, of the checks she had drawn, of the men who came to Lordstown on one train and left on the next, and who had no business interest in chairs.

Then she looked about her as if in fear of listeners where no listeners could be, moved closer to Laird, and lowered her voice as she asked the question:

"You read of the railroad bridge on the Maumee River that was blown up some days ago, and of the fire in the munitions-factory that stood near it?"

"I did."

"You saw the picture in a Cleveland newspaper of one of the men arrested on suspicion of having done it?"

"I did."

"He was in John Brombacher's office less than two weeks ago, and twice before. The name he gave the police was not the name he used here; but the face is the same, the man is the same—I could swear to it before any court in the land! They talked of a missionary society in China and of its needs, but I know the location of that society was on the Maumee River, in Ohio, and the money it needed was for bombs instead of Bibles. Some of the conversation I could hear, and some I could not hear. When the man left he carried with him a check on a New York bank where John Brombacher keeps a personal account, but into which no money from Lordstown ever goes."

"Anything more?" asked Laird.

"Oh, so much more that I can guess but cannot prove. More than once in the past two years there has been a visitor from the German embassy at Washington. There have been many personal letters read and burned, the answers being written by his own hand and dropped into the post-office by his own hand. There has been pleasure in his office at a German victory or an Allied defeat. There has been so much—" She gave a wave of her hand, a shake of her head, and concluded: "That's all, I guess, Mr. Laird."

It was some time before Laird spoke. He had thrust his hands into his pockets, hunched himself down into the back of his easy chair, and fixed his gaze on the far side of the valley. Without moving or looking toward her, he asked:

"And that's all?"

"Yes."

"Well, Ruth, you and I make our living in this little town of Lordstown, and a fairly good living it is, as things go; so why rock the boat?"

"The boat! I don't—"

"Why not sit tight and stop worrying?"

It appears to me that you have no call to do anything but draw your salary and perform, to the best of your power, the duties for which you are paid. If harm is being done—which there is reason to doubt—the responsibility rests on some one else. My advice is—don't worry!"

As he ceased speaking he sank deeper into the comfortable chair and half-closed his eyes.

Ruth turned her head, and for a half-minute gazed



"THE FACE IS THE SAME, THE MAN IS THE SAME—I COULD SWEAR TO IT!"

at him steadily. Then she rose and moved toward the house door; turned back and stood before him.

"Mr. Laird," she said, "I want you to release me from the promise I made you on—on that night."

"Indeed!" he replied. "It would take a powerful reason to obtain my consent to that."

"It's more than a reason. It is more than a powerful reason. In fact, I will not hold to my promise for another hour!"

"Out with it!"

"My holding to that promise makes a hypocrite of you. It gives you a double face at a time when no face can be true or

good that does not wear upon it the stamp of a loyal soul. Moreover, it makes a coward of me."

"I don't like riddles, Ruth McLaren!"

Laird had risen to his feet and faced her with eyes no longer half-closed.

"And I don't like hypocrisy or double-dealing or false pretenses! I don't like to hear one gospel preached in public and another in private! Don't you see—can't you understand, Mr. Laird, the place it puts you in? You have commended me and shielded me, because I struck a blow in defense of my mother—a blow which, in my heart, I meant to be a deadly one, but which I struck to save the one person on earth



"I AM PROUD OF THE BLOW, MR. LAIRD!"

who is dear to me. You commend it, and yet you—a strong, resolute man, who should be an upstanding American—love your own mother—your country—so little that you can oppose and obstruct those who stand ready to strike a blow for her in this hour of peril! I don't want to be commended or shielded by one who would let his country be slain and never lift a hand or voice in her defense. I am proud of the blow, Mr. Laird; and if your peace preaching comes from your heart, you must, in your soul, be ashamed to have my blame laid at your door!"

He had faced the contemptuous scorn of the look with which the black eyes in the white face had held him. He had listened

unmoved, except for the wave of color that passed over his cheeks. When Ruth ended, he turned his back upon her and gripped the porch rail before him.

"You have your promise back, to use or misuse, as you see fit. Please go into the house."

He heard no answer except the sound of the door closing behind him.

VIII

A WINTER of long and heavy-hearted waiting for the people of America had given way to spring; a season of anxious doubt and indecision had given way to heroic action. The nation had declared herself for the war that would make the world safe for democracy. Little Lordstown, with a voice almost unanimous, had demanded an open expression of her loyalty. A great mass-meeting had been decreed, and among those asked to address it was the Rev. Morrison Laird. He twice read the letter from the committee in

charge, and, putting it in his pocket, headed for John Brombacher's chair-factory on the other side of the hill.

"They know your sentiments, Brother Laird; it is only a clumsy effort to put you in a hole," Brombacher said. "I would inform them politely that Mr. Laird had already placed himself on record concerning this European war, and that at the present time he sees no reason why he should reverse himself."

"But why rock the boat needlessly?" The words had hardly escaped his lips before Laird gave a quick glance at the open doorway of the little den. "Why say more than the occasion demands? There's a middle course that has commended itself to

me. I am called from Lordstown for a few days on personal business; I think I will acquaint the committee with the fact, and leave it to them to apply it to the situation as they see fit."

"Yes?" said Brombacher, with a slight elevation of his eyebrows. "But, of course, Brother Laird, you will return in time to answer these war-crazed fanatics from your own pulpit on the Sabbath following their mass-meeting?"

Laird arose, stood for a moment in silence, and then moved toward the door.

"You can depend upon me, Mr. Brombacher," he said, "to be in my pulpit on that day, and to meet their challenge, or any other challenge that the times may have forced upon a loyal American citizen. And I am sure, Mr. Brombacher," the young clergyman slowly added, "that you will not call me to account for what I may say on that day."

"The Lord bless you, Brother Laird!" said Brombacher. "It is such an answer to my question as I was certain you would give."

In the little room at the right sat Ruth McLaren with her hands tightly gripping the edge of her typewriter-desk.

IX

FOR several days Laird ignored the girl's chilling attitude toward himself, but on the succeeding Saturday afternoon he suddenly turned upon her.

"My much-disturbed young woman," he said, "it is about time you descended from your altitudinous attitude of disapproval of something unnamed, and had the fairness to explain yourself to me. Get on your things, please, and come with me for a run in the open air."

"I think, Mr. Laird, I would prefer to remain at home."

"You will do nothing of the sort," he answered. "Please be ready as soon as you can. There are several things you are due to hear from me, and this afternoon I feel in a mood to unburden."

They plunged into the wooded valley on the other side of the long hill road, crossed the little river by a highway bridge, and climbed to the top of the far hill that seemed to shoulder itself against the western sky.

Three hours later they returned, walking side by side up the hill road, with never a word from either. As she crossed the front

porch Ruth looked at the vine where, in the early autumn, the leaf had so wildly fluttered. It was gone, and a tiny shoot of green had taken its place.

X

WHEN the Rev. Morrison Laird ascended his pulpit on the Sunday morning following Lordstown's rousing declaration for America and the flag, he was not surprised to face the largest and most diversified congregation he had ever seen in the building. He had learned that John Brombacher, and some of John Brombacher's henchmen—none of whom were in the church, however—had spread broadcast the news that the "war fanatics" of Lordstown would be fully and squarely answered on this day.

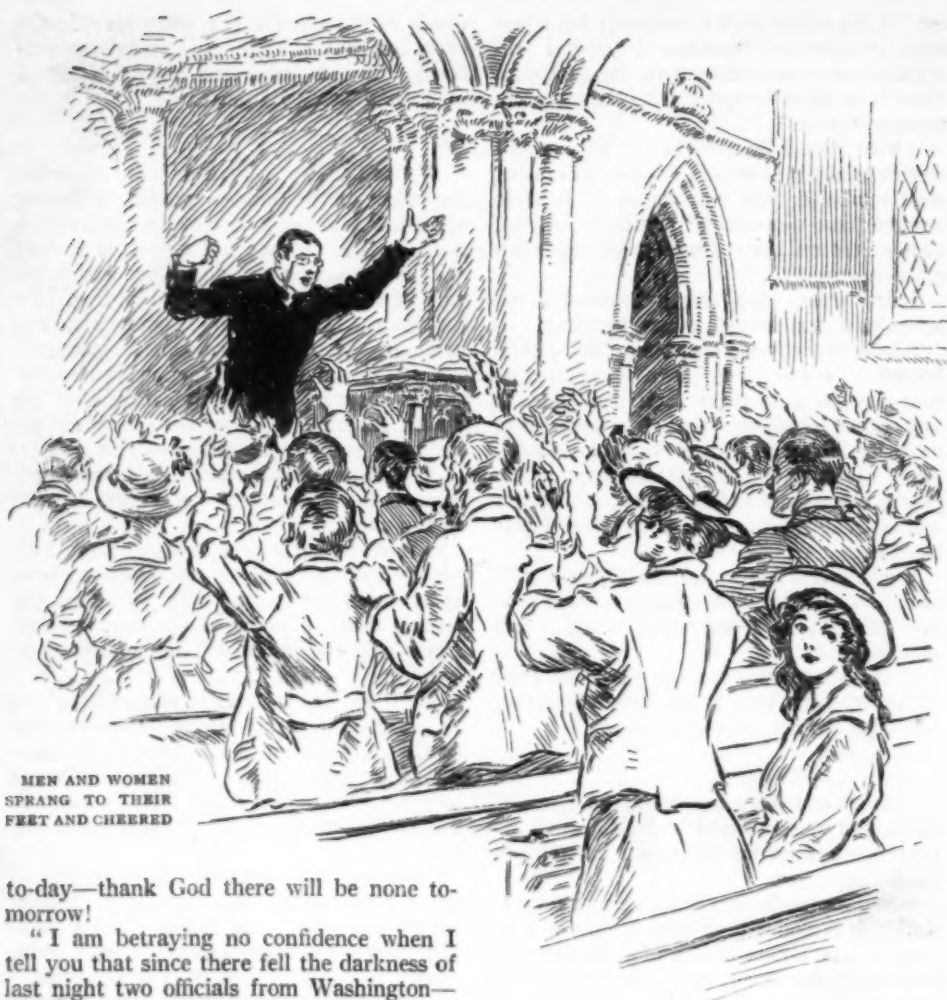
The situation was outlined by Dan Armistage to his wife as they ascended the hill to the church.

"It would have been a bit of stray luck for the lad," he said, "if he could have been away for a few days longer; for with the feeling that's running in the town to-day, I'm afraid the house will be packed ag'in' him!"

With no sign of mental disturbance and no show of emotion, Laird conducted the service as usual until the time for the sermon had been reached. At the conclusion of a brief prayer he stood for a moment in silence, and then, in a slow, earnest manner, said:

"On this day, dear friends, we need not go to the inspired Book for a text. Rather let us seek one in our hearts—hearts glowing with such loyal fervor as may abide within us. Let us find it in these words—our country and our flag! Our country and our flag—at a time when we must whole-heartedly serve and defend them both!

"I have been called a pacifist in the most ignoble meaning of the term. I have ever been, and am, a lover of peace—of peace with honor, of peace that assures safety to the land we love; but there comes a time when there can be no peace, and that time is upon us now. I was ready to say this much, and more, to you long ago, dear friends, but in effect I was ordered not to say it. I obeyed, not because of that order—not because I was afraid of that authority, but because I became aware there was treason in the air; active treason here in Lordstown that needed to be watched. There is treason in Lordstown



MEN AND WOMEN
SPRANG TO THEIR
FEET AND CHEERED

to-day—thank God there will be none to-morrow!

"I am betraying no confidence when I tell you that since there fell the darkness of last night two officials from Washington—two men whose authority no one dares dispute—have been at work in Lordstown. They have come here, not through information or suggestion from me; not through information or suggestion from any one in Lordstown; but because a foul trail from treason elsewhere led them here. In the hours of the night just passed they have taken possession of much material hidden in strong-boxes just over the crown of the hill; evidence so damning that it will well serve as the guarantee of an enforced loyalty hereafter. There will be no more propaganda emanating from this point hereafter else indignant justice will launch a bolt that will strike and shatter. And if action is further needed, I pledge myself to come back and aid by such testimony as I may be able to give.

"Before continuing the service I have a personal statement to make to my people. I have sent my resignation as the pastor of this church to our bishop, and it has been accepted, to take effect at nightfall to-day. Until then I have full authority to speak from this pulpit on behalf of the church and as its minister. I have also offered my services to my country, and I am now a humble member of the American volunteer army—ready to do my work in whatever field it may befall; to make such sacrifices as our country may demand; to follow our glorious flag across the seas and wherever its stars may lead. I am under orders to report in Cleveland to-morrow, and this is my only chance to say farewell to the many whom, even in the short space of my min-

istry in this place, I have learned to love so well."

There was a silence as of death for a long, tense moment, and then there happened that which had never happened in a Lordstown church before. Men and women sprang to their feet and cheered; and the "Glory to God" that was Dan Armitage's surprised and excited outburst was heard by no one in the roar.

The sermon that followed was not one to invite demonstration. It invited, rather, those who sat before that altar to search their hearts and make sure there was enough of strength, enough of heroism, and enough of loyal steadfastness to meet the supreme and imminent test. It was a sermon that gave new faith and strength to many; that scorched into the fears and consciences of a few; and that seared with a red rod of wrath such as harbored secret treason within their hearts. When it was ended the minister called for one of those grand old hymns of courage and of exaltation that supremely meet the supreme needs of human life.

"I ask you to remain a few minutes longer," said Morrison Laird. "I have an earnest desire that you should set the seal of your love and approval upon that which, all my life, will make this church and people very dear to me. I ask my brother, the Rev. Marcellus Laird, a chaplain of our American army, to take charge of the remainder of the service."

A tall young man rose from a seat near the front, ascended to the pulpit, and stood in silence.

The Rev. Morrison Laird went slowly down the steps and walked slowly down the center aisle to a point near the door. When he turned and moved toward the altar, there walked beside him a little figure in gray—a little woman whose black eyes were now set in a face transfigured with happiness. And before the altar, loyal-hearted Ruth McLaren gave the pledge of a love and a faith that were to sustain her and keep her brave when the knight to whom she had given the accolade of her love was fighting for her and her country in the red and ravaged lands across the sea.

IF I SHOULD LOSE YOU

If I should lose you, little one!
In vain would rise the morning sun,
In vain the world would try to seem
The same without you, and the dream
That gave it all its songs and flowers—
The dream for everlasting ours!

Think not, in some wild mood of sorrow—
If I should lose you, little one!
Some anticlimax of to-morrow
Could fill my life when you were gone,
My heart is not so cheaply made,
Nor those foundations that we laid
Together, each brave, happy stone,
So lightly to be overthrown.

Let us hold hands, as all the way
We still have held them till to-day,
For still our rainbow home endures—
The rainbow only mine and yours;
Though thrown across a sadder sky,
'Tis ours to live in till we die.

I cannot lose you, little one,
Nor you lose me; we lean upon
The unseen love together still
That gave us wildly to each other—
Sweetheart, and wife, and little mother!

Nicholas Breton

Who Pays?*

BY MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

Author of "Children of Passion," "A Candle in the Wind," etc.

JUDGE SEDGWICK BLAIR has married again after divorcing his first wife, who deserted him, leaving her baby daughter behind her. Little Nancy has been lovingly brought up by the second Mrs. Blair, whom she has been taught to regard as her mother, the tragedy of her real mother's disgrace being buried and almost forgotten.

Nancy, when the story opens, has grown to womanhood, and she becomes engaged to Harold McVeagh, Mrs. Blair's nephew, who has got his commission in the army. She has another admirer in David Locke, who was a schoolfellow of Harold's, and who, having been left to make his own way in the world, is employed by "Pap" Chubb, the proprietor of a grocery-store in a suburban town. Nancy looks upon David as a slacker, because he has not enlisted. She does not know that he would have done so at the first call, had he not felt it his duty to try to pay off a lien on his family homestead, Judge Blair having loaned him money to clear off his dead father's debts. When Mr. Chubb relieves him of this responsibility by buying the house from him, he settles with the judge and goes into the army at once. Nancy, learning this from her father, and happening to meet young Locke, apologizes to him for her injustice.

One day there comes before Judge Blair a woman charged with larceny. Her accuser is Franz Zedlitz, a well-to-do German, who claims to be loyal to the United States, and of whom the story will have more to tell. She has been a servant in Zedlitz's house, and the case against her is so clear that she is speedily convicted and sent to the workhouse; but after sentencing her the judge recognizes her as his first wife. He is greatly shocked, and is still more deeply disturbed when he receives a letter from her, threatening that she will claim her daughter.

Zedlitz's residence and Chubb's store are in the same suburban town, on the shore of the Sound; and there, too, on a height known as Tower Hill, is the Blairs' summer home. One day, not long after the judge's family has moved out from the city, a strange woman comes to their door and reveals herself as Roxanna Blair, the divorced wife, just released from the workhouse. Nancy, on learning the truth, decides that it is her duty to go to her real mother, who needs her help and care, being in broken health as well as in sorrow and loneliness. Disregarding Judge Blair's protests, and refusing his offers of financial aid, Roxanna and the girl go to live in rooms rented from the Chubbs, and Nancy takes a position as bookkeeper in the store.

Harold McVeagh is much perturbed by what he regards as an unpleasant scandal, but he declines Nancy's offer to release him from his engagement. At the same time he is cultivating a sentimental friendship with Lucile Zedlitz, Franz Zedlitz's young and pretty wife.

XIX

TWO weeks later—weeks of worry and work for Nancy—found Roxanna on the road to recovery. She had been very ill for a little while, and she was still weak. She would sit listlessly in her chair by the window for hours at a time, and she did not take kindly to knitting. She said the sound of the needles worried her.

So far she had shown no friendship for any one but David. On the day when he walked home with Nancy he had come upstairs to see her, and Roxanna had shown her interest in the khaki that he wore. Something in David moved her, but she asked few questions. In fact, she had displayed more emotion over the apron that Susan Blair had given Nancy at the station.

When the girl had returned with it, Roxanna questioned her, and Nancy showed it with reluctance—a reluctance that her mother saw.

"There's something in the pocket," she said harshly, as she thrust the apron aside.

Nancy, taken unawares, pulled out an envelope. It contained two hundred dollars in small bills, neatly tied with a ribbon, and a little card with the words: "For my dear Nancy's use."

Roxanna snatched the card and read it, her face flushing.

"She won't give you up!" she exclaimed bitterly, her stormy eyes on the girl's flushed face.

"She's so good, mother!"

Roxanna's lips quivered, and she turned her head away.

* Copyright, 1918, by Mary Imlay Taylor—This story began in the September number of MURSEY'S MAGAZINE

"Please remember, Nancy, that I won't take a cent of that money, or use anything that you buy with it."

"I understand that, mother," replied Nancy, rescuing the card which Roxanna had thrown on the floor; "but she didn't mean to offend you."

Roxanna said nothing. She only gripped the arms of her chair more sternly and stared out of the window. She felt weak and lonely, and her stormy heart clamored for affection. She had fancied that she could yet reclaim it, that her child would love her in spite of everything. She had snatched at the chance, half in anger against her husband for trying to keep Nancy from her, and half in a wild desire to show her repentance to her daughter; but she had found that they were strangers. Roxanna saw it more clearly than the girl, and it tore her heart to watch the tenderness with which Susan Blair's gift was treasured.

Since that day she had been very ill, and Nancy had never spoken of it again; but as soon as she could leave her mother alone she had begun to keep Mr. Chubb's books. She was earning money to help support her mother, and Roxanna knew it—knew that she had taken the girl out of her home and was making it necessary for her to work.

It had a cruel effect on the older woman's sore heart. She said nothing, she accepted the sacrifice, but her whole soul was in a tumult. There were moments when she almost hated Nancy for being so thoroughly Susan Blair's child, for trying so hard to do her duty, without the power to conceal that she was wretched. Roxanna's keen eyes saw this, saw the signs of hidden tears; and she began, too, to suspect that Nancy was paying the price.

This was made clear to her one day later on, when Marion Grant climbed the stairs in search of her old playmate. Roxanna was alone when Marion opened the door and strode in with military directness of manner, still wearing her khaki and her smart military hat. She greeted Roxanna carefully; she had made up her mind to be polite to "that woman."

"Where's Nancy?" she demanded briefly. "She isn't down-stairs." Marion hated to say "in the shop."

"I think she had to go on an errand," Roxanna replied coldly, for she did not like Marion. "Won't you sit down and wait for her?"

"I suppose I'd better." Marion dropped

onto a window-sill, boy fashion, one foot swinging, clad in a high tan leather boot and legging. "It's awfully hot, isn't it? I came over to see if Nancy was going to Mrs. Bingham's to-day."

Roxanna turned her head slowly and looked at Marion.

"Why should she go to Mrs. Bingham's?" she asked.

"Why, the garden-party—don't you know? They always have it every year."

"I don't think she's invited."

Marion's jaw dropped. Something in Roxanna's face made her redden. There was a little silence, Marion looking attentively at the toe of her aggressive boot. Then, suddenly, she plunged in.

"I wonder if you'd mind if I talked to you about—about Nancy's affairs?" she asked bluntly. "I think you ought to know."

Roxanna gave her a strange look. It seemed to Marion that something within the woman shrank and retreated behind her fine, sad eyes.

"If Nancy wants me to know of them—yes," she said reluctantly. "You see, we're really strangers."

Marion stared.

"I don't see how you can be! But this isn't anything that Nancy seems to know herself. It's about Harold McVeagh."

"Oh!" said Roxanna, and this time she showed less reluctance. "I think you could tell me that."

"You're her mother, and I think I can. I've been just dying to speak out to her, but I haven't dared. Harold is following Lucile Zedlitz about like—like a lap-dog. It isn't square to Nancy. I want to kill him myself!"

Roxanna seemed to consider this slowly. Then she said:

"He isn't here a great deal, and each time he comes to see Nancy."

"And goes there afterward," said Marion. "Oh, I know! Besides, I want to tell you that the officers often get off for Saturdays and Sundays. He doesn't always come down here. I've seen him in New York with Lucile, and there's a story that Zedlitz is jealous."

"I know a good deal about Zedlitz," said Roxanna quietly but bitterly.

Marion blushed, suddenly remembering.

"He's a German, anyway," she said harshly. "I don't believe in his loyalty stories."

"You needn't."

Roxanna looked at the girl and hesitated. She felt moved to explain that fatal arrest, but the habit of silence was strong.

Marion rose from the window-sill.

"I suppose you think me a meddler," she said flatly, "but I had to speak."

"I don't think you a meddler." Roxanna rose weakly and stood holding out her hand. "I like you."

Marion shook hands impulsively.

"Tell Nance I'll take her over in the car—if she's going to the Bingham's."

Roxanna smiled faintly and stood listening to the heavy tramp of those military shoes on the stairs. Then she sank into her chair again and thought. She felt a curious sinking of the heart. She was no longer young. She had wasted her youth, had flung the challenge of self-will and passion in the face of life and lost. Now she had nothing—nothing, she thought bitterly, but a harvest of tares!

She was still sitting there when Nancy, returning from her errand to the village, came up-stairs. She had been to the post-office and received her first letter from her father. It was brief and to the point.

DEAR NANCY:

I have just heard that you are a bookkeeper at Chubb's place. I suppose this is to help your mother. I entirely disapprove. You are making a scandal, and she has no right to allow it. My home is open to you. I believe I have been fairly good to you. Do I deserve nothing at your hands?

YOUR FATHER.

Poor Nancy! As she walked home through the summer sunshine, her heart had throbbed heavily. She could not desert Roxanna in her illness, and she knew that Roxanna had drained her own purse to make suitable arrangements—as she thought—for Judge Blair's daughter. Was ever a girl so beset, she thought sadly? How terrible it all was!

She came in quietly. It seemed to her that she must look guilty.

"Marion Grant has been here," said Roxanna. "She wants you to go with her to the Bingham's. You haven't spoken of their garden-party, Nancy. Didn't they invite you?"

Nancy hesitated; she seemed reluctant to answer.

"Why, no, mother, it's just their garden-party. They didn't ask me."

"Haven't they always asked you?"

"Ye-es, usually."

Roxanna seemed to consider this.

"Have there been other parties, Nancy—I mean parties that you usually attended?" Nancy reddened to her little ears.

"Ye-es, a few—three or four."

Roxanna said nothing more. She turned and looked out of the window. She, too, had flushed a little.

Nancy took off her hat and prepared to go down-stairs to her bookkeeping. She was looking paler and thinner than she had a month ago, and Roxanna saw it with a new twinge at her heart.

"Mother," said Nancy—she never called her "mama"—"I want to go to New York to-morrow, if you're strong enough to stay alone a few hours. You see, Harold wants me to take lunch with his aunt, Diantha Morris. She's lived abroad for years, and she wants to know"—Nancy blushed prettily—"Harold's promised wife."

"Ah!" said Roxanna. "Then she has asked you?"

Nancy's face changed again.

"Yes, she has. Harold is going to get leave for the day, and he'll be there, too. I'll come home after the lunch, so it won't be very long. You don't mind, mother?"

Her mother shook her head, smiling faintly.

"Am I such a tyrant, Nancy?"

"Oh, no! But you've been very ill, and I shouldn't leave you; only I do want to go to-morrow!"

"And I want you to!"

With her first natural impulse Nancy kissed her.

"Thank you! Now I'll go happy."

Roxanna, who had colored at the touch of her lips, watched her as she turned and went out the room. The girl had discarded the rich and delicate clothes that she had worn as Judge Blair's daughter, and went about in the simplest things; but in her mother's eyes she was more beautiful than ever.

It was not altogether of Nancy that Roxanna was thinking. Harold and Lucile haunted her, and her thin hands clenched in her lap. To Lucile and Lucile's husband she owed the trial that had blighted her. Her early sin might have been forgotten, but this sordid ignominy was ruining Nancy's happiness. For Nancy's sake, then, Roxanna hated Lucile.

Yet, at the moment, she did not know just what to do. Did Nancy love Harold?

To a woman like Roxanna this was a mooted question. She saw nothing to indicate that Nancy was deeply stirred; but she could not tell. To her Nancy was indeed a stranger.

Then she remembered the old friends who had slighted her daughter, and the hot blood crept up and burned in her face. She sat quite still, staring out of the window, but a slow agony was gnawing at her heart.

David Locke, returning from the post-office, walked down the long street of the cantonment. On either side unpainted barracks lined the way, and behind them soldier boys were hanging out their wash. It was a half-holiday. There was a great deal of sunshine in the street, and here and there a soldier's voice was cheerfully singing some old air; but David considered none of these things.

At the end of the street he had seen some visitors arriving—privileged visitors, no doubt. As he turned the corner he saw Harold McVeagh, very dandified in his new uniform, waiting upon a young and pretty woman. For an instant David's heart stopped. He thought it might be Nancy; but it wasn't Nancy who turned and looked at him.

With a rush of anger David saluted. Then he stooped, picked up a small object from the ground, and handed it to Harold.

"I think Mrs. Zedlitz dropped this," he said stiffly.

It was a very small camera. Harold took it, turning crimson.

"I don't think she did," he said harshly. "It's against the regulations to bring a camera in here. I'll turn it over to headquarters."

But Lucile put out her hand.

"It's mine!" she exclaimed softly. "I didn't know it mattered. I wanted to take a view of the street. Thank you," she added to David.

He saluted, turned on his heel, and walked away; but there was something like fierce joy in his heart. He knew that Harold longed to kill him for coming on them at that moment.

Beyond that David's imagination refused to go. He could not think that Harold knew that Lucile meant to take unauthorized photographs, nor did he really suspect Lucile of any possible treachery. It was as a menace to Nancy's happiness that he raged against her.

He raged against her all day, and that night he tramped out through the long streets where the watch-fires cast here and there a red flare of light, and figures moved weirdly across it, etched in black silhouettes against the flames; while the sounds of music, and sometimes of singing, came more softly through the still night air, and overhead the stars shone keen.

David had grown to love the life, with its hard work and its discipline. He had the instinct of the true soldier within him; but he was sad to-night. He could not put away the thought of Nancy, the girl he loved, the girl who trusted Harold. He was sure that Harold was not worthy of that trust, and the thought sickened him.

Nancy, who was so good, so true, so loyal, so tantalizingly sweet and gay in the old days—Nancy slighted by that jack-anapes, McVeagh! But how to stop it?

Tramping long and far into the pine woods beyond the camp, David was unable to solve his riddle. He was unaware that, at the moment, Lucile Zedlitz, safe at home again, was taking a roll of film out of that tiny but excellent camera for home development, and that it had half a dozen snaps of a new gun that had been mounted at the camp for practise. As souvenirs these tiny snap-shots were excellent, and for enlargement they were nearly perfect. It was an uncommonly good little camera, and it had been made in Berlin.

David, listening to the screech-owls in the woods, thought very little of the camera, and a great deal of the look in Harold's eyes as he bent them on Lucile. But David was young and in love.

XX

HAROLD McVEAGH's aunt lived in an old-fashioned neighborhood that was still sedate. She would have scorned a more fashionable one where she would have been sure to encounter parvenus. Her house was of red brick, with white stone steps and black iron railings. In size it differed only slightly from the other houses in the neighborhood, but it had a personality in its steps and its railings. The brass door-knobs and the knocker—which had been neglected during Mrs. Morris's long absence in Europe—were now polished and resplendent. Long curtains of white muslin fell in front of the immaculate windows, and the old-fashioned door-plate bore the name of "G. K. Morris," just as it had been en-

graved there for the late Mr. Morris's great-grandfather.

Nancy noticed these things as she ascended the white steps, and she got an impression of the present owner before the door was opened by a severe parlor-maid. Nancy felt that Aunt Diantha Morris must be quite different from Aunt Susan Blair—as different as the two sides of a family can be.

Shown into a stiff, unlovely drawing-room, where ancestral portraits and fine old furniture only slightly relieved the air of settled gloom, Nancy waited for her hostess. It was evident that Harold had not yet appeared, and she rather dreaded meeting his aunt without him. Mrs. Morris might be as terrible as the furniture, and as impressive.

Nancy felt, indeed, a little unnerved. She had had a trying morning with her mother. It seemed almost useless to attempt to convince Roxanna that she meant to do her best. Nancy's best was not what the older woman wanted. She had imagined herself beloved by her daughter in spite of everything, and she had found dutiful kindness, a willingness to do and to sacrifice for her, but nothing else. The girl remained a stranger. She was, in fact, the child that her mother had deserted.

Roxanna, who had begun to feel this, reacted against it. She was unhappy and peevish and complaining, and Nancy, without knowing all that the older woman felt, was almost equally miserable.

The thought of seeing Harold, of a change, and perhaps a little happiness, had brought her. She watched the door nervously, hoping to hear his voice in the hall; but instead she heard the rustle of skirts, and a tall, gray-haired woman entered.

"So this is Nancy Blair!" she said, shaking hands stiffly, and looking Nancy over with eyes that looked hard behind shell-rimmed eye-glasses. "I'm very glad to meet you. Sit down, my dear, until Harold comes. I sha'n't have lunch until two o'clock. If he's not here at two, we'll take it without him. I detest waiting. I'm glad you were on time!"

"I tried to be," said Nancy, forcing a smile; "but sometimes our trains are late."

Mrs. Morris, who was attired in a stiff black silk and wore a French order pinned on the left side of her flat chest, sat very erect and looked straight at the girl, examining her critically and slowly.

"I might be a new species of beetle," Nancy thought, and shivered, wondering why women who did things were usually so terrifying.

"Harold has told me all about you," Aunt Diantha went on evenly, straightening her eye-glasses on the high bridge of her thin nose. "I'm extremely sorry about all this talk. I understand you're with your—your mother now?"

Poor Nancy's blushes came again.

"I am. She's quite ill, and I've been trying to take care of her."

"Very commendable, I'm sure!" Harold's aunt remarked. "I understand—in a way—your position. But it's exceedingly unfortunate. What are you doing—simply playing sick-nurse?"

Nancy began to realize that something was impending, and she nerved herself.

"I've taken a place as a bookkeeper in a shop out in the country, to help out," she replied quietly.

"Good gracious! How unsuitable! My dear girl, you should consider your family—the judge and Mrs. Blair. What do they say to it?"

"Father is very angry with me. Mama—my stepmother understands. She always understands!"

There was a thrill and softening in the young voice, but it fell on a deaf ear.

"I should think he would be!" Mrs. Morris moved her chair slightly and stared out of the window. "I'm glad you came before Harold. I wanted to talk to you. It seems to me so unfitting! The circumstances are, of course, peculiar, and I can see how you feel; but you're engaged to be married, and you should think of the McVeaghs. Harold comes of distinguished stock on both sides. Of course Mrs. Blair is also his aunt, but she never did feel these family matters as I do. I think"—she turned slowly and looked at Nancy—"I think you should find some other way. Isn't your mother reasonable about it? Doesn't she see?"

Nancy clung desperately to the arms of the old mahogany chair in which she sat, but the color kept rising in her face.

"I don't think I've asked her," she replied quietly. "It is just this, Mrs. Morris—she's my mother, she's been ill, and she begged me to come to her. Perhaps you think she forfeited her claim—"

Harold's aunt nodded vigorously.

"I do!"

"Well, I don't think I have a right to take that up," Nancy went on. "She's still my mother, and she's very sad. If I'm to forgive anybody, I ought to forgive her. I should never forgive myself if I forgot her now when she needed me!"

"No, perhaps not; but"—the older woman spoke with the force of conviction—"you have another duty. If you're going to marry Harold, you owe him something, too. He doesn't want his wife to figure as a bookkeeper in a country shop, and to be mixed up in an old scandal. That's the point—that's what I feel it my duty to bring home to you."

"Did Harold say this to you, Mrs. Morris?" Nancy asked, the color forsaking her face altogether now.

"No, Harold only told me the main facts; but, of course, I know what's proper. I'm his mother's sister, and I feel I must speak out, must make you see things in their true light. That's why I was so urgent that Harold should bring you here to meet me. I've always believed in candor—there's nothing like it."

"Oh, I see!" said Nancy with white lips.

"But, Mrs. Morris—"

"You may call me Aunt Diantha," that lady interposed, stiffly gracious.

Nancy went on, unheeding.

"I've offered Harold his freedom. He refused it, but"—she lifted her head proudly—"he can have it any time."

Aunt Diantha Morris seemed to be a little shocked.

"My dear Nancy, I don't believe in men breaking their engagements. They should stand by them. I've said as much to Harold."

"Ah!" Nancy drew a quick breath. "Then he has talked to you about breaking it?"

Harold's aunt shook her head again, with her usual vigor. She was a vigorous and militant person. Time had not softened any of the edges. "He hasn't. Harold is, I hope, quite honorable. It's not a question of breaking the engagement; it's a question of living up to it. If you intend to marry him, you should put him before your mother. I did, in the case of Mr. Morris. I always thought twice before I did the smallest thing. 'Is this worthy of George K. Morris's wife?' That was the question with me. 'Is it up to the standard of the Morris family?' I am very glad to say," she added with her first show of com-

placence, "that it always was. The late George Jessup Morris, my husband's father, used to say to me: 'Diantha, you're a pattern!' He was a fine old gentleman of the old school, and he thought a great deal of me. Naturally, I never forgot my obligations to my family and to my husband's. That's what I want you to feel, my dear Nancy—your obligations."

"I feel them," said Nancy meekly. She was still very white. "But I feel, too, my duty to my mother. She's poor, Mrs. Morris, and she took very nice rooms on purpose for me. It drained her purse, and of course she can't take any of papa's money; so I just made up my mind to earn some and help her out. If Harold objects, he never said so."

"How could he?"

Nancy, who had not thought of this, sat silent. Diantha, feeling that she had scored a point, smiled grimly. Then she rose suddenly, lifted a shade, and looked at Nancy as she sat there in the subdued light of the old room.

"My dear, you're very pretty! I think you have something of my look when I was a girl. I was very stylish. You will carry out the traditions well, and I feel sure that when you think it all over you'll agree with me. You ought to go straight back to your father and then, at a suitable season, marry Harold. As his wife, your obligations would naturally keep you out of your present painful situation. That is the proper and simple thing to do."

"It's certainly simple," Nancy agreed quietly, watching the clock, "if—if one can do it!"

"Oh, you can! I've thought it out. I have a wonderfully direct mind. The late Albert Morris—you've heard of him, of course; he was one of the most distinguished jurists in New York—used to say to me: 'Diantha, you have legal acumen.' I have it. I always seize a problem, wrestle with it, and solve it."

Nancy sighed.

"I see that you're quite wonderful, Mrs. Morris."

"Aunt Diantha, please!" She smiled, and for the first time her face softened. She rose and looked at the clock. "It's a quarter to two. In ten minutes I shall order lunch served. I imagine Harold failed to get leave. If you'll excuse me, I'll give an order to the maid."

Nancy rose tremulously.

"May I—would you mind if I used the telephone?"

Mrs. Morris looked faintly surprised, but she assented.

"My household is on a war footing. There's only one wire, and that's in the hall, for general convenience. I'll be back in about two minutes; in five I shall order lunch."

She smiled again, rather stiffly, and disappeared. Nancy heard the door close behind her; then the girl hurried to the telephone, took down the receiver, and called up the amazed Pap Chubb.

"Oh, Mr. Chubb," said Nancy wildly, "don't you need me at once—by the next train?"

Pap, who had moments of extreme intelligence, was silent for two seconds. Then his voice came over the wire, brisk and matter-of-fact.

"Sure I do! Stop on your way, on Forty-Second Street, Miss Nancy, an' get the price of eggs—on eggs per crate. There's a fellow out here sellin' box eggs for the same as I sell hen's eggs, drat him! You find out an' come quick. Does that suit you, eh?"

"Indeed it does, and—and thank you very much!"

Nancy hung up the receiver and dashed a tear from her eyes. Then she went back to the drawing-room and waited for the return of Harold's august relative.

That lady appeared almost at once. She walked in like a grenadier and sat down.

"We'll wait two minutes longer," she said. "After that the cook says the omelet will spoil."

Nancy, a little breathless and flushed, remained standing.

"I'm so sorry!" she said sweetly. "I've just phoned home, and I'm wanted at once. There's a train in twenty minutes, and I shall have to make it. I—I wonder if you'll forgive me?"

Mrs. Morris rose.

"This is a very extraordinary thing! Is it illness?"

"I—it's as bad as illness," said Nancy truthfully. "I—oh, I must go! You understand, Mrs. Morris—I must!"

Diantha did not understand, but she escorted Nancy frigidly to the door.

"This is a very extraordinary thing!" she said again. "If Harold comes, I shall have to explain, I suppose!"

"No," said Nancy. "I'll do that my-

self. I—good-by; I've barely time to catch the train!"

XXI

SHE almost ran down the steps, and it was not until she was at the end of the street that she stopped and caught her breath. Harold's terrible aunt, Nancy thought!

Then she found herself smiling. She remembered that Harold had thought Aunt Diantha a good sort, and sure to be nice to her. No doubt in her way Mrs. Morris had meant to be nice to her, the girl reflected, dashing a tear from her eye.

Then she tried not to think. She hurried blindly; she only wanted to escape, to get back to homely things. She remembered the old house on Sixty-Eighth Street, and the flag flapping lazily on its staff from her window. She could see again the feathering of the first green in the park, and could hear the rumble of the heavy motors on the avenue when she lay awake at night. How unreal it all seemed now—the separation, her father's anger, kind Susan Blair's tears, and the stranger, the sad, tragic stranger, who had so abruptly laid claim to a share of her life!

"I should have been told!" Nancy thought bitterly. "I should have been told!"

Diantha's tirade, her evident determination to make the girl see her wrong-doing, had only been the last straw. The judge, her kind stepmother, even Marion Grant, had all insisted, in one way or another, that she was ungrateful to her father, and that Roxanna had no just claim upon her. Nancy's heart was torn. It seemed impossible to turn her back on the tragic woman whose very existence was an appeal for pity. Roxanna was, at heart, a penitent. Nancy, who had seen her tears and her misery, knew it. How could she cast off her own mother when she asked forgiveness?

But she saw now—saw with terrible clarity—the inexorable law of life. She must pay for the sins of her parents. However her soul revolted she could not escape; she must pay. Her father had tried to save her, to avert it, but he had only succeeded as long as he could hide the truth. The truth could not be hidden, and the end was inevitable—she must suffer as well as her mother.

Unless there was some love strong enough and unselfish enough to carry her out of it

and above it, she could have no happiness; and if Harold felt as his Aunt Diantha felt, he had no such love to offer her.

She thought, too, of his failure to come to meet her. It might be, as Mrs. Morris suggested, that he could not get leave; but she did not feel that it was. Her heart sank heavily. Was it possible that he had deceived her, that he no longer really cared to see her?

Nancy's pale face reddened, and she lifted her head. She forgot her errand for Mr. Chubb. She forgot everything, and hurried on into the station.

As she descended the steps to the lower level, where her train came in, she was startled at the sight of the familiar khaki. Could Harold—

But it was David Locke.

At the sight of her his face shone. The big fellow had never loomed up so tall and so strong. His very presence gave her a sudden sense of security—the same feeling that she had experienced before; but she would not admit it.

"Has the train gone?" she asked unceremoniously, giving David two fingers.

His face fell.

"Yes, I missed it myself. We've got to wait an hour and a half."

"Oh!"

Nancy looked about her vaguely. She felt utterly at loss.

"I got leave this morning, and I'm going down to see the Chubbs," explained David. "Can—can I do anything for you, Miss Nancy?"

Something in her manner had dashed his happiness; but she was unaware of it. Her own heart was too sore at the moment to consider David.

"I don't suppose there is," she replied carelessly. "I—I think I'll just sit down here and wait for the train."

She had eaten nothing since an early and scanty breakfast, and she felt a little faint and hungry.

"Would you like a magazine?" he ventured, with admirable self-effacement.

He was taking it for granted that she did not want to talk to him. Nancy suddenly became aware of it—aware, too, that his eyes followed her in quite unconscious adoration. She smiled. She was very human, and just at that moment he touched her. To David nothing mattered, she thought with relief; nothing was wrong that she had done.

"No magazines," she said, shaking her head at him. "I couldn't eat one, and—to tell you the truth—I'm starving!"

His face flushed.

"Miss Nancy, would you allow me to get you something? Would you take lunch with"—he smiled—"with just a plain soldier?"

"Indeed, I should be honored," Nancy replied gratefully.

David looked across the station toward the restaurant.

"It's not fashionable," he said, "but I got some good coffee there the other day. Will you try it?"

She rose and picked up the gloves that she had laid on the bench.

"Of course I'll try it. I'm sure it will be good, for I'm hungry. Isn't it queer," she added as they crossed the big station, "how things echo here? One keeps hearing feet, endless feet, coming and coming all the while."

"Like an army," said David, holding his head high.

He was taking Nancy Blair to luncheon, and for at least half an hour they would be alone together over one little table. It was incredible, and yet—he wondered if she had expected Harold. He was very boyish, and the thought troubled him.

At the table Nancy was rather absent. She smiled and said "thank you" for coffee and a roll, but she refused embellishments, and David had a feeling of discomfort. He felt sure she was economizing on her order for his sake. He tried to induce her to eat pastries, even cake, but she seemed to forget about it.

"It's most inconvenient," she remarked at last, irrelevantly, "to belong to a distinguished family, isn't it?"

"I don't know," he replied sturdily. "I never tried it. My people were good, solid Americans from old colonial stock; but my father lost all his money, and I"—David smiled—"I've never met my rich relations. They're too shy!"

Nancy looked at him consideringly.

"Do you know, I think you're fortunate," she remarked at last.

"I may be," said David dryly; "but I wouldn't mind changing places. Money gives a fellow such chances," he added, sighing; "and such happiness, too, sometimes!"

"No!" She shook her head vigorously. "Not happiness! That doesn't come for money. As for opportunities—what's that

on your sleeve? You've got some new signs and emblems."

He colored again boyishly.

"I'm a non-commissioned officer now, that's all."

"Fine!" She had pushed aside her empty cup and was looking at him with friendly eyes. "It's better to make your way than to buy it, David."

He sighed again.

"There are some things that a poor man can't reach," he said.

Nancy, who was thinking of Aunt Diantha's luncheon and Harold's failure to appear, was deaf. She discovered the pastries and thrust them across the table.

"You must eat these," she declared.

"You know we're to have food conservation, and I've promised Marion Grant to sign it."

David looked at the cakes and then grimly across at her. He had not had much out of his half-hour. He wondered if—

"I had an errand this morning," he said slowly. "I was sent out with two letters for our new captain, who was here in New York, on leave, before me."

Nancy started, and he saw it.

"You mean Harold?"

"Yes. He had to take them on to General Goldsmith, at the McAlvane."

Nancy sank back in her chair with an air of relief. A little flush came softly into her cheeks, and her eyes lit up. That was the reason why Harold could not come to her, poor fellow!

David saw the change. He looked at his watch.

"It's train-time, Miss Nancy," he said.

He was not flushed now, but very pale, and his mouth had set in hard lines. He understood.

XXII

LEFT to herself, Roxanna had not passed a quiet day. Coming up-stairs with a cup of custard, as a special offering, Mrs. Chubb had found her moving about the rooms, touching first one piece of furniture and then another, as if testing her strength, her melancholy face still pale and haggard.

"I'm quite well," she assured her visitor. "I've felt my strength coming back for several days. I've hated to be sick and idle!"

"I wish you'd come down-stairs to-day," replied Mrs. Chubb kindly. "We're going to raise our service-flag."

Roxanna, who was usually self-absorbed, looked puzzled. Mrs. Chubb explained.

"You've seen the service-flags, haven't you? There's to be a star for each soldier an' sailor from the house. Pap an' I are as proud as we can be—we've got three stars!"

"I thought," said Roxanna, tasting the custard, "that you only had a nephew."

"Peter Layman? Yes, he's my nephew"—Mrs. Chubb smiled tenderly—"but, dear knows, I love 'em all! There are three of 'em—Peter, my own sister's boy, bless his heart, an' Lemuel Sowers, our bookkeeper, an' David Locke. I guess those stars are all inside on my heart, anyway!"

Roxanna slowly ate her custard.

"It's very sad," she remarked listlessly.

"I wish"—she looked up, and her eyes were tragic—"I wish I had a son—who loved me!"

"But you've got Nancy," protested Mrs. Chubb. "Aloysius an' I do think most highly of Miss Nancy."

Roxanna set aside the empty custard-cup.

"She's a stranger to me, Mrs. Chubb. It's my fault, but"—she bowed her head—"it's breaking my heart!"

Mrs. Chubb, who had her own opinion of Roxanna's past conduct, picked up the custard-cup and put it carefully on her little tray.

"I don't think you should feel that way," she said slowly. "I think Miss Nancy's the most unselfish girl I know. Why, think of it, she could be off in the mountains now, an' she's keepin' our books to help you. She's just wonderful—that's what we think! Aloysius says she's keepin' the books fine."

"If I had my way," said Roxanna passionately, "I'd fling the books out of the window!"

Mrs. Chubb, edging to the door, was conscious of a feeling of panic.

"I want to know!" was all she said.

A moment later she reappeared at the top of the stairs.

"Mrs. North, there's a gentleman down-stairs to see you."

Roxanna, looking up, had the expression of a hunted creature. Mrs. Chubb saw it and was moved to pity.

"He's oldish," she explained, "an' fat; he didn't give his name."

"Please send him up," said Roxanna.

As Mrs. Chubb's head receded from view, the other woman rose and began to walk about again. She could endure this quiet

no longer; it was working in her blood like a poison. Her old restlessness was coming back, her old fruitless quest for happiness, which had led her always into a blind alley.

She had broken out against her fate, she had tried to wrest something from the world that she had defied, and she had failed. The world was too much for her. At the moment she had one feeling—an intolerable sensation of failure and loss; but she was very calm when Grampian came upstairs a few minutes later.

He was out of breath from the ascent, and he looked about the room with a critical eye. He was thinking of Judge Blair's two houses, of the comfort and luxury of Nancy's homes, and comparing them with these bare, plain little rooms, where the sunlight shone crudely on sets of cheap, highly polished cherry and violently new rugs. Grampian's air, as he entered, said plainly:

"What a place!"

Roxanna saw it. She had stopped short at his entrance and stood with her hand on the back of a chair.

"Well, Mrs. North," he began as pleasantly as he could under her cold stare, "I've come to trouble you again."

Her glance swept him with an imperious and passionate disgust.

"From Judge Blair, I presume?"

He nodded. She had not asked him to sit down, and he stood, thrusting his thumbs into the pockets of his waistcoat and frowning across at her. His legal aspect did not frighten her. She stood quite still, watching him, on the defensive, a slow, deep blush creeping up into her haggard face.

"If you've come here to offer me money, you can go, Mr. Grampian," she said harshly.

"My dear madam, I haven't. The judge sent me to you about his daughter."

"So I supposed!"

Her eyes flashed now; but Grampian was unmoved. It was not one of his habits to allow any one to move him.

"Judge Blair hears that his daughter has undertaken work in this shop here, and he objects," he said evenly. "He objects strongly. He sent me here, madam, to protest to you. It's not so much the work, it's this—he can and does support his daughter, and he protests that you have no right to make her work to support you."

Roxanna's blush deepened, but she held up her head.

"She's my daughter, sir."

"It might be held that you forfeited a just claim upon her when you deserted her," replied the lawyer. "Besides, if you had a claim when she was under age, you could have none now. She's doing it voluntarily—yes, I know, we admit that; but if you had let her alone there would have been no question of it."

"I had a right to see my own child!" she exclaimed with passion.

"That may be, but have you a right to live on the earnings of a girl you deserted as a baby? To come back after all these years and work upon her sympathies for your support? We deny that right, and the judge appeals to you to stop it."

Her lips quivered.

"Why doesn't he appeal to Nancy?"

Grampian waved his hand judicially.

"He has done so, but she replies that you're ill and need help, and that she can't refuse to help you."

"She can't refuse to help me?" Roxanna repeated slowly, looking at him with a strange expression.

"Naturally," said Grampian. "Miss Nancy is young, generous, kind-hearted. You've appealed to her charity, and she's naturally done the fine thing, but it's not the thing for her to do. If we could stop her," he added dryly, "I wouldn't be here; but we can't. We appeal to you."

"If my daughter is only with me out of charity, I think your appeal is quite unnecessary," replied Roxanna.

Grampian, who felt his task to be odious, moved slowly about his side of the room. He was a good deal too large for it, and he had an effect of being squeezed into a corner.

"My dear lady, can't we compromise? Let me make a proposition," he began slowly.

But Roxanna, quivering with passion, shot past him. When she reached the inner room she turned at the threshold.

"I will listen to no suggestion of yours or of Judge Blair's," she said bitterly. "I believe that I can't be sent to the workhouse because my daughter stays with me. You can see her when she comes back from New York—if you want to. Good day!"

She slammed the door and locked it.

Grampian, shaking his head, walked slowly down-stairs. As he went out through the lower door, he met two young men in khaki coming in and heard an outburst of joy. He did not feel joyful himself as he climbed

into a taxi and went back to the station, smoking a long cigar.

Personally, he thought that if he had been in Judge Blair's place he would have had his daughter locked up. Nevertheless, he had to admit to himself that Roxanna had the most beautiful eyes that he had ever seen. He wondered if the woman really was repentant to a degree that made her suffer. If she was, he hoped that what he had said would have some effect, that it might rattle.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Chubb had suddenly and unexpectedly kissed Lem Sowers. As the blushing soldier fell back in surprise, Mr. Chubb chuckled.

"What's up, Martha? You frightened Lem out of a week's growth!"

"Oh, he looks so fine!" said Mrs. Chubb. "Why, Lem, you'll be a general yet!"

Lem, crimson with embarrassment, strutted.

"I'm getting to be a soldier, Mrs. Chubb," he admitted proudly. "Why, I declare I like it first rate."

"He's taken to it like a duck to water," said Peter. "Hasn't been caught napping once. Not a case of kitchen police yet!"

"That's good!" said Pap, twinkling. "Lem, want to come back an' line up my tomato-cans?"

"No!" said Lem. "I want to can the Kaiser!"

"Where's Dave?" asked Peter, helping himself to a handful of chocolates from the candy counter. "He's off, too. We all planned to meet down here for supper."

"He hasn't come yet," said Mrs. Chubb.

"Boys, help me raise the service-flag," she added proudly, unfolding a brand-new one of the largest size.

Lem took it handily and began to fit the cord into the eyelet holes.

"We'll have it up in a jiffy, Mrs. Chubb. I hope"—he looked at her diffidently, still blushing—"I hope there's a third star for me?"

Tears came into her eyes.

"Lem, it's goin' to be the star I shall watch. You're every one of you my boys!"

Pap coughed.

"Don't get sentimental, Martha. Up it goes!"

They swung the service-flag out, the boys standing at salute. Mrs. Chubb sobbed softly.

"Aunt Martha," said Peter, "what you got for supper?"

Pap Chubb, who had been swallowing the lump in his throat, began to cackle.

"Apple dumplings, I'll bet!" he said, with a wink at Lem.

Mrs. Chubb wiped her eyes.

"It's strawberry shortcake, boys!"

"Whoopee!" said Peter. "I had a dream the other night. I saw Uncle Aloysius comin' into camp. He had a strawberry shortcake on his head like a hat, an' I ate it!"

Mr. Chubb put his hand up absently and rubbed the back of his head.

"There's David," he said suddenly; "an' bless my soul if Nancy Blair ain't with him!"

The group in the shop door peered out eagerly. It was late afternoon, and the sunshine shone across the shadowed road at rare and lovely intervals. Along it came the tall figure of David Locke and the small, slight one of Nancy. They were not talking, and there was something in their faces that made Mrs. Chubb draw discreetly back.

"Poor David!" she said under her breath.

Then, raising her eyes to the service-flag, she counted the three stars. She counted them as so many others were counting them all over the land, with trembling and loving pride, a star for each brave young life.

Nancy came in first. She scarcely knew Peter and Lem Sowers, but she stopped and held out her hand.

"I see the service-flag," she said sweetly, "and I want you to know that we're all proud of every single star!"

Peter blushed this time, and Lem bowed awkwardly, but their eyes followed her. Nancy smiled, starting for the stairs, and then stopped, aghast.

"Oh, Mr. Chubb, I forgot about those eggs!"

Pap laughed.

"Say, Miss Nancy, what was the trouble? You got stuck, eh?"

She reddened.

"Yes, I did! I had a hateful time—but I'm sorry about those eggs!"

"It doesn't matter a mite," said Mr. Chubb reassuringly. "When you phoned, I just had to think of somethin', an' I thought of them eggs."

She drew a sigh of relief.

"It doesn't matter, then?"

The old man laughed.

"Not a mite!"

"Mrs. Chubb," said Nancy, "I hope

mother has been all right? I shall have to hurry up now to see how she is."

"She's gettin' along fine," said Mrs. Chubb. "I took her up a custard, an' she ate it every bit."

Nancy, from the stairs, called back her thanks, ascending out of sight. David, who had come in and thrown down his hat, did not look after her. He stood, instead, staring blankly at the flag.

There was a little silence until Nancy's footsteps went out of hearing. Then Pap Chubb sat down on the top of a barrel.

"I wonder if she was expectin' to meet Harold McVeagh in New York!" he ruminated. "Because I can tell her where he is this minute—if she wants to know."

David swung around.

"What do you mean?" he demanded harshly.

"Don't eat me up!" said Pap. "I mean that Harold's down to Zedlitz's house right now."

David's face hardened suddenly and terribly.

"Are you sure, Mr. Chubb?"

"I guess I am," he answered amiably. "I guess I know Lucile in her tin Lizzie, with Harold sittin' up beside her. Goodness sakes, I wouldn't care if—"

He stopped. He remembered that Lem Sowers and Peter were not aware of the intricacies of Nancy Blair's engagement and her trials with her mother. They knew something, but not enough for Mr. Chubb to tear off the last shred of shrouding uncertainty.

But David, deeply moved, was not even mindful of his audience.

"When did you see them, Mr. Chubb?" he asked.

Mr. Chubb, who had selected a gum-drop from the tray that Peter had previously rifled, began to chew it thoughtfully.

"I guess about two hours ago, or more."

"Perhaps he's gone away long ago," suggested his wife uneasily. "Anyway, I wish you'd all come up-stairs. Supper 'll be ready in a minute. You shut the shop doors, Aloysius, an' we'll have a holiday!"

David, however, was not aware of her.

"Has he come back this way—McVeagh, I mean?" he asked Mr. Chubb.

"No, he ain't," Pap replied. "They'd have to pass this road, you know that. Can't run the car on the other. Well, they haven't passed."

David stood up very straight. His face

had paled under its tan, and his lips locked themselves suddenly.

"Come, boys!" urged Mrs. Chubb. "I set the table for you long ago. There's green pea soup, an' fried chicken, an' hominy cakes, an' brown gravy, an' strawberry shortcake, an'—"

"Great Scott!" said Peter. "Aunt Martha, I can't wait! Come on, Lem an' David!"

Mrs. Chubb, laughing, was pushed upstairs by her nephew, followed by young Sowers, who, resplendent in his khaki, still moved his huge new army shoes as if they were only partially attached to his legs. David, however, made no move to join them at the feast.

Mr. Chubb slowly dismounted from his barrel.

"What's the trouble, Davy?"

"The trouble?" David shot an enraged glance at the old man, but it was not meant for him. "Harold has a captain's commission, and he has letters to deliver. He had his orders. What business has he here at all? That woman—"

David's hand clenched. Mr. Chubb nodded.

"I shouldn't wonder if it meant mischief, David," he admitted slowly. "I always said that if you picked Zedlitz up, he'd growl—same as Miss Lumsden's tom-cat."

David said nothing. He set his teeth, staring out of the wide doors into the sunset world and seeing nothing of it. Almost equally with Harold he shared the responsibility for the delivery of those letters, and Harold had given him no receipt for them.

XXIII

It was later—perhaps two hours later, when the approaching dusk compelled the lighting of pretty shaded candles on the table—that Lucile and Zedlitz entertained two guests at an informal dinner. Lucile had brought Harold McVeagh back from New York in her little car, and Zedlitz had picked up Grampian at the station, where, having missed one train, he had been waiting in hot discomfort for another.

While not an admirer of Zedlitz, Grampian had found it impossible to refuse a cool drive in a big limousine and the near prospect of an excellent dinner. The Zedlitz cook had a reputation, and Grampian knew it.

He was at the moment deeply engrossed in soft-shell crabs, and as oblivious as usual

that it was time for the next course. Yet, in spite of his absorption, he was vaguely aware that something was wrong with young McVeagh. He had seen him often at Judge Blair's house, and he knew that he was Susan Blair's nephew and engaged to Nancy. Remembering Roxanna, Grampian cocked an eye at his neighbor and wondered if that could be the trouble. For Harold was pale under his military tan, and was eating nothing—at least, nothing according to the standards of the older man.

Lucile, however, was in the highest spirits, and Zedlitz, urbane and smiling, dispensed some fine old port—bottled, he said, in 1848.

"I thought," observed Grampian, "that the army was dry!"

"I haven't touched it," Harold retorted hastily, an angry streak of color relieving the pallor of his face.

"He won't even take lemonade," laughed Lucile.

"I don't wonder," rejoined Grampian bluntly. "Lemonade, the way they make it here, disorders the stomach."

"Lemonade," said Zedlitz, "needs a touch of something stronger to tone it up."

"And then leave out the lemon," growled Grampian.

Harold said nothing. He lifted his glass of water from the table and drained it. He felt as if even his throat was parched. A draft from the open window made the candles flicker, and he caught a dazzled glimpse of Lucile's face above them. She was pale, too, he thought, and her eyes had a mocking laughter in them; but she was looking at Grampian, not at Harold.

By this time a soft-footed butler, who looked like the Kaiser in a dinner-jacket, had removed the crabs and brought on the meat. Grampian eyed the fillet of beef and mushrooms, and grinned.

"What will you do about food-conservation?" he asked Lucile dryly.

"She's going to do everything that's patriotic," said Zedlitz promptly. "I'll see to that!"

The old lawyer grunted.

"Zedlitz isn't in the least responsible for me," said Lucile archly. "He thinks he is. I shall be very good, Mr. Grampian. I'll lend my motor, so that the village committee can go around and count noses. That, let me tell you, is the most thrilling thing about it."

"It wouldn't thrill me," said Grampian.

"It's a good way, though, to get titbits for gossip."

Zedlitz laughed.

"You should hear old Mrs. Levine—she's a character here. She told Mrs. Thompson, who was out with the food-conservation cards, that she'd better go home and comb her children's heads instead of poking her nose into other folks' business!"

Lucile laughed.

"Mrs. Thompson's children do live in the gutter," she drawled, with her eyes on Harold, who was not listening.

"That's the reason she's got time to keep going," growled Grampian. "She'll have to get after you, Zedlitz, if you keep up a table like this."

"Oh, I sha'n't!" Zedlitz shrugged. "It's really all laid out by rule, though. I have an excellent cook who studies these things, and we grow all our own vegetables."

"Fine! I never saw such asparagus." Grampian leaned back in his chair and reluctantly watched the removal of his plate. "If I had leisure I'd buy a place in the country; but it's only rich fellows like you who can have them."

"Fie!" said Lucile. "And you a corporation lawyer! Why, we're poor as church mice beside you!"

"You look like it," Grampian laughed, surveying the luxurious room with an appraising eye. "I suppose this is something like old Horace's Sabine villa, eh?"

Lucile, who had risen from the table, joined in his laugh.

"This is only a feast for our friends," she said.

Harold was holding open the door for her to leave them, but she turned to him carelessly.

"As you can't drink wine with them, suppose you come and turn my music for me? I'm going to play for them."

He assented with evident relief, and they left the room together. Grampian followed them with his eyes. Then, resuming his seat, he accepted a cigar from Zedlitz and kindled it at the little blue alcohol lamp that the butler had brought in on a silver tray.

"What do you think of him?" he asked gruffly, nodding his head toward the door.

Zedlitz, who had selected a pear and was deliberately cutting it in pieces, smiled.

"A good boy, but weak," he replied easily. "He's engaged to Miss Blair, and he follows my wife around in adoration;

but she doesn't care for him. I know it, so—" He shrugged his shoulders.

"But I know Miss Blair," said Grampian, frowning. "The young cub isn't good enough to tie her shoe!"

Zedlitz cut the seeds out of his pear. He had strong, white hands with broad, blunt fingers and short nails. Grampian, discovering them, did not like them. He knew a good deal about hands, and he had seen many finger-prints taken.

"I suppose," said Zedlitz slowly, "that McVeagh got a shock over the mother!"

"That woman's not sane," returned Grampian grimly. "I went to see her to-day, but I can't do anything with her. The judge, who doesn't owe her a cent, would do anything to ease things up for his daughter; but she's bent on keeping the girl at her beck and call. I suppose it's her revenge on Blair; but it is ruining Nancy's chances in the world. She's paying for her mother's sins."

Zedlitz lifted another glass of port to his lips and drank it slowly.

"That's the way of the world," he said finally; "but I should like to know if McVeagh means to marry her!"

"She has plenty of spirit. She may send him packing yet. By the way, Zedlitz," the lawyer added abruptly, "where's that old billiard-room? Your father-in-law had one here—under this room, I think it was."

Zedlitz gave him a quick look, and then, reassured by the heavy, carnivorous face, he answered carelessly:

"It got damp—something wrong about the cellar. I had it all torn up and cemented, and we've got coal in it now."

Grampian, who had been very much self-absorbed, opened his eyes.

"In that room? Why, man, it used to be an immense place!"

"It isn't now. I had it cut up and coal-bins put in."

Grampian still stared in amazement. They heard the music in the drawing-room, and Zedlitz rose.

"Shall we join them?" he suggested courteously.

The old lawyer suddenly remembered to consult his watch.

"By Jove, I've been dilly-dallying! I've got to make the station in five minutes."

He began to bustle toward the door, but his host reassured him.

"Hold on, I'll run you over in the car."

"Where's that boy? He ought to go,

too. I don't believe he's got leave over to-morrow morning."

But Harold did not go. He was sitting in the drawing-room, listening to Lucile's music, and his face looked old and lined to Grampian.

"I wonder what's troubling him!" the old man thought. "In love with that woman, I suppose! He'd better look in the cellar. Coal-bins? I don't believe it!"

But he said nothing of it, and seemed to enjoy the drive over. Zedlitz had a good car, they caught the train, and Grampian went off smoking one of his host's cigars.

As they went off, the music in the drawing-room ceased altogether. Lucile had been playing to kill time, and her hands fell from the keys. She turned around on the high piano-stool and looked at Harold. He was leaning forward in his chair, his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. She said nothing for a while; she merely watched him, with a light in her eyes that was more like a smoldering flame than anything else, though her face was pale.

The silence deepened. He did not stir, and only a thin curtain fluttered and wavered in the breeze at the open window.

"Harold," said Lucile at last, "will it ruin you?"

He looked up, haggard.

"Good Heavens, I don't know! I'm such a new soldier that I don't know, but I do know it will hurt tremendously. I've failed to carry out my orders, I've lost two letters to General Goldsmith. I don't know what was in them. I suppose I'll be court-martialed."

"And I suppose," she said slowly, "that you think you lost them here?"

He was hard-pressed and sullen, like a schoolboy driven into a corner.

"I know I brought them here," he replied bitterly, "and I haven't got them! I was a fool to come away with them, just because the general wasn't at the hotel. Good Heavens, yes, I know it's ruin!" He rose as he spoke and began to walk about the room, his hands in his pockets. "I've done for myself this time!" he stormed.

She was watching him. Her eyes narrowed, the softness went out of her face. She sat thinking, brooding, her gaze following him.

As he swung back past her, he stopped and turned.

"Lucile," he cried bitterly, "it's you—you've done it! I loved you, and I came

here when I ought to have stayed in New York. I've been mad—mad about you!"

She rose slowly to her feet at that and faced him, the color blazing up in her cheeks.

"Do you think I love you?" she asked in a low voice—a voice that did not warn him.

His face flushed.

"Yes!" he exclaimed hotly. "I've been mad enough to think that, too!"

She held out a white hand, waving him back imperiously.

"I'm going to tell you the truth," she said. "You did lose your letters here. I brought you here to lose them."

He stood still, simply staring at her, speechless.

"Don't you hear?" She lost her patience under his dullness. "Don't you see? Zedlitz got your letters. Didn't you take off your coat at the tennis-court? Weren't your letters in the pocket?"

He remembered that he did, but he was staggered by it.

"Zedlitz? I thought he was loyal!" he said stupidly, like a man in a daze.

"Loyal?" she laughed bitterly. "Loyal to his Fatherland! He's a German agent, and I—I'm his decoy!"

That reached through Harold's bewilderment and dealt him an awakening blow.

"I—I can't believe it!" he stammered. "Lucile, you're dreaming!"

"I'm not." She put her hand to her throat with a suffocating gesture, and then she laughed hysterically. "He married me for that—because I'm pretty and clever, and men like to talk with me. I can get information so easily, I look so innocent! I didn't know it at first. Like you, I didn't believe it; and then I found it all out. Sometimes I haven't cared. I was unhappy, and I was reckless; but now—I'm done!"

Harold stared at her. All the while her hold on him had been so strong, and now he saw, with a sickening horror, that he had been merely her dupe. To him this was worse than anything else; it hurt him in his own eyes.

"So you've made a fool of me!" he said harshly. "You've ruined me—I should think that would be enough!"

"It's more than enough!" She softened. She came a step nearer and laid her hand on his arm. "Harold, I care! I didn't mean to do it—I thought I could save you—but when I saw your coat off, I knew!

That man of his got the letters, of course; he's as quick as a cat."

"And you've known this—known all along that he was a traitor, and you've let me come here? It's—it's unbelievable!"

Harold stared at her furiously. He was beside himself. He had been so proud of his new rank, and she had despoiled him. He could think only of himself.

She saw it, and a red, angry flush went up in her face.

"Come," she said peremptorily, "come and see how loyal he is, and what a life I've had with him!"

Harold flung back his head.

"I don't want to see anything but my letters. I must have those, Lucile—I've got to have them!"

She laughed recklessly.

"Have you? Come and see, then, how easy it will be to get them from Zedlitz!"

As she spoke, she opened a door behind her and disclosed a descending flight of stairs. Harold, stubborn and angry and bewildered as he was, followed her. Perhaps he could find a way yet to force her to give up those letters or to get them for him. He meant to have them at any cost; but he began almost to hate her.

On the stairs she turned and looked at him. Her eyes were beautiful, the pale face and the fair hair were softened and spiritualized in the half light. The old spell laid hold of him.

"Lucile!" he cried. "You must be crazy! It—it can't be true! You haven't done this! I can't believe it!"

She stopped and held out her hand.

"Forgive me, Harold!"

They stood together a moment on the dim stairs. His head swam. Was it really Lucile, or was he dreaming? He could not believe that she had betrayed him!

Then she opened the door into the cellar. It was dark, but she switched on the light, and he saw the tables at which the men had been working that day when she had visited the place. He saw, with a quicker eye than hers, the whole look of mystery about it—the shaded windows, the cameras, and the drawings. His doubts of her wild talk fell away. This was a perfect den for plotters! It filled him, not with fear, nor with pride in the discovery, but with disgust.

"All sorts of things are concocted here," Lucile said recklessly. "It's a treason nest. There have been Germans here who came

by water—I suppose they came in submarines. Oh, I don't ask! I'm supposed not to know too much."

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed. "So this is what you are?" He took a step forward into the room and stared about it and then back at her. "And I thought I loved you—a moment ago I did love you!"

She reddened.

"Is that all you have to say to me," she cried passionately, "when I've betrayed my husband's secrets for you, when I'm saving you?"

But he was furious.

"Saving me—how?"

"Haven't I shown you this?" She pointed to the room, her eyes sparkling with anger. "Can't you go back and tell them of this, and so save yourself? Would I have done it if—if I hadn't cared?"

"No!" he retorted bitterly. "How can I save myself by telling that I came here—brought those letters here? It's ruin! And now I know you did it!"

She drew back, paling now, staring at him, unable to realize him in this new fury, this amazing fury of injured self-love.

"They took the letters—I didn't!" she said with white lips.

"Didn't you bring me here on purpose? You've admitted that!" he cried, turning on her. "I suppose this scene is a part of it, too!"

She did not answer. She turned and flung herself down on a low bench in the corner and covered her face with her shaking hands.

"Coward!" she sobbed. "Coward!"

But he felt nothing for her now but sheer rage. She was Zedlitz's tool, a decoy, and she had ruined him. He did not even pity her wild misery.

"Where are those letters?" he demanded fiercely.

She laughed hysterically and bitterly.

"You'll never get them. He has them—go and ask him for them! He's taken them with him, of course. Follow him—see what you get!"

Harold uttered an inarticulate exclamation of sheer rage. He saw at last that he was caught, and he believed that Lucile had caught him. She lay there, beautiful as ever, abandoned to grief and despair, tears running down her face; but she did not move him. His very look at her was full of abhorrence and disillusionment. It shook her spirit.

"Harold, don't look at me like that!" she pleaded.

But he did not heed her. He flung himself out of the room, found the basement door, opened it, and plunged out into the night. He, who had loved himself so well, knew that he was ruined, unless—

As he stumbled on along the darkened road he cudgelled his brains for a way to save himself.

XXIV

NANCY had found her mother very pale and strange. They had never achieved any intimacy, and it seemed that to-night Roxanna was rather worse than usual; but she spoke with forced cheerfulness, saying that she felt stronger, quite like herself. They ate their small supper together by the light of the overhanging lamp that Mrs. Chubb had considered so artistic.

"Where's young McVeagh?" Roxanna asked after a while. "I thought he would bring you home."

Nancy colored, but devoted herself to pouring out an extra cup of tea.

"He wasn't there at all, mother."

Roxanna looked across at her inquiringly.

"I thought it was specially arranged for you to meet him there."

"I suppose he had conflicting orders," Nancy hesitated. "I don't know. Anyway, he didn't come."

Her mother said nothing more for a while, and they heard faintly the sounds of merry voices below.

"The Chubbs are very happy," Nancy remarked thoughtfully. "Their soldiers three are home on leave, and the old people are so proud of their service-flag! David Locke came down on the train with me."

"Nancy," said her mother, "was the luncheon nice?"

The girl looked up and found Roxanna's tragic eyes fixed on her face. She had dreaded telling her what had happened at Aunt Diantha's. She knew intuitively that her mother was laying all these slights to heart.

"I—the fact is I didn't stay, mother," she explained hurriedly. "You see, I don't know Mrs. Morris. We're quite strangers, and when I found Harold wasn't coming I ran away."

"Then you couldn't have liked her," Roxanna decided, "or she wasn't good to you. Which was it, Nancy?"

Nancy laughed tremulously.

"I think it was a little of both," she replied.

Roxanna, who had eaten very little, pushed back her chair and rose from the table. She began to walk about restlessly, and Nancy, aware of her perturbation, found it hard to finish her own cup of tea.

At last Roxanna came slowly across the room and stood leaning her hands on the table and looking searchingly into her daughter's face.

"Nancy," she said in a low voice, "I want you to tell me the truth. This woman, this Aunt Diantha Morris, blamed you for staying with me—for leaving your father?"

Nancy hesitated. A slow and painful blush crept up to her fair hair, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Ah!" exclaimed Roxanna passionately. "I knew!"

"Oh, mother, why do you ask such questions?" cried Nancy. "These people don't know you, they don't understand!" She rose and held out her hands. "And it doesn't matter. I mean to do all I can for you!"

The older woman took the girl's hands and looked at her with a new tenderness.

"My dear," she said brokenly, "you've done a great deal for me. You've taught me a lesson in unselfishness; but you can't love me, Nancy!"

Nancy smiled up through her tears.

"I do! We've been like strangers, haven't we? But now, mother, you begin to understand me, don't you?"

"Yes," assented Roxanna, "I understand." She bent down and kissed the girl. "Nancy," she added gently and sadly, "I wish I'd always been good, always done my duty. They say the way of the transgressor is hard. I—well, I know it is!"

"Don't let's think of it!" Nancy said, raising clear eyes to her mother's. "I'm sure that I shouldn't think of it at all."

Roxanna made no answer, but gently released the girl's hands and began to walk to and fro again. She had a sensation of choking, and she did not want Nancy to know it. She did not even offer to help as her daughter cleared up the little table.

They had no maid, for ever with Nancy's earnings they could not afford one, and Roxanna had refused to have one paid by Judge Blair. She had been rather proud, in her bitter, hostile way, of refusing any comfort supplied with his money; but now,

as she paced to and fro, she watched her daughter washing up the dishes and putting them away, a little awkwardly still, with hands unaccustomed to such tasks, and she felt a terrible misgiving.

She had been thinking of herself all the time, and not of the girl. She saw it now, and she remembered Grampian's rough way of telling her the truth—the unpalatable, undesirable truth. She had come back claiming a right to Nancy's love, and she had only made her daughter work for her. She had gained nothing, not even a crumb of comfort. Her repentance was a poor thing, if it meant only this selfish end; but she had cried out for the alms of love and she had received a stone. The girl was dutiful and sweet and forbearing, but she did not love her.

"Mother," said Nancy, having put away the last dish, "shall I read aloud to you to-night?"

Night after night she had read the older woman to sleep, and Roxanna had not thought of it as a task or a sacrifice; but now she winced. This was another fetter that she had fastened on her child.

"Not to-night," she replied, so much more gently than usual that Nancy started.

"Mother, you seem different to-night. Are you ill?"

Roxanna smiled. She had been silent about Grampian.

"I'm quite well. I feel stronger than I have felt for weeks."

"I'm so glad! But when I came in I thought you looked pale."

"I'm always pale. Nancy, you're tired out—I can see it. Go to bed. I want to sit here for a while and think."

Nancy stood pensively twisting the strings of Susan Blair's little apron in her fingers. She was tired, and her head ached. She had not been able to get over the hurt of Diantha Morris; but she was not sure that she ought to desert her post.

Her mother, looking at her again, saw the girl's fingers lovingly untying the apron. With a passionate gesture Roxanna seized it suddenly and tore it to shreds, casting the remnants on the floor.

"Mother!" cried Nancy, aghast.

Roxanna said nothing. She stood quite still, watching her daughter with white, compressed lips. For a moment Nancy was utterly dumfounded; then she stooped, picked up the torn fragments of her apron and folded them together.

"Why did you do that?" she demanded with a flash of anger. "It was mine, and I—I loved it!"

"I know it! You loved that bit of an apron, because Susan Blair made it, better than you loved your own mother! That woman is the only mother you care for!"

"Why shouldn't I love her?" Nancy broke out a little wildly. "Did I know any one else? Did any one else care for me?"

The reproach, bitter, unmerciful, cutting, broke from her lips without a thought. The girl's soul, torn between her love and her sense of duty, had endured an agony. A little thing—the tearing of Susan Blair's apron—had torn away the veil between them.

Roxanna recoiled. She put out her hands blindly, as if warding off a blow.

"Don't!" she cried. "Don't say that again—I know it!"

"Mother!" Nancy came to herself. She ran to Roxanna and put her arms around her. "I didn't mean that! I never meant to reproach you!"

But Roxanna gripped herself again. She was very pale, but her old impulse to hysterics did not overcome her. She let Nancy kiss her; she even tried to smile.

"I'm sorry I tore the apron, Nancy," she said. "You'll have to forgive me. I'm a stormy petrel—I do strange things."

"I can't forgive myself for what I said," replied Nancy. "I don't want you to remember it. Mother, promise me, don't remember it!"

There were tears in her eyes. She had seen the woman suffer so much, and she had hurt her afresh. To Nancy's tender heart this was unpardonable. She clung to her mother, trying her best to love her, to assure herself that she did love her; but Roxanna was not deceived. She smiled faintly and stroked her daughter's cheek.

"I'll forget it, if you'll forget what I did," she whispered.

Nancy nodded, speechless, and they kissed each other again. Then Roxanna made her go to bed.

"I've got a letter to write," she explained. "It's a long letter, and I'd rather be alone, dear."

Still Nancy hovered, and it was long, almost half an hour, before she finally left her mother. All the while she carried in her hand the fragments of Susan's apron, and once alone in her room she put the bits

away, crying softly. It was hard, it was bitterly hard, but one could not adopt a mother after one was grown up, Nancy thought. She wept while she undressed.

In the room outside Roxanna was really writing a letter. She sat long over it, writing it carefully and with dry eyes; yet she meant it to be her last letter to her daughter. She saw her way so clearly now that she wondered how she had ever mistaken it. She had been mad to suppose that she could ever claim any place in Nancy's life. She had forfeited that long ago!

As she sat there alone in their simple room, her whole life seemed to come back before her in swift, kaleidoscopic pictures, as they say a drowning man glimpses his past and comes face to face with all his sins before he goes down for the last time. She recalled her marriage, the chill of Sedgwick Blair's uncongenial personality, her awakening and her unhappiness; then the swift flash of love and the face of the man who had wrecked her life. She had been mad, quite mad, when she followed him; and from that day—the day when she knew he had deceived her, when he found her free but did not care to marry her—she had lived on in mad unhappiness.

She remembered moments when she had barely kept her feet from the edge of the abyss, and she shuddered. She had small personal resources, and she had worked, sometimes as a nurse, sometimes as a house-keeper, but she had never kept steadily at anything. Loneliness, misery, a longing to see the child she had borne and deserted, had overwhelmed her at last. She had gone to Judge Blair's house partly in revenge—she knew that now—for the workhouse sentence; and she had ruined, not Judge Blair, but her own child.

She saw it now—she had pulled Nancy down. She had wrecked the girl's happiness and had gained nothing. She had dragged down her young and innocent daughter and made her suffer for her mother's sins. She had not foreseen this, she had never believed in the inexorable spiritual laws against which she had revolted. Now she recognized them, stern and implacable, requiring an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. She could not combat them and she could not escape them!

She sat for a long while by the table, her letter lying half written before her. It grew late. The sounds in the house below her were hushed. The breeze from the

open windows touched her hot cheeks and cooled them softly. She could even hear the faint, continuous murmur of life outside—the thin, reedy pipings of the frogs, the far-off cry of a screech-owl. A bird of ill-omen! Roxanna shuddered.

Rising from the table, she went softly across the floor and pushed open the door into Nancy's room. It was dark except for the light behind her, and that only dimly revealed the form of the girl lying on the bed, with her face turned on her arm like a child's in sleep. Roxanna moved softly, not to awaken her, and stood looking down at her, as she thought, for the last time. She could just distinguish the soft curve of cheek and throat, the dark fringe of eyelashes, the hair floating about on the pillow, and the round, outstretched arm.

Nancy, in her sleep, looked young and innocent and peculiarly appealing. There was something in her whole look and attitude which suggested that she had cried herself to sleep. Her mother saw it with a pang of self-reproach, and gazed at the girl with a strange mingling of emotions.

Strangely enough, she recalled her own mother standing beside her bed when she herself was Nancy's age. Her mother had been a good woman, simple and high-minded and essentially honest. The vagrant strain had not been inherited from her; and Roxanna fancied that the grandmother's character, softened and beautified, had been revived in Nancy.

As she looked at her she realized how the girl, so used to a happy and sheltered life, must have suffered. She saw that she had indeed been trading upon her daughter and absorbing her life, almost as surely and as horribly as a starfish opens the shell of an oyster and feeds upon it. Homely as the analogy was, it sent a shudder through her. She had been a parasite, trying to absorb Nancy's happiness and Nancy's life!

On the day when she deserted her helpless baby she had sealed her own doom. She should never have come back; she could never come back any more now. This was the end!

She stood looking at the sleeping girl with a keen hunger for sympathy and love; but as yet no higher impulse had touched her. After a long while she turned softly and stole out of the bedroom. She was very pale, and her hands shook as she put on her outdoor clothing. Then, picking up

the letter from the table, she put out the lamp and quietly left the rooms, shutting the door carefully behind her.

It was very late, and the house was quite still, but a light shone in the lower hall, and she felt her way down. She wanted to put her letter in the mail-box at the door, since it was too late for the post-office. It would be difficult to give a reason for going out at this hour; but she thought she was safe, for probably the Chubbs and their three soldiers were already in bed.

To her surprise, the front door was open, and a tall figure in khaki was marching up and down the hall like a sentinel. At the sound of her step on the stairs he looked up, and she recognized David Locke.

"Why, Mrs. North!" he exclaimed in surprise, for he had fancied her an invalid.

Determined as she was to carry out her purpose, desperate as she was for fear that her courage would fail at delay, she tried to think of some errand to take her out.

"I was hot and couldn't sleep," she explained hurriedly. "I thought I'd go out and walk up and down the road."

Surprised as he was, David was unsuspicious.

"I couldn't sleep, either," he replied, "and I didn't even go to bed."

As he spoke, he turned and threw the hall door wider open. It was the one that overlooked the side road toward the sea, and he had been watching it for hours. He had no desire to hint this to Roxanna, however, and she had her secret, too, to guard.

They both approached the door and looked out. The moon was setting, and long shadows slanted almost to their feet.

"How still it is!" Roxanna exclaimed nervously.

She could not drop a letter in the mail-box while David stood there. He did not answer her. His eyes were on the road, and she became aware of it and turned hers in the same direction.

A figure emerged from the trees and came toward them with an uncertain, lagging gait, like that of a man who was either ill or uncertain of his own purpose. As the light reached him, she saw the khaki and thought it was one of Mrs. Chubb's soldiers; but the next moment David uttered an exclamation. The figure turned at the sound and came up to the house, and, as the light from within fell on his face, she recognized Harold McVeagh.

(To be concluded in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)